The Saturday Evening
POST
September 7, 1957 – 15¢

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

I Call on Phil Silvers

By PETE MARTIN

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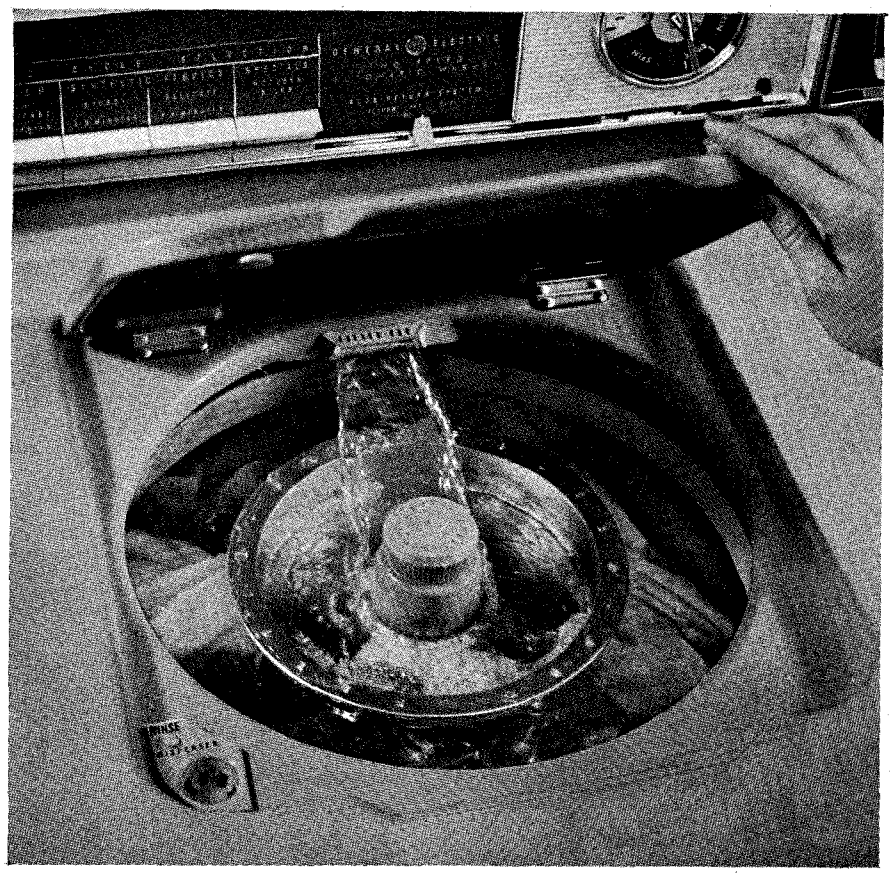
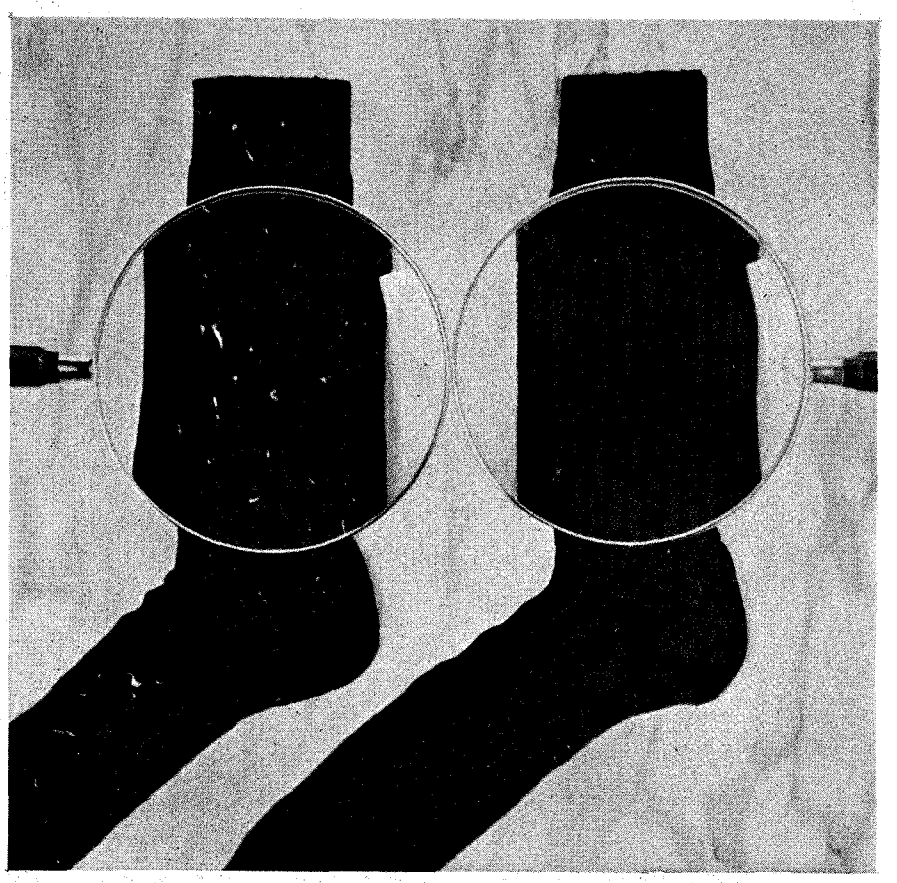
NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES



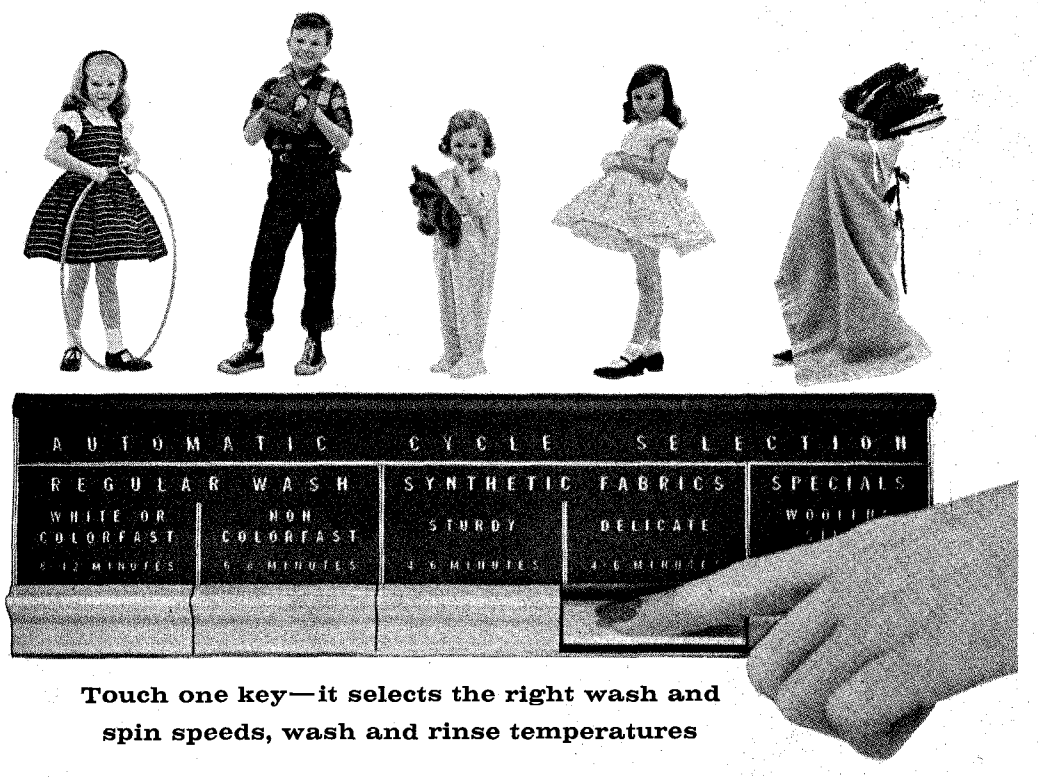
The famous Filter-Flo® Washer circulates wash water through this cleansing filter as you wash. Lint is caught in the filter, not on your clothes. No trap to clog or brush out, removable filter is easy to clean. New Rinse Conditioning—note dispenser left of filter—softens wash automatically . . . leaves synthetics static-free.



No dulling dark colors! The nylon sock on the left was washed 7 times in an ordinary washer. Result? Unsightly lint flecks from top to toe. The sock at the right, after 7 washings in a General Electric Filter-Flo Washer with an identical washload, showed practically no lint! Save doing separate dark-clothes washes.

1958 GENERAL ELECTRIC FILTER-FLO WASHER . . . with simple new WASH-TO-ORDER FABRIC KEYS

for perfect care of clothes



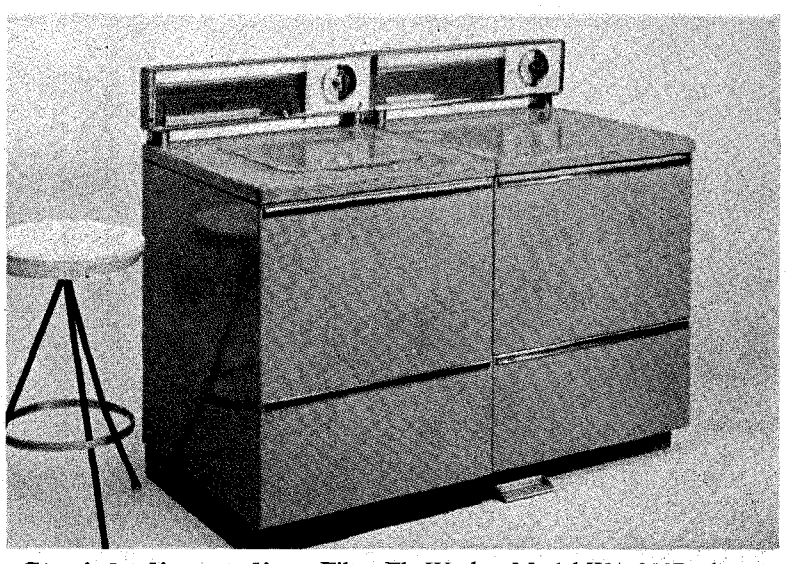
Touch one key—it selects the right wash and spin speeds, wash and rinse temperatures

Just touch the fabric key to fit your type of washload—the washer sets itself to wash your clothes "just right."

No more guessing whether to use warm or hot water; fast or slow wash speed; cold or warm rinse; fast or slow spin. Each of five different key settings automatically selects the right combination of wash conditions for proper clothes care.

Synthetics wrinkle less. Lingerie doesn't fray. You'll save hand-washing, ironing.

- Easy-to-reach filter is Automatic Detergent Dispenser, too, dissolves it evenly.
- Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics.
- Water Saver Selector saves up to 20 gallons on small loads.
- Automatic Suds Return System (optional) lets you set aside filtered water for a second wash, if you wish.
- Five-year written warranty on transmission parts. Famous dependability.



Straight-line styling. Filter-Flo Washer Model WA-950R about $3.40* a week. Models with Automatic Suds Return System, slightly higher. Matching Automatic Dryer Model DA-920R about $2.80* a week. Mix-or-Match Colors or white. *General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

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LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.

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GOT A HEADACHE?

Do what I do. For really fast, safe relief take Bufferin.®
Believe me, it acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain.
And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

Bufferin's exclusive formula combines aspirin with two special antacid ingredients

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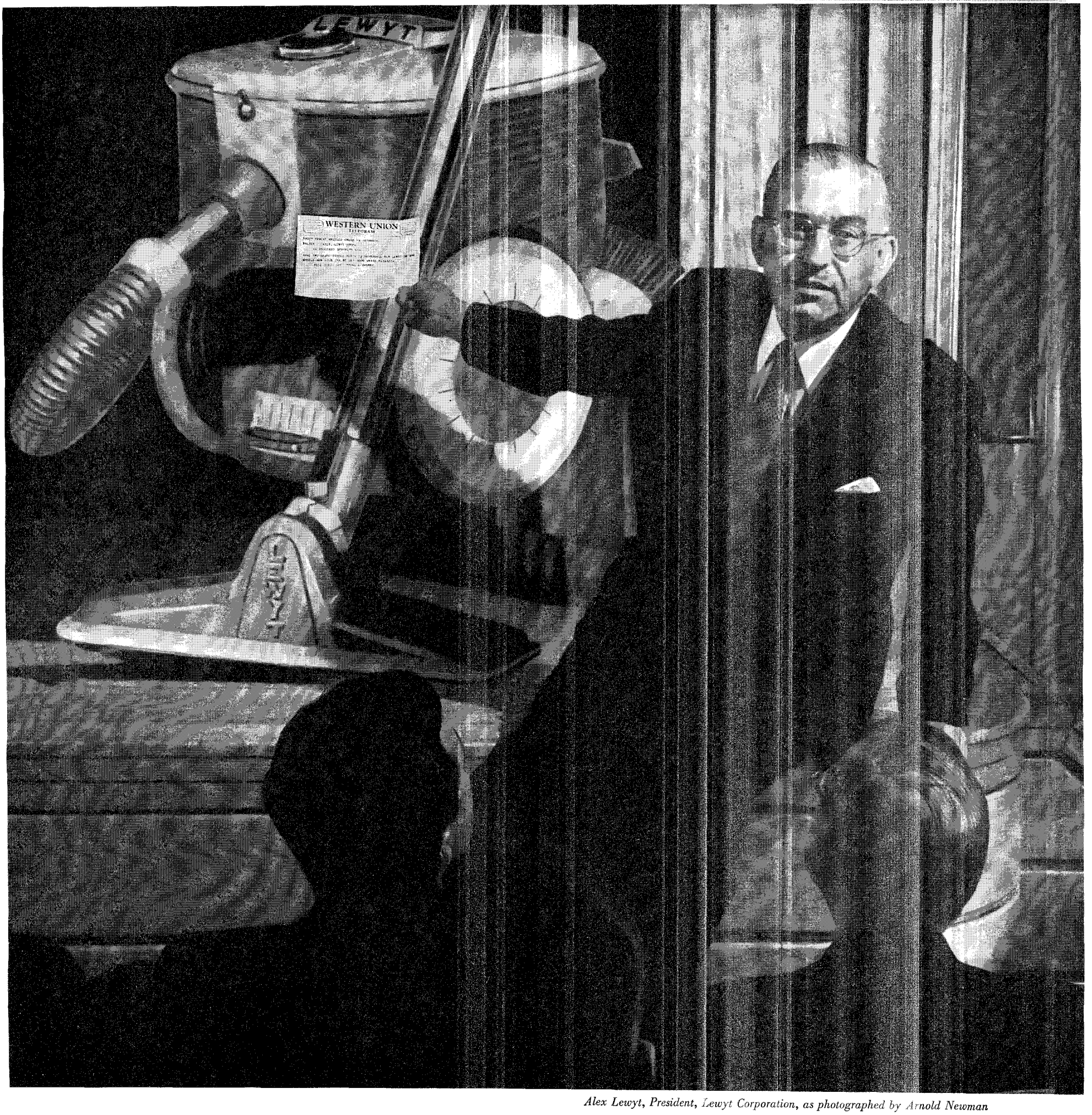

Alex Lewyt, President, Lewyt Corporation, as photographed by Arnold Newman

Alex Lewyt cleans up 102,318 orders in one day with telegrams

"When the Lewyt big wheel vacuum cleaner was unveiled at our sales meeting," says Alex Lewyt, "response was tremendously favorable. Distributors were excited—wanted to get the news to our dealers immediately. We agreed—but we also wanted to get *orders* fast to plan our production schedule. So telegrams making the announcement and asking for orders by wire were sent simultaneously to thousands of dealers. Back came an avalanche of orders—*102,318 of them in less than 24 hours!*"

More than a million times a day, business finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments. Speed plus the written record make the telegram essential to American business.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

ON ANY OCCASION ...

IT'S WISE TO WIRE!

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

One day after school three young ladies met in Norman Rockwell's studio to pose for a painting that called for charming smiles. And one of them, rendering her mouth ajar, proudly revealed a startling discrepancy in her charm department. "When I was eating, it wobbled right out," she glowed. "Gee, isn't that a scrumptious big hole?" One girl gave the chasm a grave, clinical examination and maybe she'll grow up to be a dentist, but the third lass, smitten with jealousy, uttered not a word of praise. So Rockwell was smitten with the first cover idea that ever walked spontaneously into his studio, which, considering his approximately 300 Post covers, was long overdue. He didn't paint the detached tooth, though the owner had it with her—it wasn't very charming.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 226

The greatest star of the screen!

"Of course I want happiness with a man," she said, "but what about decency?"

★ ★ ★ ★

Loneliness and love-hunger are universal themes.

★ ★ ★ ★

And they are the themes of M-G-M's "Until They Sail"—a remarkably sensitive story of the eternal war between decency and desire.

★ ★ ★ ★

Take New Zealand—all men of marriageable age away at war . . . land of women without men.

★ ★ ★ ★

Bring in the U. S. Marines and there must be an explosion. "Until They Sail" is the story of this explosion as it rocked the lives of four sisters.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Paul Newman and Piper Laurie star.

★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Drake and Sandra Dee head the strong supporting roster of this CinemaScope production, which was written by Robert Anderson from a story by James A. Michener.

And the problems that beset the Neville sisters are many and intimate indeed.

★ ★ ★ ★

Barbara (Jean Simmons), married only a month when her husband is sent to Africa, fights to hold her memory of him pure.

★ ★ ★ ★

Her attempts to divert a younger married sister from "carrying on" ultimately involve herself with a handsome, cynical Marine major (Newman).

★ ★ ★ ★

Anne (Joan Fontaine), too bitter to be as disdainful of men as she pretends, is the one most deeply plunged into an unconventional affair with one of the "invading" Americans.

★ ★ ★ ★

Piper Laurie is the reckless Delia, who leaves Christchurch and her sisters for Wellington and "more men".

★ ★ ★ ★

Making her acting debut as the flirtatious teenage Evelyn, is the young and lovely fashion model, Sandra Dee.

★ ★ ★ ★

The above are of course just rapid résumés of the breeding grounds for divorce, possible disaster, improbable marriage and everlasting love that come to be.

★ ★ ★ ★

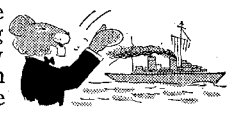
We can't attempt here to follow the sisters' many interlocking paths of true and untrue love. Each is intense, beautifully presented, unforgettable.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Until They Sail" has something to say. Something probing. Something passionate. Something you have never seen or heard in a picture before.

★ ★ ★ ★

And director Robert Wise and producer Charles Schnee have here made something of which they and M-G-M can very well be proud. —*Leo*



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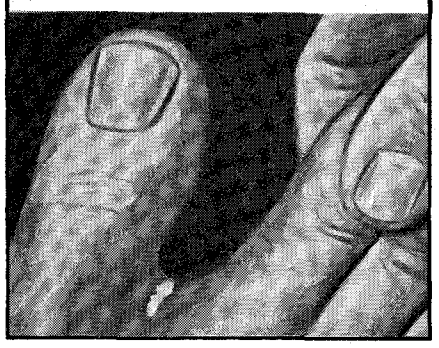
Get after Athlete's Foot *FAST!*

BEFORE THIS—



Raw, red cracks between the toes are one of the first signs of Athlete's Foot. At this early stage, Athlete's Foot is easy to treat —if you act immediately!

BECOMES THIS!

Left untreated, Athlete's Foot organisms burrow beneath the skin—may even get into your bloodstream. Cases, like the above, may need a doctor's care.

Kills 100% of Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes!

Famous laboratory cultivates millions of Athlete's Foot fungi of every known type in test tubes and reports every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.!

Athlete's Foot germs killed fast! Absorbine Jr. totally destroyed Athlete's Foot germs in test tube cultures in less than *5 minutes!*

That stinging sensation you feel as you apply Absorbine Jr. tells you it is busy in those cracks where Athlete's Foot germs lurk, killing all the fungi it reaches. For in carefully controlled clinical tests on patients, Absorbine Jr. brought successful relief to the great majority of sufferers. Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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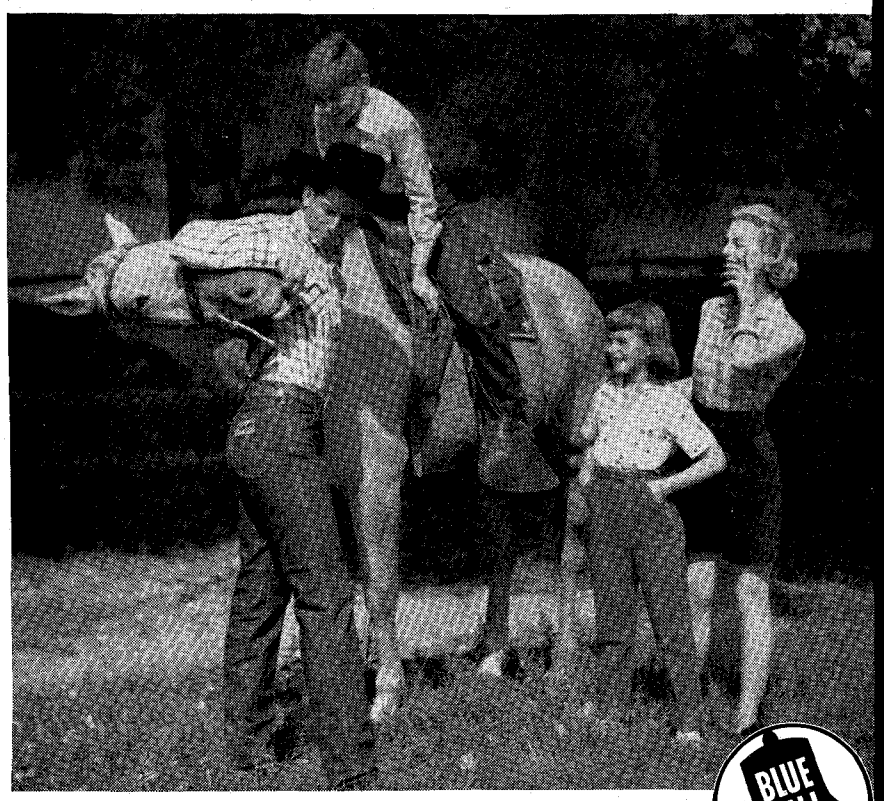
Good-looking, long-wearing, washable—$1.98 to $4.98



Wrangler western jeans in Sanforized denim, sizes for all.

Blue Bell, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y.

BLUE BELL

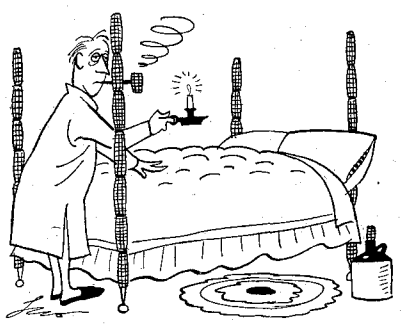
Letters

Ouch!

Dear Sirs:

Shades of our pioneer ancestors!!!!

In Don Murray's article [We Spent Our Vacation Down on the Farm, August 3], he refers to sleeping on "corncob beds." My folks took land in the Oklahoma Strip, in 1893, and I came along in time to sleep on corn-*husk* beds in summer, or straw-filled ticks, but I don't think anyone ever slept on corncob beds.



Did Don Murray ever *see* a corncob? If he ever did, I can understand why he is happy that innerspring mattresses have taken the place of beds stuffed with "corncobs."

MRS. LAVADA W. STRONA
Pomona, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Don Murray's account of his family's vacation is a heart-warming narrative that should bring city and country dwellers nearer to each other.

VELMA E. WOODS
Berkeley, Cal.

Why Get Out of Nursing?

Dear Sirs:

Re: Why I Went Back to Nursing by Regina Jacobson, August 3. . . .

It is a wonderful thing for a Registered Nurse to give of her time, and appreciation is great. But how did she stay away from her chosen work for so many years—in spite of a determined husband?

I have worked at nursing since my first day as a student in the fall of 1934. . . .

Most of my classmates are still working, and have arranged to bring up families, just as my husband and I have done.

MRS. LORETTA E. NAPIER, R.N.
Riverside, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Make nursing conditions and salaries attractive enough to get back R.N.'s that are working at other jobs. Then hospitals won't have to cry to the older married nurses (who gave a lot of their younger years to the good of humanity for pittance salaries) to break up their family and household routine. The situation is really not what the public thinks it is.

YVONNE ZIEGLER, R.N.
N. Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

One of the smaller hospitals in my locality has partially solved the desperate need for competent help. During the summer they take on medical students (I am participating as one myself) and teach them the duties of the instrument-and-sponge nurse in the operating room, thereby releasing R.N.'s for other duty or relieving them on their vacations. Indoctrination takes only one week and strict supervision for only another two. The hospital administration is well pleased with the program. . .(and) the students benefit, too.

HARVEY W. OSHRIN
N. Bergen, N.J.

Kind Word for Czarism

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Joseph Alsop's article in your July 20 issue (Khrushchev Has His Troubles, Too) was most interesting. However, by repeating the old Communist cliché about the "Czarist tyranny," he furthers the mistaken idea, so widely prevalent in this country, that Russia's bloody Red dictatorship . . . is nothing but "Czarism in Red." . . .

In spite of all its drawbacks, shortcomings and weak points, the Imperial Russian Government . . . made genuine attempts at reforms and progress.

HILDA SIMON
New York, N.Y.

Who Dun It?

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed Pete Martin's story on Alfred Hitchcock [I Call on Alfred Hitchcock, July 27]. Mr. Hitchcock might be interested to know our children have always "killed" their fried eggs by stabbing them in the yolk before eating.

MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH
Birmingham, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I can hardly wait to learn the fate of the husband who made the time-bomb. This suspense is awful!

MRS. MILDRED W. HAWKINS
South Orange, N.J.

● *Hitchcock told Pete Martin he would use a Cornell Woolrich story, Three O'Clock, as one of his hour-long TV shows this fall. But he refused to tell Martin the fate of the husband trapped by his own time-bomb. But see below, Mrs. Hawkins.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

The plot of the Woolrich story Mr. Hitchcock plans to do on TV this fall sounded familiar. I spent a Saturday afternoon of research on my uncatalogued but growing collection of paperback short stories; for those who can't wait to tune in, one publication it may be found in is The Avon Mystery Story Teller.

O. GREEN
Salem, Oregon

Glamorous Four Eyes

Dear Sirs:

Re: Double Date, by Robert C. Ackworth, August 3. Why is it that authors still insist upon divesting their heroines of their most precious possession—their glasses—when turning said females into glamorous creatures? I am

(Continued on Page 6)

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19 million thrifty Americans have put more than $37 billion into savings accounts at the Insured Savings and Loan Associations which display the above emblem. Here they have a wonderful sense of security and satisfaction in watching their savings grow swiftly and safely . . . safely, because their accounts are insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, an agency of the U. S. Government. After meeting high standards to qualify to display this emblem, all FSLIC insured institutions are examined regularly to assure continued safe and sound operations. When you're looking for a place to save, look for this symbol of unsurpassed security.

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NEW BALLPOINT
WITH EXCLUSIVE
STERLING
SILVER TIP

writes longer than any ballpoint ever made!

Know what causes most ballpoint failures? Corrosion at the tip. Know the metal that ballpoint ink can't corrode? Sterling silver. Not silver plate, not brass. Sterling. Only Sheaffer gives it to you.

Sound expensive? Fact is, you save money. You save the actual difference between the cost of five ordinary refills against the one Sheaffer unit that will outlast them all.

This is the best ballpoint anyone knows how to make. It's yours for the asking. Isn't today a good day?

$2.95

Look for this colorful display everywhere. Select your color: gold, silver, blue, green, rose, copper.

NEW! All-metal models in 6 iridescent colors! Smartly styled!

NEW! Transparent unit! Capacity you can see!

SHEAFFER'S®

When it comes to writing—come to Sheaffer's

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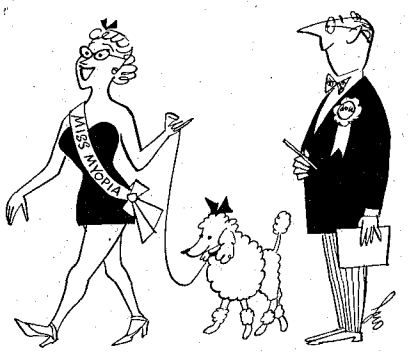
Letters (Continued from Page 4)

but one of the millions of females in the world who wear glasses because I like to see, and not so that I can whip them off at an advantageous moment to show everyone that, really, I am beautiful. . . .

Mr. Ackworth's story was my private last straw. When he narrated: "You see, Pants was anything but Pants now, all of a sudden . . .", I *knew* what was coming, and it did: "The glasses were gone."

I had much more self-confidence than I ever had before, once I started wearing glasses at age 17. In this day of plaid, silver, gold and rhinestone-studded glasses frames, it is fun to wear glasses.



Besides, they're cheaper than a seeing-eye dog.

I am a Mrs. who caught a very handsome husband with my glasses *on*.

MRS. JUNE DEALY
Bend, Oregon

The Flowers That Bloop

Dear Sirs:

How unbotanical can you get?

Your "purple lupines" growing on the Oregon coast as portrayed in The Face of America: SENTINEL OF THE SEA (July 27) are not purple lupines at all but fireweed (Epilobium angustifolium). . . .

To quote the article: "Just how such confusion was compounded . . . nobody remembers." . . .

But all is not lost; we thank you most profusely for featuring our part of the country. Your glorious sunset scene of Lapush, Washington, and the marvelous vista of the Oregon coast in SENTINEL OF THE SEA will show the rest of the country what a fabulous land this really is!

E. O. GRUNDSET
Anacortes, Wash.

● *Reader Grundset and 15 other flower detectives are right. Here's how this particular confusion was compounded: Both lupine and fireweed grow above the cliffs—lupine in the spring and fireweed in the summer. We did our research on the picture when the lupines were abloom—unmindful that the picture was taken in the summer when the fireweed takes over. Our apologies to wincing botanists.—ED.*

Anglophile, Anglophobe

Dear Sirs:

Such superb writing by James O'Donnell! [CAN HE BAIL OUT BRITAIN, August 3] But what a colorful subject he had. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan gets my vote.

MARIE H. PALEN
Roswell, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Can he bail out Britain? Yes, as long as Uncle Sam dips into Fort Knox.

EDWARD CLARKE
Bronx, N.Y.

Old-Fashioned Grandparents

Dear Sirs:

Amos Sewell's cover of August 3, depicting the very young marrieds depositing their pride and joy is indeed complete . . . and the accompanying para-

phernalia brings nostalgic memories. But are you sure that is Gram and Grandpop?

From my personal experience with grandmotherhood, (myself and some of my friends) I would say rather that they are Bobby's great-grandparents. There are not too many gray heads among '57 grannies (no dye either). . . .

MRS. MARGARET S. POTTS
Winnetka, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Today's grandmother wouldn't be caught looking quite so mid-Victorian! But I will admit they personify all the grandparents as we like to remember them.

MRS. FRANK P. BENISH
Cleveland, Ohio

● *The baby may be Bobby Firstborn to the parents, but Grandchild No. 17 to the grandfolks. Which all goes to show that even old hands at being grandparents still are ga-ga over new progeny.—ED.*

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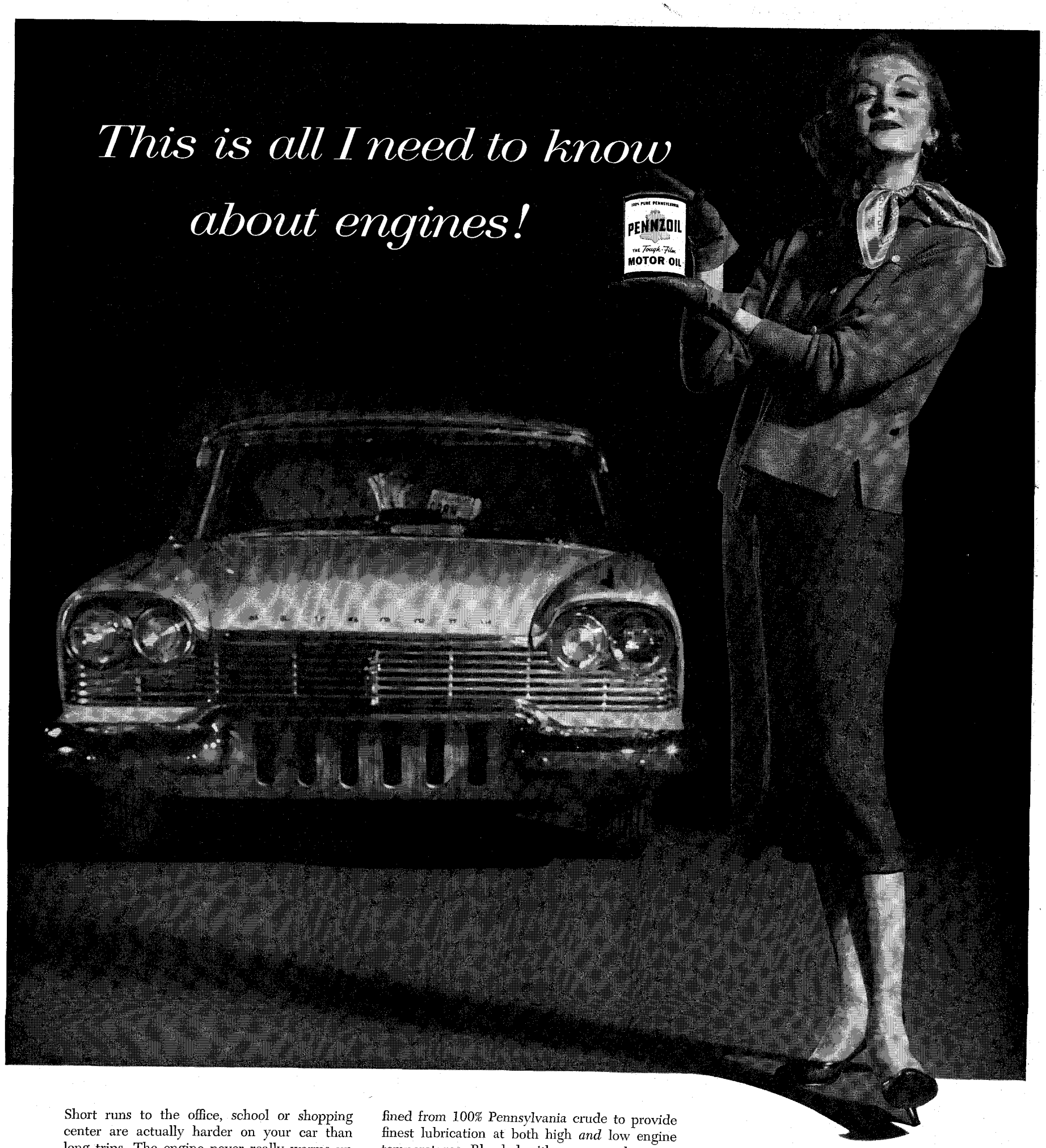

Short runs to the office, school or shopping center are actually harder on your car than long trips. The engine never really warms up to its job. Under these conditions, it is vulnerable to harmful deposits that steal power, waste gasoline and cause costly wear. Preventing this is a job for Pennzoil with Z-7.

Pennzoil is The Tough-Film® oil, specially refined from 100% Pennsylvania crude to provide finest lubrication at both high *and* low engine temperatures. Blended with permanently active Z-7, Pennzoil controls deposits, keeps your engine efficiently clean and smooth-running *for keeps.*

Tell your favorite dealer you'd like to preserve the economy that's built into your car. Next oil change, ask him for Pennzoil with Z-7 by name.

Sound your Z

. . . insist on Pennzoil

IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO care FOR YOUR CAR
AND IN CANADA AT BA DEALERS

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
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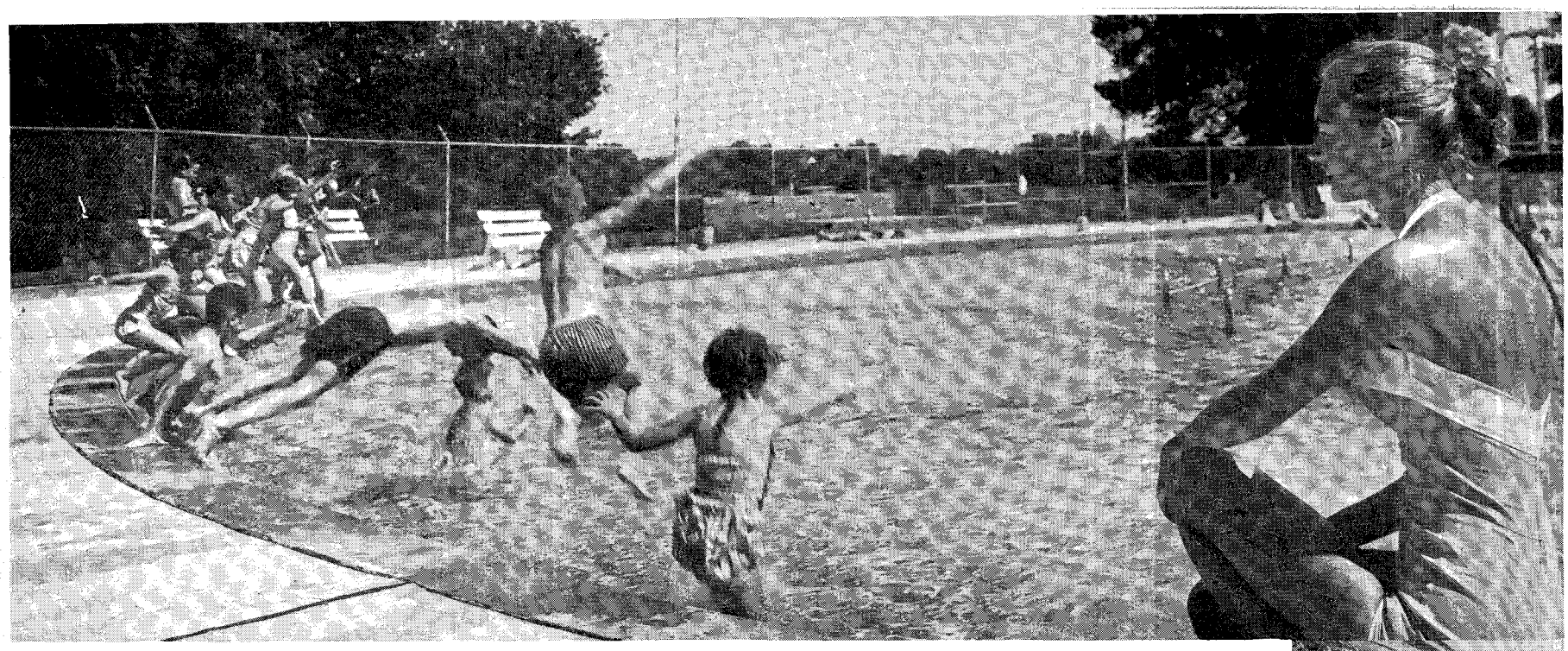

MUNICIPAL POOL in Dyersburg is part of town's recreation center, which includes golf course and park. Nancy Wickersham, daughter of Colonial Rubber Works President Willard Wickersham, runs swimming classes for Dyersburg tots during summer.

Success story with a Southern accent

DRIVE into Dyersburg, Tennessee, and you'll see a town of the Old South. Courthouse. Town Square. Statue of a Confederate Soldier. Oldsters sunning on park benches. Youngsters frolicking on the courthouse lawn.

But Dyersburg is typical of the new South, too.

For new industry has come to town. With it have come new jobs, new payrolls, new prosperity and a broader base for Dyersburg's economy.

And we're glad to say that General Motors had a hand in helping it to happen.

Business Enterprise — Southern Style

THE TOWN FATHERS of Dyersburg—like so many enterprising Southern business and civic leaders—were on the hunt for a new industry for their town.

They found one in the Colonial Rubber Works, Inc.—a successful Indiana company whose plant had burned down. Offered to locate a plant for them, give them favorable tax consideration and even round up employes for them in Dyersburg.

Colonial owners Willard Wickersham and Danal Hotaling shook hands with the Dyersburg folks. So they moved in. And, when orders from several GM Divisions followed Colonial to Dyersburg, the company hit the high road to success.

So today there are more than 100 Dyersburg men and women making Colonial rubber products for more than 100 different companies including such GM Divisions as Delco Radio, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Frigidaire and Cadillac. And sales now top a million dollars a year.

More of Same

SO SUCCESSFUL has been Dyersburg's experience with Colonial — they've already managed to sell an automotive parts maker on settling there—and several more firms are thinking of moving in to join them.

What has happened in Dyersburg, Tennessee, has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that, if they meet delivery dates with quality products GM needs, at competitive prices, General Motors is interested in doing business with them. New business has flowed into their communities—and as a result, these communities in every state share in GM's success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside suppliers of materials and services receive, in total, close to 50¢ of every dollar General Motors takes in from the sale of its products.

Small Business and General Motors

Pattern for Prosperity

Most of the 26,000 business firms supplying General Motors with goods and services are small businesses with less than 500 employes. Almost 1,700 GM suppliers are in the South — and most of them are very small businesses, employing less than 100 persons.

GENERAL MOTORS — Good people to work for — Good people to deal with

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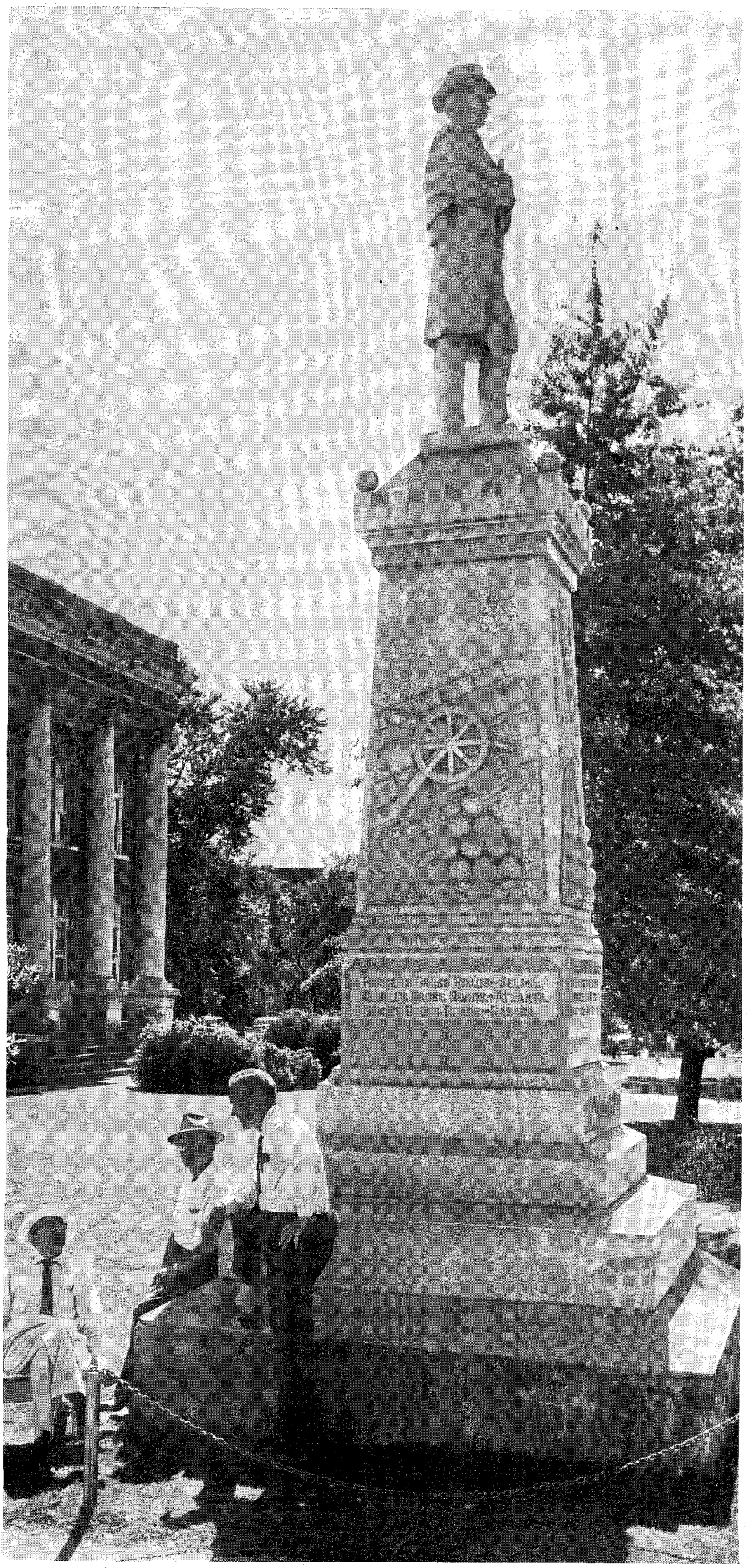
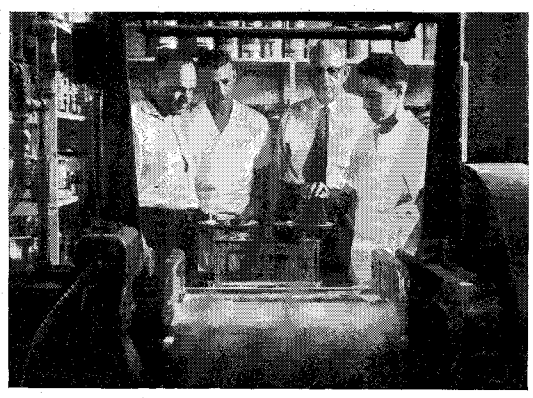


DYERSBURG, TENNESSEE, enjoys new prosperity since Colonial Rubber Works, supplier of rubber parts to General Motors, came to town. Dyersburg boosters, like Chamber of Commerce President Otis Manner and Executive Secretary George Wilson (both on bench), hope to bring more industry to town.

BURNING MEMORIES—Colonial Rubber President Willard Wickersham and Vice-President Danal Hotaling with photo of their first plant burning down. Today, company is back on its feet, thanks in part to continuing GM orders.



LOCAL TALENT—like Chief Chemist Billy Heathcott (r.), checking density of Chevrolet part—and his young assistant, Larry Hollomon—staffs Colonial Rubber. All employes have been trained in their jobs by company owners.

EXPANSION PROGRAM includes new refrigerated warehouse under construction, which will be used to store synthetic rubber. Company has grown 20% since coming to Dyersburg, plans even greater expansion in near future.

MARCHING MAJORETTES of Dyersburg High School wear uniforms donated by Colonial Rubber and other local firms. Unit has just been organized, will enter competition with other state schools in Fall.

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Editorials

The Reds Never Run Out of Innocent Stooges!

The Communist Party has succeeded in taking the first big step in its comeback strategy. It has persuaded some other organizations and individuals that call themselves "socialist" to join it in setting up a united front—the "American" Forum for Socialist Education. This is the prelude to a "mass socialist party," in which the Communists expect to be the dominant force.

Just what is this so-called "American" Forum for Socialist Education? Its strongest element consists of some leaders of the Communist Party and some prominent ex-members who still co-operate with the C. P. Also there are—of all people—the Trotskyite Communists, who have been the C. P.'s most-hated foes. Remember that Stalin had Leon Trotsky murdered in Mexico for "deviations."

Along with all these violent-minded people in the united front, there are the "socialist" ultrapacifists. In fact the chairman of the "American" Forum is A. J. Muste, a pacifist. The pacifist idea is that if we will dissolve the Air Force, the Army and the Navy, and send all the troops back to civvies, our noble intentions will protect us against Moscow and Peiping.

Lastly, to give the united front prestige on campuses, the group includes a number of professors. Some of these are pacifists. Apparently none are Communist Party members. Among the professors are H. H. Wilson, of Princeton; Derk Bodde, of the University of Pennsylvania; Paul Baran, of Stanford; William Appleman Williams, of the University of Oregon; Mulford Sibley, of the University of Minnesota; Kermit Eby, of the University of Chicago; and Stringfellow Barr, former president of St. John's College.

All these teammates give the Communist Party a new respectability. Lately the C. P.'s name has been worse than mud. But now up jump the pacifist leaders and some well-known professors to join hands with the Communists in a united front. The Communist Party's newspaper, the Daily Worker, points out in an editorial that the founders of the "American" Forum include "two leading Communists, Doxey Wilkerson and Albert E. Blumberg." It adds that the creation of the organization was foreshadowed in a resolution adopted at the C. P.'s convention in February.

A year ago the C. P. announced its "new look." It proclaimed a new strategy of bringing about a "mass socialist party." Now we can see the roundabout way in which this is to be done. There will be three stages.

The first of these will be propagandist. Here is the "American" Forum for Socialist Education. It consists of a handful of leaders. It declares it is not a membership organization. But it "will have as one of its aims the formation, encouragement and assistance of local groups or committees" for propaganda in colleges, churches, unions, and so on.

In the second stage, this nationwide network of local "educational" committees will serve the Communists as a cover. By holding meetings on campuses and elsewhere, they hope to move from mere "education" to "action." They will set up united-front groups to act on questions of "peace," labor, racial relations, and so on. The process is very familiar.

The third stage will bring the merger of these numerous pressure groups in a national "political-action organization." The new organization will be pro-Communist. The Communist Party will probably dissolve and its members will all enter the new group.

At the forum's core, ruling it, will be the Communists, a fact which will be astounding only to the naïve.

That "Controlled Inflation" is a Real Cost-of-Living Squeeze to Most People

Something called macro-economics is in high favor with the advocates of Government spending as a key to perpetual prosperity. It means no more than considering every aspect of our national monetary life in the grandest possible proportions. Any sum less than a billion dollars is hardly worth talking about.

Terms like the Gross National Product or the Gross National Income, expressed in hundreds of billions, make it easy to dismiss a mere million as beneath the notice of a really broad-gauged thinker. Signs of uneasiness among the voters can be conjured away by a macro-economic demonstration that people this year have a disposable income in billions larger by a percentage point than what we let them keep last year.

Some experts have identified a "built-in inflation" of 3 per cent a year as a wholesome index of well-being, scientifically adjusted to take care of an expanding economy. Since Government expenditures now form a large proportion of that economy, why shouldn't they rightly and normally grow like everything else?

Up in the stratosphere of macro-economics, it is hard to identify an ordinary taxpayer. Yet the gentle, controlled 3 per cent inflation per year can spell slow poison for anybody whose income does not keep pace with it. Consider, for example, a married couple retiring on $200 a month. In five years, at an annual 3 per cent, they would need about $230 per month merely to hold their own.

There are, of course, millions of active wage earners whose incomes are scarcely more flexible from year to year than those of people with annuities. More and more, they feel the pinch of continued high taxes and living costs that keep rising, no matter how gentle, beneficent or even delightfully stimulating the rise may appear to watchers on the distant peaks of economic theory.

Viewed in this light, the country's mood for economy should not seem such an unheard-of and unexpected political event. The average citizen, conscious of his own need to watch the pennies and tighten his belt to the last notch, finds it hard to understand why his Uncle Sam should fight so stubbornly against any parallel reduction in his standard of living.

Litterbugs Clean Up After Themselves in Missouri

An appropriate and, at the same time, beneficial punishment for highway litterbugs has been devised by Judge G. J. Smith, of the Cass County, Missouri, magistrate's court. He sentences the offender to clean up about a mile of right of way under the watchful eye of a state policeman. After such a detail of kitchen police, the average trash tosser can be relied on to get his pitches over—that is, into the trash can.

Gathering up the bushels on bushels of beer cans, bottles, paper cartons, empty cigarette packages and all the other assorted trash strewn along the highways is calculated to be a sure cure for the habit and also to have a cooling effect on others in the vicinity so inclined. Besides, it saves the taxpayers money that would otherwise have to be spent in cleaning up the highway. The amounts diverted from highway funds for this unnecessary tidying up run into millions of dollars a year in many of the states.

More and more states are adopting laws making it a misdemeanor to throw trash on the highways. Perhaps the kind of penalty meted out by the Missouri magistrate is the kind needed to make these laws really effective.

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Must think faster than a Dixon Ticonderoga pencil. Former manager found pencil was sharper than he. Efficient assistant to right man. Has a good eraser in its head, too!

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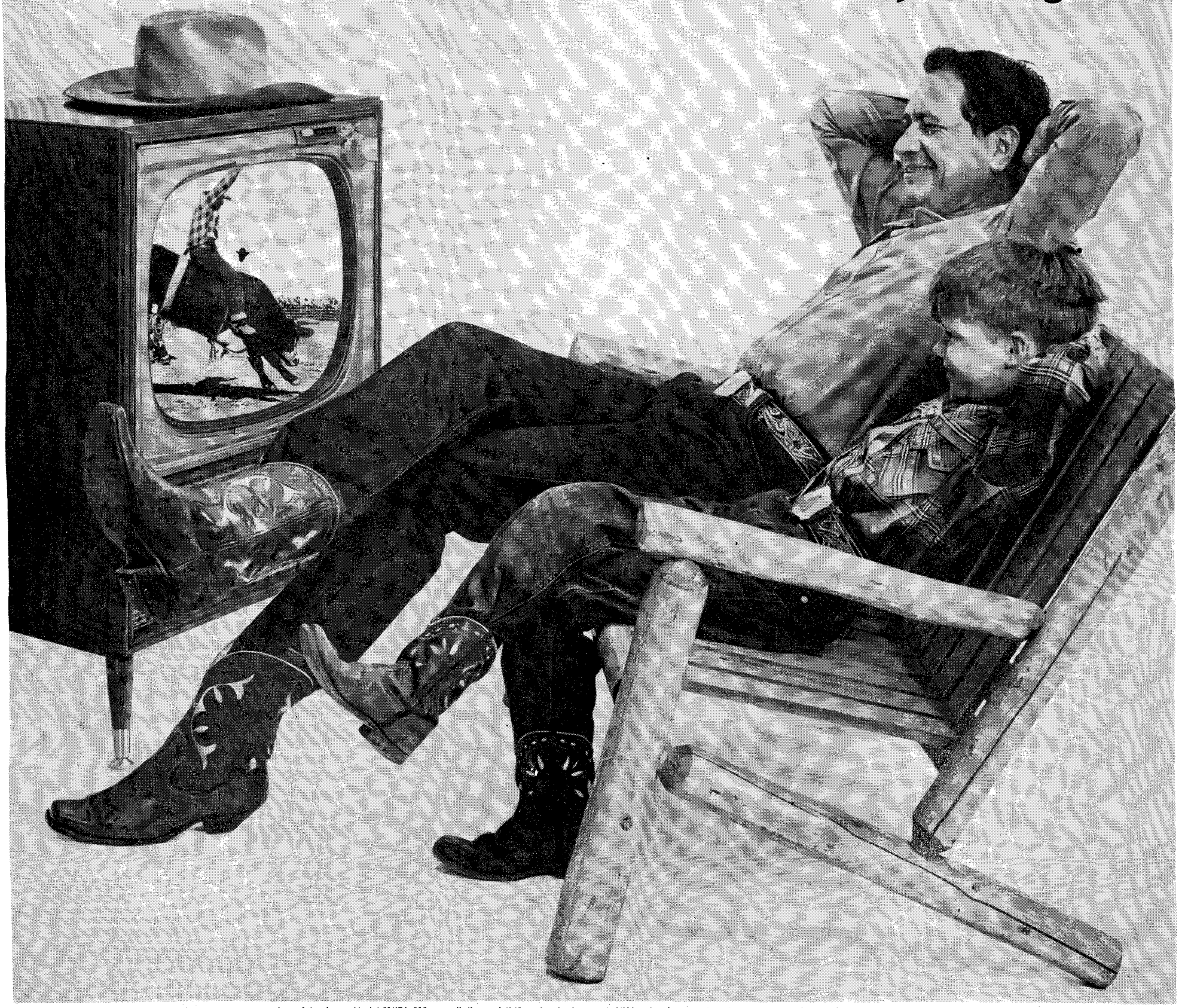
More to enjoy



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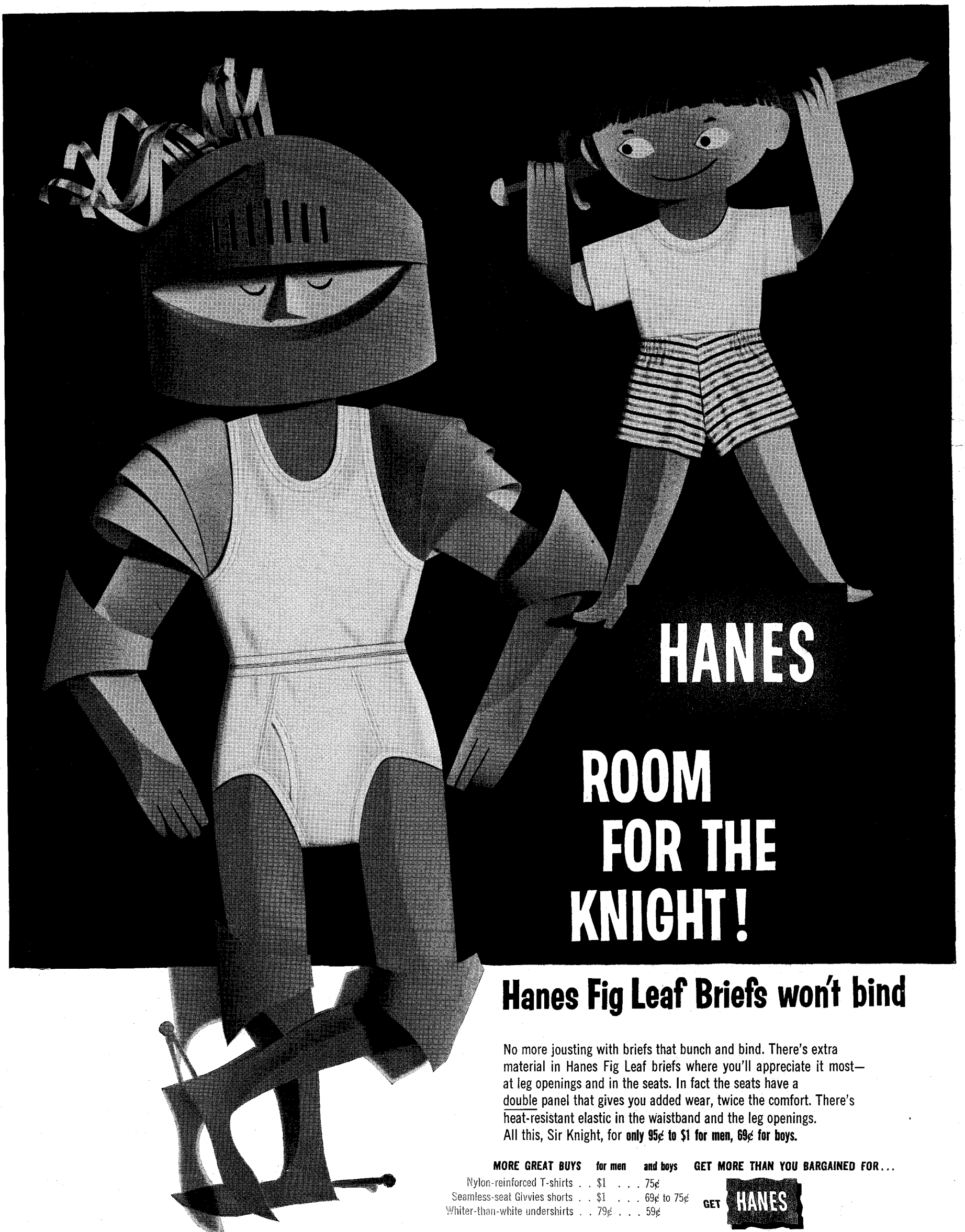

Hanes Fig Leaf Briefs won't bind

No more jousting with briefs that bunch and bind. There's extra material in Hanes Fig Leaf briefs where you'll appreciate it most—at leg openings and in the seats. In fact the seats have a double panel that gives you added wear, twice the comfort. There's heat-resistant elastic in the waistband and the leg openings. All this, Sir Knight, for **only 95¢ to $1 for men, 69¢ for boys.**

MORE GREAT BUYS	for men	and boys
Nylon-reinforced T-shirts	$1	75¢
Seamless-seat Givvies shorts	$1	69¢ to 75¢
Whiter-than-white undershirts	79¢	59¢

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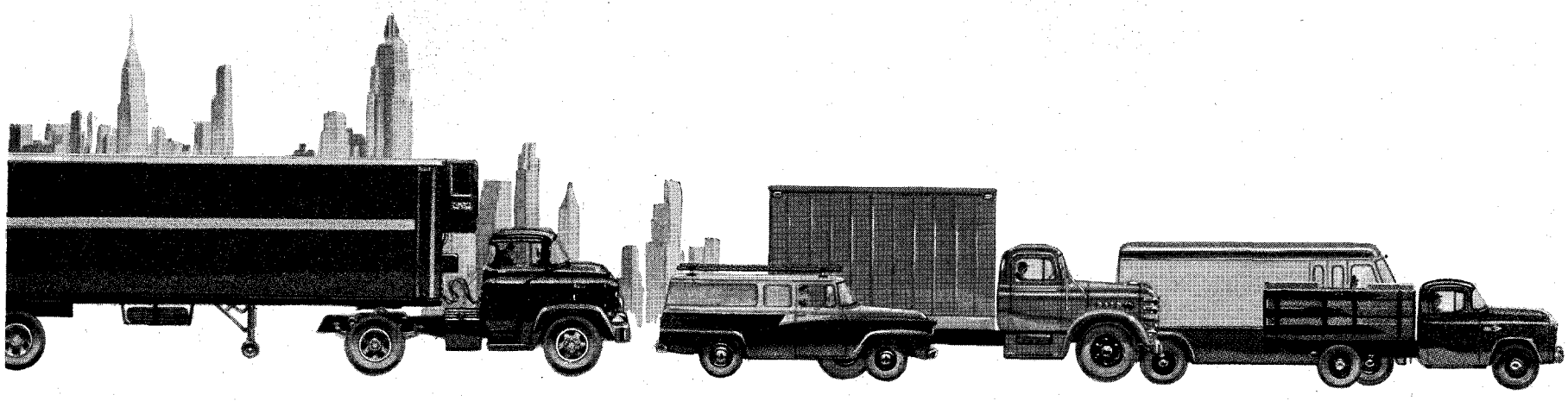
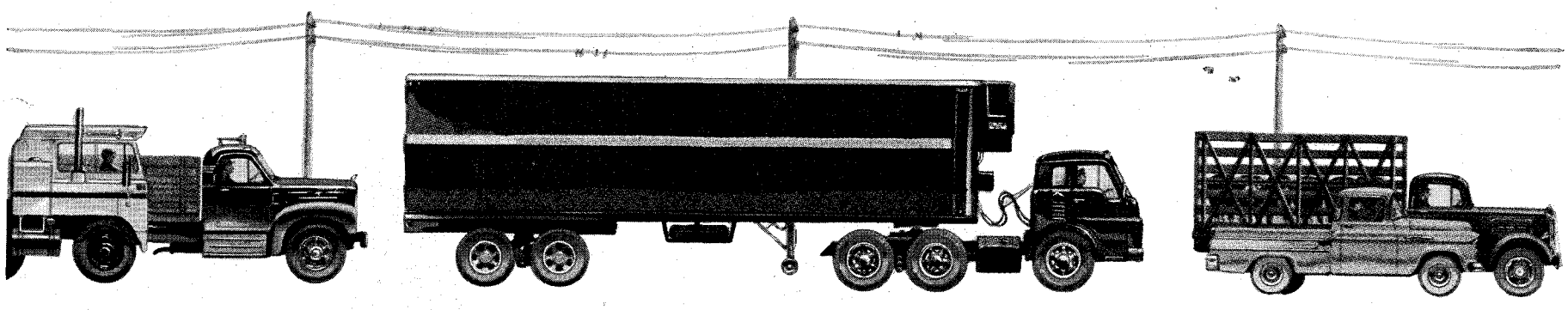
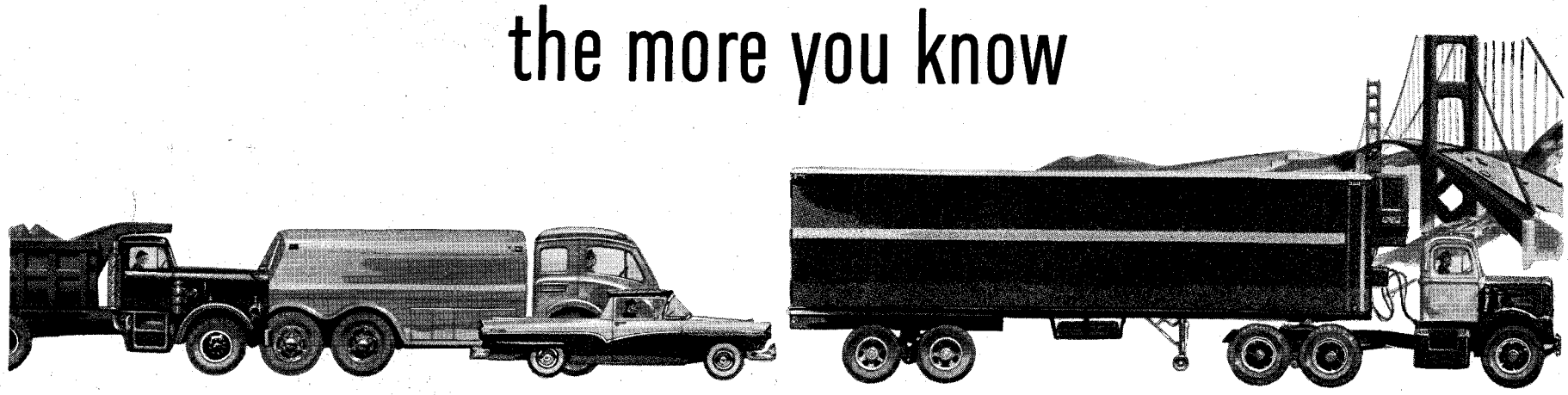


The more miles you go



the more you know



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BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

OPERATOR RECORDS PROVE
Firestone Tubeless Truck Tires give extra mileage on original treads, take extra retreads, reduce road delays, cut maintenance costs to a minimum.

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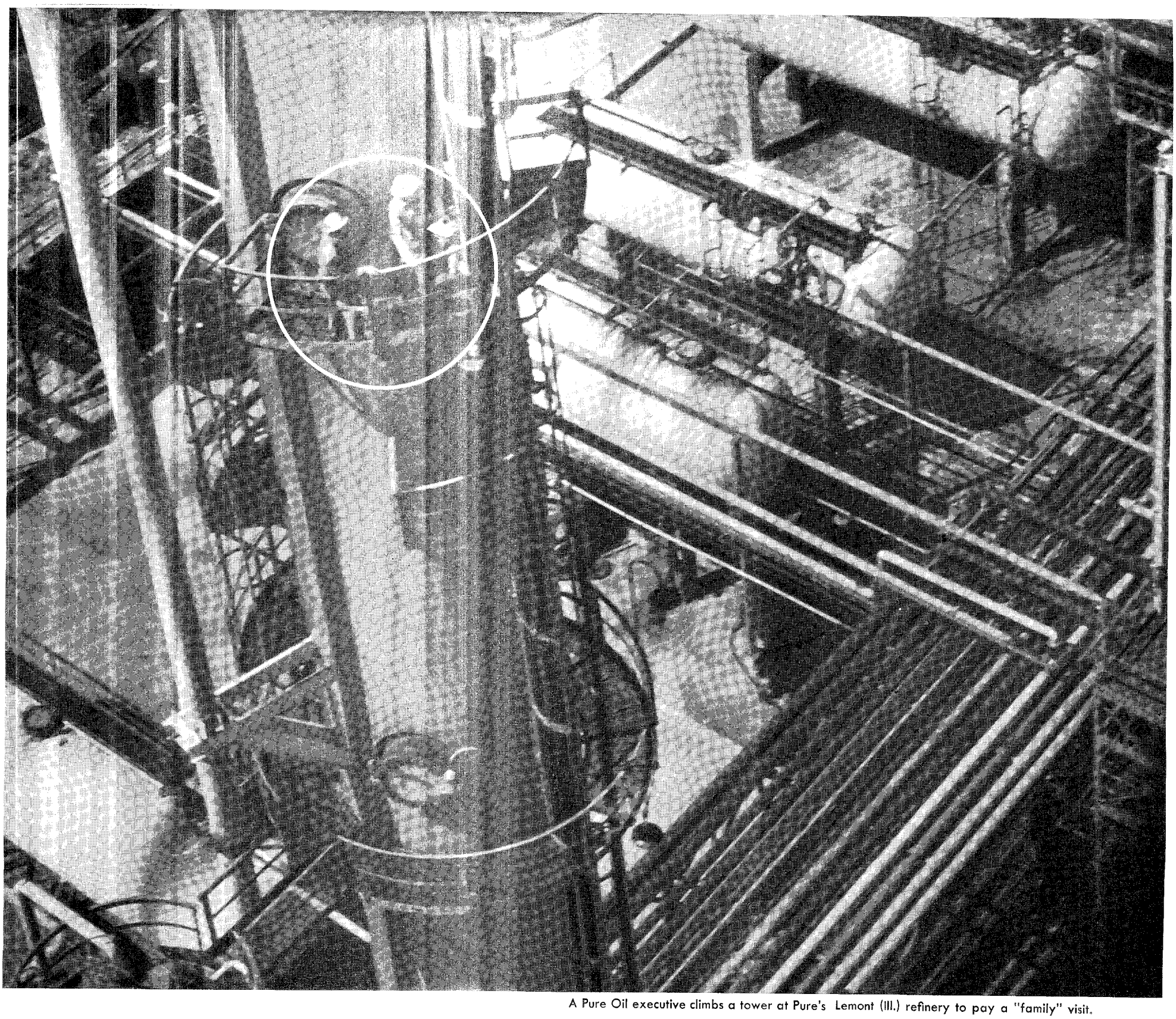
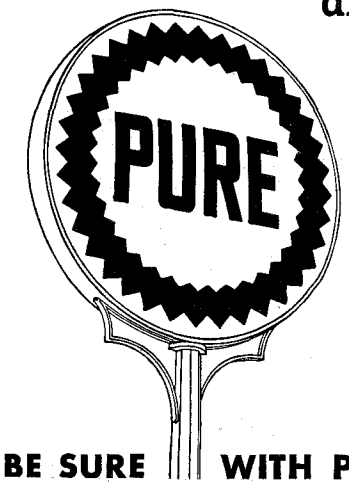


A Pure Oil executive climbs a tower at Pure's Lemont (Ill.) refinery to pay a "family" visit.

Wherever Pure Oil is, you'll find Pure's top people (Keeping in close touch with all the Pure "family" is one way we keep the sure in Pure for you)



BE SURE WITH PURE

To make the rounds of all branches of PURE's big "family" (which Pure Oil executives make it a point to do) calls for a steady diet of traveling.

Any one of these top men may drop in any day on the crew of a drilling operation, anywhere from Wyoming to Venezuela . . . or visit our four big refineries in Texas, Illinois, and Ohio . . . look over our 12,000-mile pipeline system . . . or pay a call on one of the tankers, tugs and barges that make up Pure Oil's "Navy." Their travels also take them to many of the more than 15,000 Pure Oil service stations in 24 states.

Perhaps you're asking, "Are these trips necessary?" Our answer is an emphatic "Yes!" . . . because it is a basic Pure Oil conviction that "Be *sure* with Pure" begins by keeping all of our 12,000 employees informed about company doings and aware of their individual importance in the PURE picture. Something to think about, when you see that Pure Oil station up the road.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

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The Picture of Health for September

by MAXINE DAVIS

"Maybe I ought to join the Navy now and go to Yale afterwards," Tommy suggests drearily.

Now that he's really going to college his acne is much worse. He wants to run and hide.

The family doctor won't say, as he might have even last year, that tension and excitement are causing Tommy's pimples. He won't say, "Don't worry. You'll outgrow it."

Because leading specialists now feel that skin disease is often the *cause*, not the *result*, of emotional disturbance; and that proper attention will save permanent scars on the personality as well as on the skin.

There's a new word—somatopsychic for this, meaning the effect of the body on the mind. This makes UTOL especially valuable. UTOL, an antiseptic antibiotic cream helps relieve the minor irritation and itching that keeps reminding the young of their acne, and prevents re-infection; *and* it's flesh-tinted to hide as it heals—thus helping both skin and spirit. So you pack a semester's supply into Tommy's brand new traveling bag.

He's active regardless of season. So you also put OCTOFEN into his toilet kit. He's had several grim bouts of athlete's foot. Activity makes his feet perspire, so he's an easy victim for this fungus disease.

If Tommy does have another attack he'll have OCTOFEN Liquid to stop it promptly, as it did when we used it before.

But we've learned the hard way that preventive treatment is best. That means drying the feet thoroughly after showering, dusting them carefully between the toes, with OCTOFEN Powder—and also sprinkling it into shoes and clean socks daily.

Scientific findings indicate that no other fungicide is more successful in stopping athlete's foot or in preventing it. OCTOFEN is the only athlete's foot medication approved by the eminent National Foot Health Council.

Getting the teen-agers off to school is always tough for parents. The young are in a tizzy of excitement, and we try to ignore the prospect of the too-quiet house they're going to leave us.

But we grown-ups who suffer from arthritis cannot put off the distress that afflicts us after hours spent hauling out their luggage and their heavy winter clothes. Luckily now we have SURIN. It won't cure arthritis; nothing can.

But it will ease our muscle aches and rheumatics. Apply a warm moist towel to the painful area and smooth on SURIN. It gets to work right away and relieves you.

With SURIN to take care of post-packing aches and pains, the only trouble left is you're all damp, especially underarms.

You're preparing for winter but it's still summer, really, and you—well—*sweat!* Now's when you're glad to have New YODORA. You can feel as crisp and fresh for dinner as you look, because you know New YODORA stops the germs that cause the offensive odor of perspiration. Maybe Tom would like to have some, too.

For that wonderful

21 year old feeling!

If you need vitamins—give yourself the guaranteed high potency of Bexel Vitamins and Minerals...only pennies a day!*

Only McKesson's unique laboratory controls make possible this full potency guarantee!

You will look fresher—may even look a little younger—when your system gets all the vitamins and minerals it needs every day. Because these vital food factors—often missing in so many of today's diets—give your hair its luster, your skin its tone and color. As you look better, you feel better—more alive!

No other Vitamins are more carefully controlled to guarantee their full potency!

McKesson controls offer a remarkable integrity in vitamin preparations. Putting full potency into vitamins is our first step in manufacture. Keeping it there requires McKesson's most exquisite care. So McKesson controls make sure that Bexel Vitamins will not "fade" or lose potency on their way to you. Each batch of vitamins is carefully sampled. Then a supply of "control" samples is held, and given a long program of rechecks. As much as 5 years later, Bexel Vitamins still have the potency marked on the bottle.

GUARANTEE:
Feel wonderfully better! Either you do, in a month's time or less, OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED!

BEXEL
AVAILABLE IN CANADA

This scientific detective work includes both chemical and biological tests. Such refined scrutiny is why McKesson can guarantee to you, Bexel Vitamins with full potency—Vitamins that really do work toward giving you that wonderful 21 year old feeling!

There's a Member of the Bexel Family for Every Member of Your Family!

Not only for grown-ups—but special Bexel Vitamins, in tiny capsules or delicious syrup, for the Children too! Bexel Vitamins are sold by your registered, local druggist. Next to your doctor, he is the man most interested in your and your family's health. Ask your druggist about the different special vitamin preparations under the Bexel name, made for specific needs and people. Like all McKesson products, Bexel fulfills the pledge: *Better . . . by McKesson.*

* Don't endure nerves, fatigue, sleeplessness, poor appetite! These symptoms, when due to a vitamin deficiency, occur only when daily intake of vitamins B_1, B_2, and Niacin is less than the minimum daily requirement over a prolonged period. In themselves they do not prove a dietary deficiency, and may have other causes due to functional disturbances. *Bexel Special Formula Vitamins contain B_{12} and other essential B vitamins, plus 5 times your daily requirement of iron!*

BETTER ... by McKESSON

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Business, church, or community experience can contribute towards your success. In fact, even if you've never worked at a regular job you probably have abilities for doing important, well-paying work in one of America's fastest-growing organizations. You will be thoroughly trained and ready for greater income immediately. There are openings in your own community.

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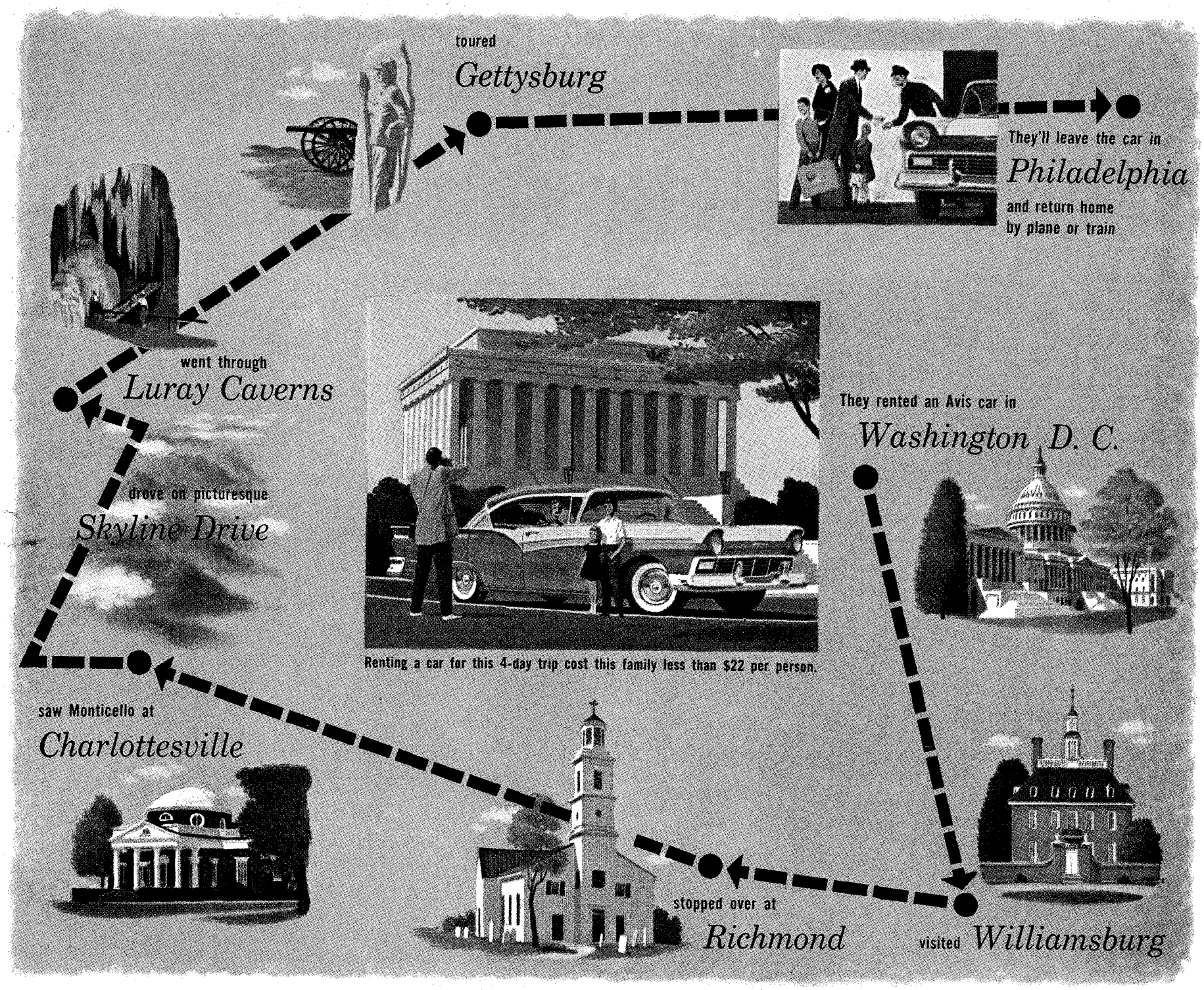

Renting a car for this 4-day trip cost this family less than $22 per person.

Add extra days of vacation fun

Rent a car that goes home by itself

The new Avis "Rent it here—leave it there" service

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Joseph P. Kennedy gets a send-off to Europe from (l. to r.) his son, Edward, daughters Patricia (Mrs. Peter Lawford) and Jean (Mrs. Steven Smith), and Jean's husband.

Remarkable young Senator Jack Kennedy is not the only member of his family with talent, looks and a private fortune. Consider the rest of this clan—

The Amazing Kennedys

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Some years ago, when Mr. Joseph Patrick Kennedy, the Boston financier, made the happy discovery that his bold forays in Wall Street had already earned him more money than a man of simple tastes could ever spend, a great change came over him. Abandoning the brilliant but hazardous speculations which had made his name a legend in the Street, he became the most prudent of investors, converting his vast holdings into securities which promised a slow but steady growth with a minimum of risk. About the same time, however, he resolved upon one long-range gamble which his wary financier friends warned him could well turn out to be the most hazardous of all.

Peering with a sharp, blue eye at the growing tribe of little Kennedys, a bright and

Committee counsel Robert and Senator John during the Senate labor racketeering investigation.

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bouncy clan of nine stairstep sons and daughters, he found them, in the main, to be as sound of body, mind and morals as any father could expect. Satisfied, from this appraisal, that his young were all blue-chip investments, he divided his wealth, setting up separate trust funds which would provide each of them with well over a million dollars on the day he turned twenty-one.

No strings were attached to these gifts. The trusts were irrevocable. The money was theirs to spend, wisely or foolishly, as they pleased. They were even freed of the burden of worry about keeping their legacies intact. In Mr. Kennedy's large but unpretentious offices in New York, a staff of twenty-odd investment counselors, tax experts and bookkeepers would watch over the children's trusts as zealously as they guarded Mr. Kennedy's own huge holdings in bonds, stocks and real estate.

"I fixed it," says Mr. Kennedy happily, "so that any of my children, financially speaking, could look me in the eye and tell me to go to hell."

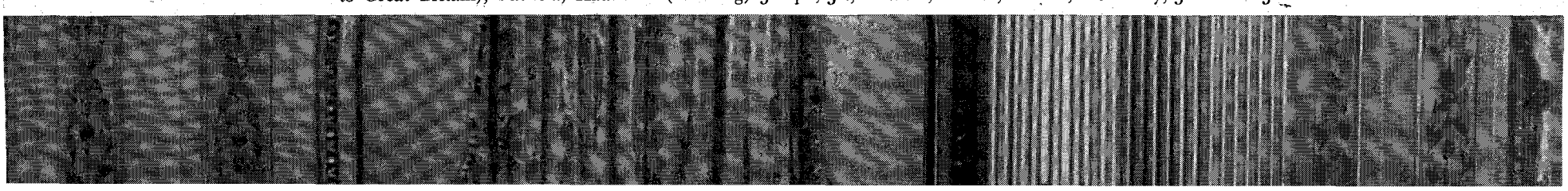
So far, his investment in the future of his young has turned out to be one of his most rewarding speculations. The activities of the Kennedy clan, both public and private, have long since dispelled the doubts of those who warned Mr. Kennedy that by heaping so much money upon his children at such a tender age, some of them, at least, were bound to turn out to be playboys, wastrels or charming no-goods of the international social set. None, so far, have wasted their patrimony on riotous living. Neither has solid financial security lured them into idleness. Instead, with an insatiable curiosity, they have wandered the world seeking knowledge, from the Court of St. James's, where their father became Mr. Roosevelt's ambassador, to the hinterlands of the USSR. And, with a seething energy which sometimes exhausts their friends, they have competed fiercely but amiably with one another in the performance of good works which have vastly pleased their sire.

Twice, however, his dreams for them have been thwarted by deepest tragedy. The eldest son, Joe, Jr., on whom the family pinned its fondest hopes, was a star athlete and a *cum laude* graduate from Harvard, with a profound interest in international affairs. An outspoken isolationist before the war, as was his father, he volunteered as a naval aviator before Pearl Harbor and died a hero's death in 1944, when, on a dangerous mission to attack the German buzz-bomb-launching sites, his loaded Liberator bomber exploded in the air. Four years later, Kathleen, the next-to-the-oldest daughter, died in the crash of a plane in France. Widow of the Marquis of Hartington, the son of the Duke of Devonshire, who himself had been killed leading his Coldstream Guards in battle, she had survived the London blitz as a volunteer worker in a Red Cross canteen.

The untimely passing of two of the best and brightest of the Kennedys, intimates of the family say, may in some degree account for the tremendous drives, the ambition to excel, which mark the surviving Kennedys.

"The boys," one friend explained, "are trying to live up to (Continued on Page 44)

This rare 1939 photograph shows all the Kennedys at once: (Seated) Rose Kennedy, Joe himself (then U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain), Patricia, Kathleen. (Standing) Joseph, Jr., Edward, Eunice, Robert, Rosemary, Jean and John.



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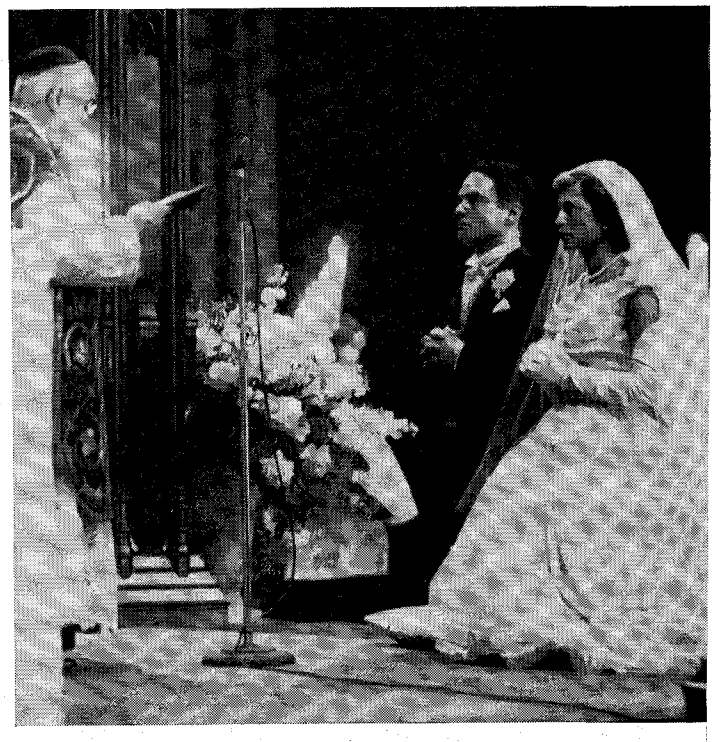
THE KENNEDY WEDDING ALBUM: A RECORD OF JOY AND SORROW.

October, 1914: Twenty-four-year-old Joseph Kennedy married Rose Fitzgerald, the daughter of the mayor of Boston.

June 17, 1950: Robert Kennedy wed Ethel Skakel. They are now parents of five.



May 23, 1953: Cardinal Spellman performed the nuptial mass for Eunice Kennedy and Robert Shriver, Jr.

September 12, 1953: Senator John Kennedy, at 36, abandoned his title as the nation's most eligible bachelor when he married Jacqueline Bouvier, a Washington photographer.

April 24, 1954: British actor Peter Lawford and his bride, Patricia Kennedy. They have two children, and live in Santa Monica, California.

May 6, 1944: In London Kathleen Kennedy wed the Marquis of Hartington, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire (left and right). The bridegroom was killed in action in September, 1944, shortly after Joseph Kennedy, Jr. (second from right) died an aviator hero. Kathleen herself was killed in a plane crash in 1948.

May 19, 1956: The youngest Kennedy daughter, Jean, and her husband, Steven Smith, leave St. Patrick's Cathedral after their marriage.

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The kids edged in,
their hands full of toys,
to say their thank-you's.

Mayan

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SECRET OF HAPPINESS

They were lonely, desperate people—until the children entered their lives.

By HUGH B. CAVE

His name was Paco, he said. "My card, *señor*. But everyone calls me Paco."

The card, hand-lettered and handsome as the young man himself, conveyed the information that he was Rodrigo Paco Gregorio Moreno, Reliable Guide, Expert on Mexican Life & History, and Speaker of English. He passed it through the car window and Sam Bradley gazed at it with a frown of indecision.

"I don't know." Weary of making decisions, Sam turned helplessly to his wife. "What do you think, Mary?"

"Sam, it doesn't matter where we stay. If he says the Viajero is full up ——"

"But it may not be. You know how these fellows work. And we don't know the first thing about this place he recommends."

"He looks like a nice young man," Mary said. "And if the Viajero is full ——"

"*Señor*"—Paco Moreno was practically inside the car now—"you will like this place I take you to. I guarantee it."

Decisions, Sam thought. Always decisions. The decision to defy the doctors and stay in Rhode Island—he had been wrong on that one. The decision to sell the boat yard and move out West. The decision, after eight months of aimless drifting, to have a look at Mexico. Why did a man of fifty-four, with so many years of hard work behind him, have to make so many decisions when all he sought was peace? Why was he so tired?

He was tired this evening because of the long drive, he supposed. They had left Tamazunchale late and pushed hard all day, over a road that never seemed to stop climbing. And now this Mexico City traffic—even the guidebook warned strangers to take a good look at a city map before getting into the "mad whirl" of it. He was still shaking, he realized, though they'd been talking to Paco Moreno for all of five minutes.

He had pulled up to ask directions of a policeman, not to be sold a bill of goods by this bright-eyed supersalesman with the grin. The cop, understanding no English, had beckoned Paco from a nearby doorway.

Sam looked again at the card, then saw the reassuring smile on the face of the policeman at the curb. With a helpless shrug, he motioned the Expert on Mexican Life & History to take the wheel. "All right, Paco, you win."

Paco Moreno eased the car smoothly into the flow of traffic. "*Señor*, you will not be sorry. I guarantee it."

"I hope you're right," Sam said. "But I probably ought to know better."

He could handle an automobile; no question of that. "Americans very often hire me to drive for them, *señor*," he said, maneuvering the machine at high speed through openings Sam would have sworn did not exist. Now and then he grinned at a traffic cop or lifted a hand to salute a fellow driver. Lots of people knew Paco Moreno.

At the hotel he went straight to the desk, where he spoke to the clerk rapidly in Spanish for some thirty seconds before turning to Sam with a grin. "The best room in the house is yours, *señor*. Will you want your car this evening?"

"Tomorrow," Sam said.

"Then they will phone the garage to send a man for it, and in the morning the clerk will have it brought around for you." Paco thrust out his hand. "If you require my services at any time, *señor* ——"

(Continued on Page 92)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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The Face of AMERICA

Out of Control

One sunny morning a few weeks ago, Robert Burelson and his family were returning from a vacation trip in their new station wagon. They were about thirty-five miles from home in Los Angeles, and Burelson was holding to the speed limit, fifty-five miles per hour. Beside him rode his wife and their nine-month-old daughter; in the back seats their two small sons played happily. At 11:15 they had just entered Mint Canyon, on a twisting two-lane highway. Suddenly Burelson saw a rapidly approaching automobile veer across the road, into his path. He stabbed at his brakes, but the cars crashed, head on. No one knows who died in the impact, because flames immediately burst out: a ruptured fuel line fed gasoline to a horribly fierce, unapproachable blaze. The entire Burelson family was burned beyond recognition, as were the driver of the other car, Henry G. Smallbrook, and his passenger, Dr. Floyd Svec. There were no survivors.

• Photograph by Gene Lester

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Bring Back the Bride

By HANNIBAL COONS

The Problem: To find a honeymooning actress who didn't want to be found.

The bellboy was quite uppity over my candles. "Have they been having trouble with the lights in the States?"

STEVE MCCRACKEN
Public Relations
Hollywood, Calif.

March 22, 1957
Air Mail Special

MR. HENRY HUCKABY,
HOTEL WENTWORTH,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DEAR HENRY: Henry, I can't tell you how delighted I am that you have decided to join me in this frail enterprise. After thirty years of suffering the slings and arrows of this town as publicity head for these tawdry movie makers, finally getting up enough nerve to go into business for myself is a wondrous feeling. Then, for you, O faithful friend and brilliant assistant, to leave security behind and board my leaky bark makes my joy complete. By gad, Henry, we'll give them a run for it.

Provided, of course, we can keep the infernal rent paid. The only trouble with this grand free feeling being that it is apt to be followed by a horribly empty feeling next Friday afternoon, when no one comes in to hand me my check. No one at all.

But pish-tosh, if brave Columbus wasn't daunted by limited funds, why should I be? "Sail on!" he cried.

And, Henry, before I scare you too badly, let me hasten to add that our first pigeon has just flown in the door, which means that we are nearing land. If we can only make a thumping success of this first publicity client, everything'll be just fine.

But heavenly days, is it important that we make a success of this first one—whew! Every publicity man in town is watching my tottering steps with fascinated interest; all I have to do is bloomer this first one, after making my prideful jump into the free world, and there would be a roar of catcalls out here like midnight at the salt lick. No other client would get closer than spitting distance, and all I could ever do again would be to wander endlessly on alone across the moors, unsung, unloved.

But, as I said, fiddledeedee. Brace up. Success is just around the corner. Which, as a matter of fact, it is. All you have to do is perform one simple errand for me in the Canadian moose country and we've got it made. I will immediately be considered a genius by one and all, and customers will beat a path to my door. So on your mark.

Have you kept up lately with the antics of Miss Jane Matthews, Hollywood's famous holder of the Olympic records for the wiggle-walk and the chest-expansion-without-inhaling?

You at least know that she got married again the other day, trying a doctor this time. Why so many glamorous movie stars marry doctors I don't know, except that they must have a terrible time with hangnails.

Be that as it may, what you don't know is that our first publicity client is none other than Miss Jane Matthews, and the reason she is now our client is that she and Dave Briskell over at Paragon have been feuding over her new contract like two tigers in a muslin bag. Jane demanding a staggering raise just because her pictures have lately been making the studio scads of money, and Dave doing his desperate best to hold the cash drawer shut.

His most recent stratagem being to tell the Paragon publicity department not to put an other line in the papers about Jane Matthews, even if she should fall and break her leg coming out of Buckingham Palace after unexpectedly receiving the Nobel Prize for chemistry. He would conquer her resistance with a few weeks of anonymity, and, as everyone knows, anonymity is indeed very hard on movie stars.

But unfortunately for Mr. Briskell, Jane's anonymity lasted only about thirty minutes, because Wednesday night, with the lettering on my new office door hardly dry, I chanced to run into her in the Brown Derby, crying quietly into a guinea hen. And since I am an old friend of hers, in no time I had patted her eyes dry and agreed to handle her publicity myself at a thousand a week, accepting her check for the first five weeks in advance. The reason I could swing such a cushy deal being that I told her, with some truth, that the only way to lick Briskell was to put on a really concentrated publicity campaign right now during the contract negotiations, and I would accordingly drop everything and put my whole organization on it. Consisting of one desk and you, but I saw no reason to go into that. No use confusing her.

Because let me tell you, that girl's confused enough. After giving me a five-thousand-dollar check Wednesday night to handle her publicity, Thursday morning even before I could get to the office she'd got married and left for Canada. Without a word to either Briskell or me, she'd arisen early and committed matrimony with her handsome young nerve specialist, a Dr. Ronald Hendrix, and they were off to

(Continued on Page 71)

Illustrated by Mike Ludlow

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Hollywood's glamorous
Miss Jane Matthews.

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I CALL ON PHIL SILVERS

BY PETE MARTIN

"Sergeant Bilko" reveals why he once scorned TV,
and he tells about the Hollywood screen test rigged to wreck his career.

I sat with Phil Silvers in his living room high above Central Park, in New York, listening to him talk. It was an easy and pleasant experience. Thoughts pour from him as if bottled under pressure.

As TV's brash, larcenous Sergeant Bilko, his voice is high-pitched and strident, but in ordinary conversation, although he speaks very rapidly, his voice strokes the ear. His words struggle to keep pace with his thoughts. Sometimes the words lose.

"It might be a good idea if we started with the story of how Jack Benny advised me not to go into TV," he told me. "Jack thinks it's funny and he's a good judge. Let me try it on you and see what you think. I'll do it in three stages. The first stage has to do with the arrival of Top Banana, a show in which I was starring in Los Angeles on June first, 1953. Stage Two has to do with a telegram Jack sent me in 1956, and Stage Three concerns a wire I sent him in 1957. That ought to wrap it up.

"Top Banana opened originally in 1951, in Philadelphia. Two years later we were ending a series of dates on the road. By this time I knew every line, every nuance, every costume, every spangle of the production; but now that we were about to open in Los Angeles, suddenly I was full of trepidation. All the frustrations I had suffered in that town backed up inside of me until I felt choked."

"How do you mean, frustrations?" I asked. "I've checked on you and you have a long list

Silvers (left), decked out in ambassadorial regalia, rehearses one of the more imaginative Bilko episodes with his side-kick, Private Doberman, who is played by Maurice Gosfield.

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of screen credits. I remember you in Cover Girl, with Gene Kelly and Rita Hayworth. They were good in it, too, but to me you sneaked up, tucked that picture under your arm and ran away with it."

"You don't know what went on before that," he told me. "When I first hit Hollywood, I was an attraction in the local hot spots and I was king of the free-talent benefits, but although I'd been signed by a major studio—M-G-M—at five hundred a week, paradoxically I couldn't crash the movies."

I must have looked mystified, for he explained, "I know it sounds crazy, but being under contract to a studio didn't necessarily mean you ever made a movie. In 1938 I went into my first Broadway show, Yokel Boy, straight out of burlesque. L. B. Mayer, head of production at Metro, saw me in that show and asked me to come to California. I went to Hollywood, but for six months no one even asked me to make the usual screen test. I even had to get a pass to get through the M-G-M gates. Many a night I went home and stared at the walls and wondered what I ought to do that I wasn't doing. If I happened to be playing a benefit and I knew somebody like Darryl Zanuck was there, I tried extra hard. I don't mean I sat home and wallowed in misery. In show business you don't do that. You just keep on trying and you don't whine.

"Finally an M-G-M director called me and said, 'We have a test we'd like to have you make. We need an actor for a picture. We've tested several people, and if you get the role it will be a feather in your cap.' I said, 'Give me a crack at it. I'll eat it and sleep it and drink it. Nobody will do it better than I can.'

"I went home with the three sheets of paper on which someone had typed the lines for my test, but when I looked at them I couldn't figure why a big studio like Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was taking time out for a practical joke, yet I could figure it no other way; I was to be tested as the Reverend Mr. Collins in an early-nineteenth-century story, Pride and Prejudice. I have never forgotten some of the lines. They're burned on the lining of my brain. 'My Dear Dame Elizabeth,' they began, 'you can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse. Please forgive this outburst of passion. Your modesty does you no disservice.'

"The trouble was I couldn't be sure it was a practical joke. I had to assume that it was on the level. If a Broadway musical had been involved, I would have called the Shuberts and found out, but I was too much in awe of L. B. Mayer to bother him.

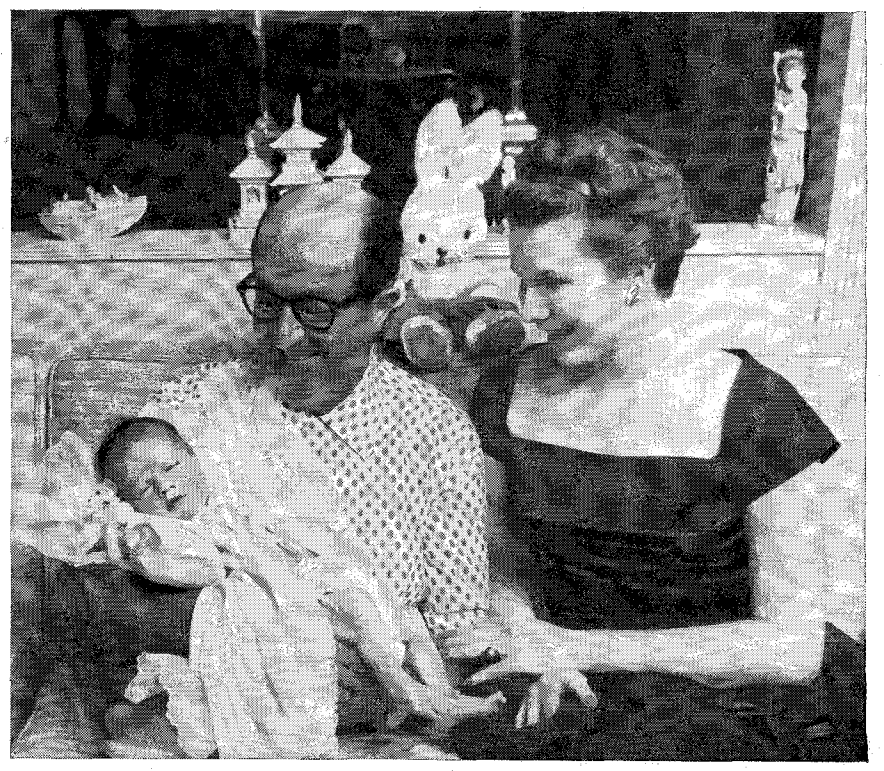
"The next morning I spent over four hours with a poor guy in Make-up who tried to help me look like a British rector. Before he was done he was tearing apart old Nelson Eddy wigs and an Edward G. Robinson wig from the movie Tiger Shark and gluing them on my noggin, swearing softly as he glued.

(Continued on Page 56)

A befuddled Sergeant Bilko faces the colonel (Paul Ford). "Although I think we have an adult approach to our Bilko stories, the kids like us, too," says Silvers. "I know because they give me the Bilko bark on the street."

In his stage hit Top Banana, Silvers played an ex-burlesque comic who fast-talked his way into television.

Silvers struts through a Brooklyn street-dance routine with actress Rita Hayworth in the 1943 movie, Cover Girl. He got his first Hollywood contract in 1938.



The Brooklyn-born comedian, who is 45, with his wife, Evelyn, and their new baby daughter, Tracey, in the Silvers' New York apartment. They were married last October.

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THE MOST VALUABLE LOUSE IN THE LEAGUE

By TOM McMORROW, Jr.

They told me this was where I'd wind up if I tried to buck the American League's Most Valuable Player and a Hall-of-Fame manager. Brannigan threatened me, he'd send me to the minors, and here I am. Brannigan was the manager. You should see him. Fifty-eight years old, and still got the best build in the clubhouse. He was the best right-hand hitter since Hornsby—topped .400 two times.

We used to annoy him something terrible because we couldn't play like he wanted us to. I tried every which way to please him, but I guess like some people are born with a natural singing voice or a natural slow heartbeat, I was born with a natural .265 average built in. I mean, that's what I always hit, give or take half a dozen points, and this does not satisfy Brannigan at all.

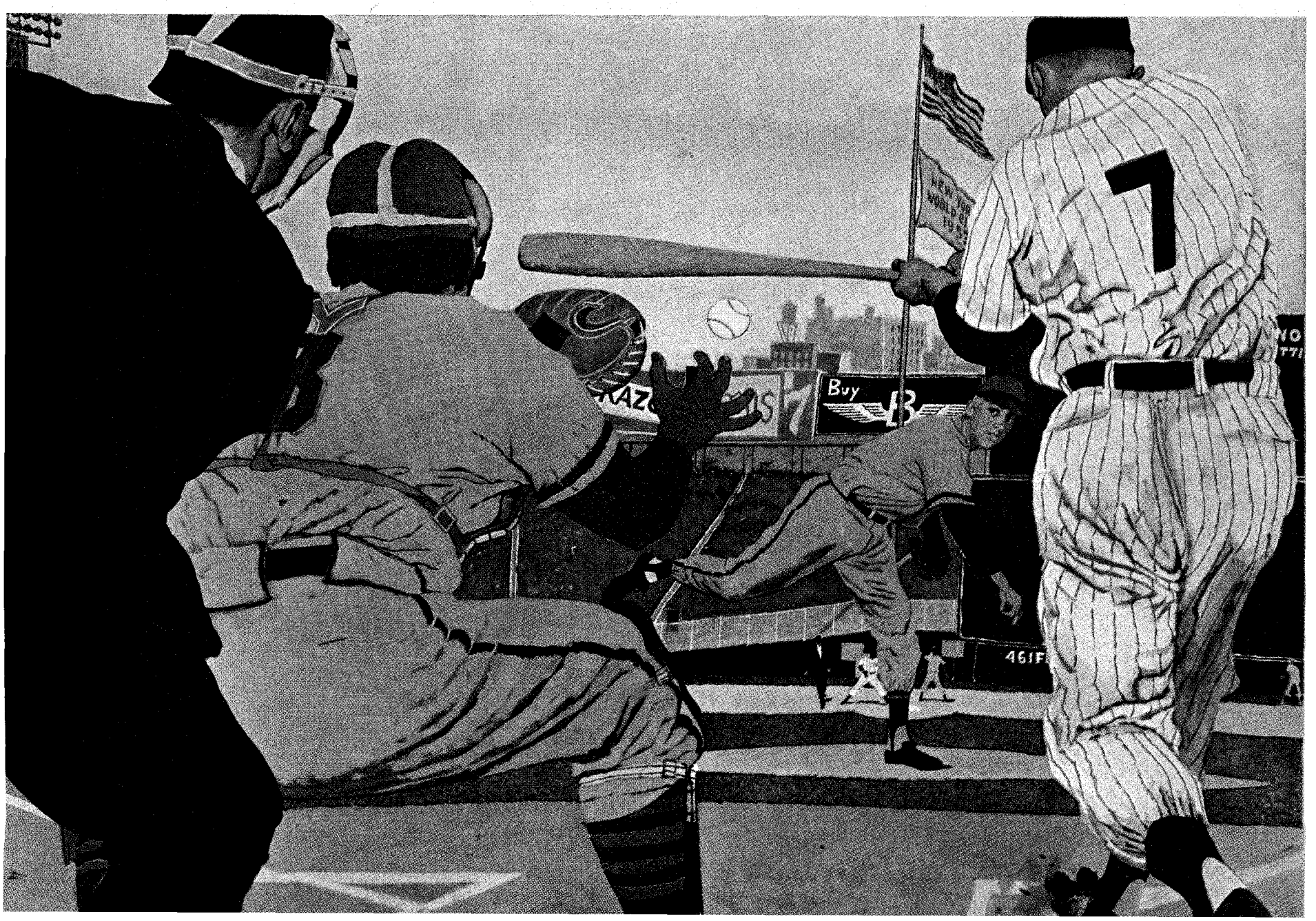
I think the only one who ever really satisfies him, even the year we win the pennant, is Big Sam Cromwell, because Big Sam has greatness. That is what Brannigan used to have, and he can't understand why the rest of us are so dumb we can't learn it.

Big Sam is a pitcher, and the year we cop the pennant he is the greatest reliefer I ever seen. Till the day they put me away in the Irondale cemetery, next to my pop and my grandpop that died in the mines, I will remember every game Sam worked that year. Because I was his catcher.

I watched 'em all. If you bat .310 and you got a rifle arm to second, you can tell jokes on the bench and maybe even close your eyes to shut out that August sun for a minute. Guy like me can't afford that. He's gotta watch them that's better than him, try to learn something.

A great reliefer will have control and one special pitch. Joe (Continued on Page 78)

They really teed off on Big Sam when he started calling his own pitches.



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In American-style uniforms and with easy marching gait, a unit of West German soldiers passes through the town of Oberstein. The new army is now 100,000 men strong.

German Soldier, 1957 Version

Field exercises are warlike, but the training also includes a special "citizenship education course."

The new West German Army trains men to think for themselves and refuse "inhuman" orders. Gone forever—they say—are Prussian discipline and the goose step.

By NORBERT MUHLEN

While a band of the United States Army struck up The Stars and Stripes and then the Deutschlandlied on the morning of April 8, 1953, at Arlington National Cemetery, near Washington, D.C., the new German soldier was conceived. The occasion was the first state visit to this country by West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. He had just placed a large wreath of red roses at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Then he walked through the Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre and suddenly his eyes lit up. The aged guest of honor read, slowly translated, then repeated to himself the inscription: "When we assumed the soldier, we did not lay aside the citizen."

Adenauer asked an aide to write down these words. Later, back home in his capital of Bonn, he was presiding over a meeting of men working on plans for a new German army. The first thing he did was to take a slip of paper from his pocket and read the Arlington motto. "Gentlemen," the chancellor said, "this is the way the United States soldier is, this is the way our own future soldiers must be, and I want you to make them this way."

Because the coming of a new German soldier had been announced and denounced, disputed and delayed for such a long time, his final, quiet arrival on the scene was barely noticed. The old German

(Continued on Page 65)

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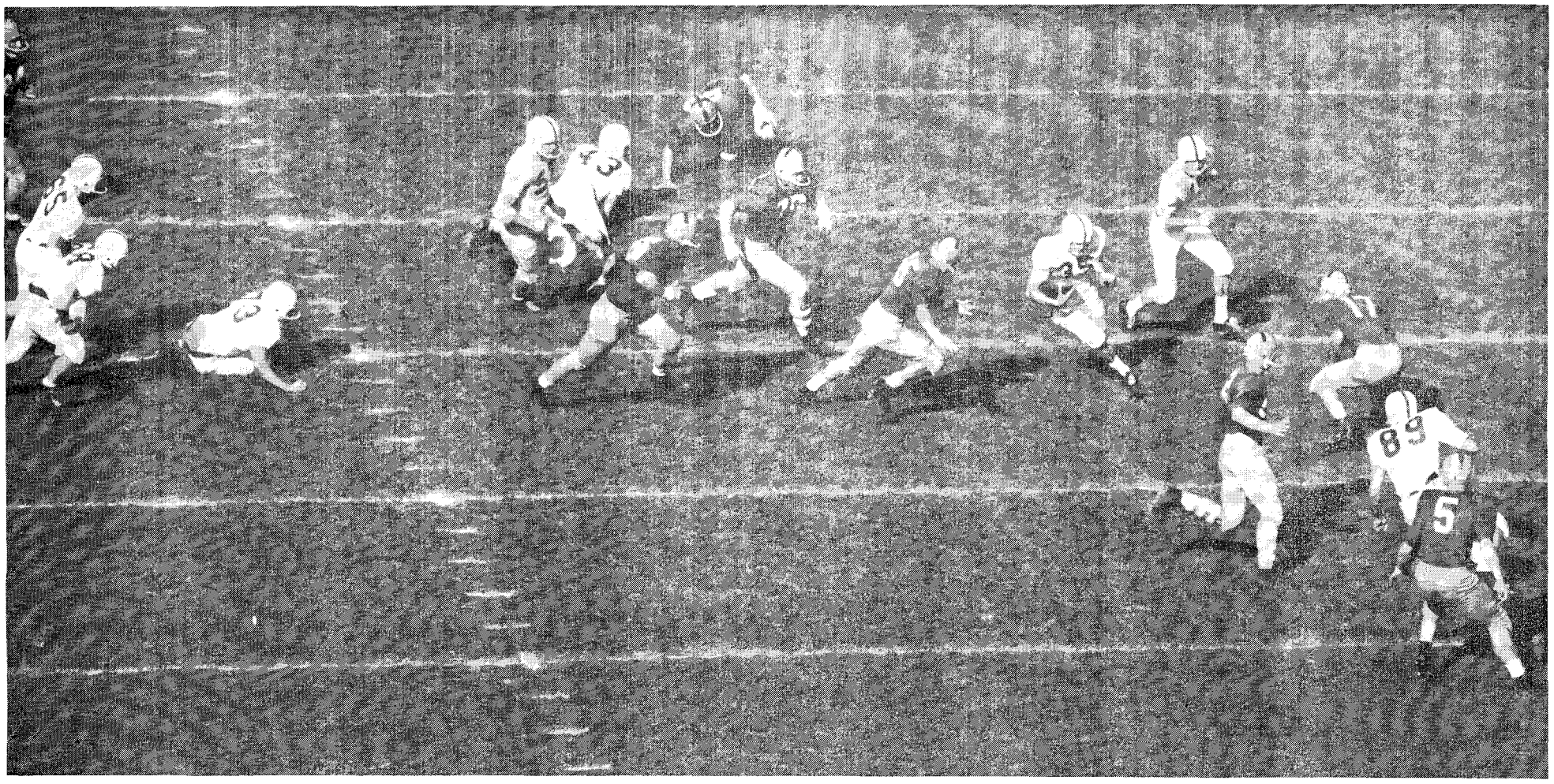
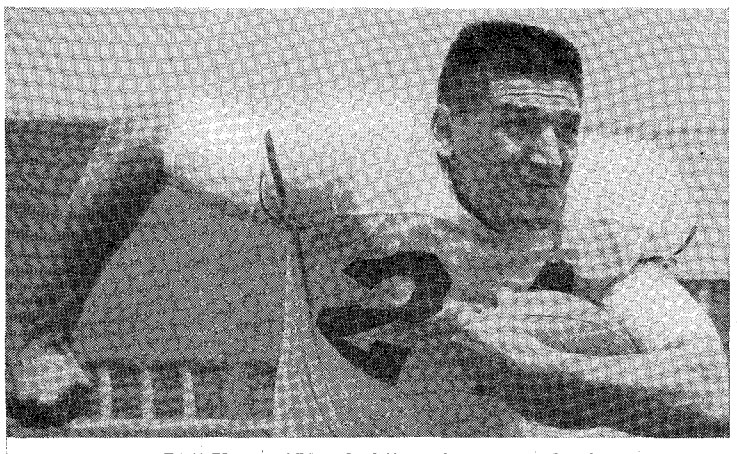


"Best Back of 1957," Clendon Thomas (35) of Oklahoma slices through Notre Dame's defense for eight yards early in last October's game. Oklahoma won, 40–0.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

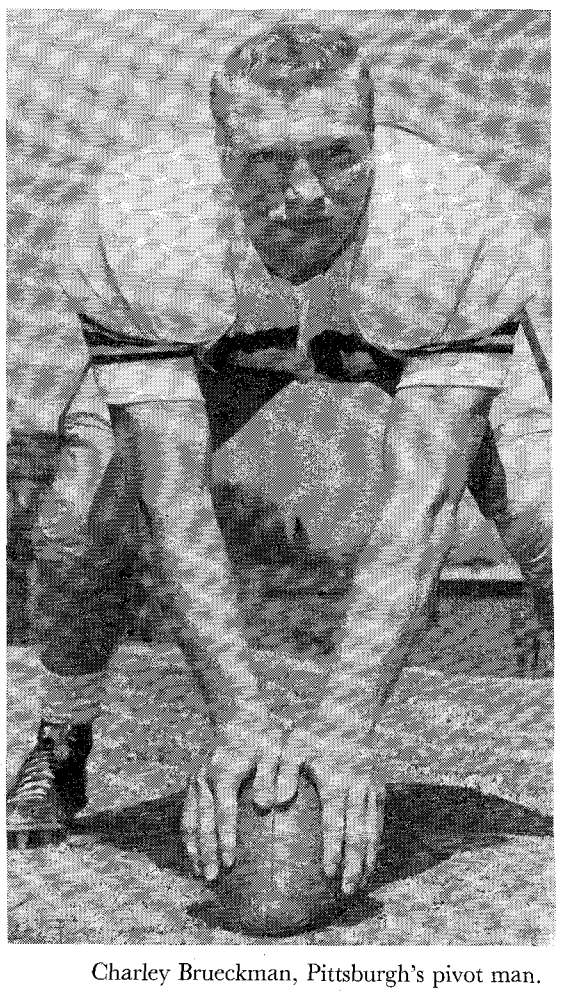
For the 18th year, the Post unveils the forthcoming football season, with expert predictions on how the nation's teams and players will shape up.

By FRED RUSSELL



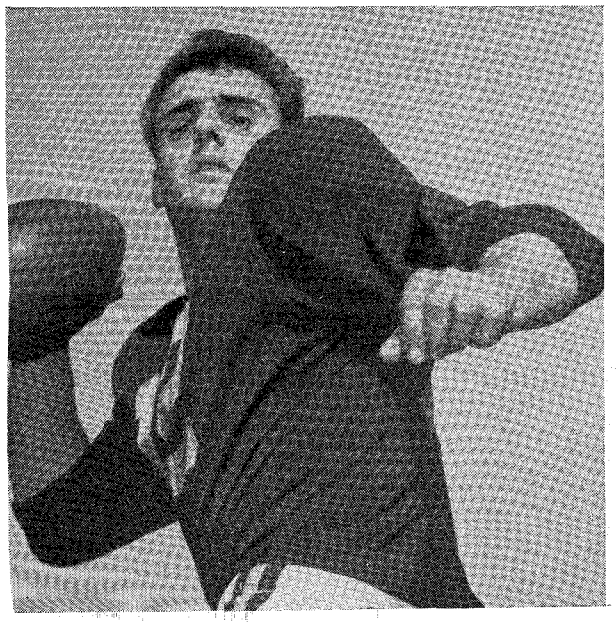
Phil King of Vanderbilt, a fast, rangy back.

Clendon Thomas of Oklahoma, last year's top scorer.



Charley Brueckman, Pittsburgh's pivot man.

Bobby Cox, Minnesota's dazzling quarterback.



John Crow, 217 pounds of Texas A. & M. halfback.

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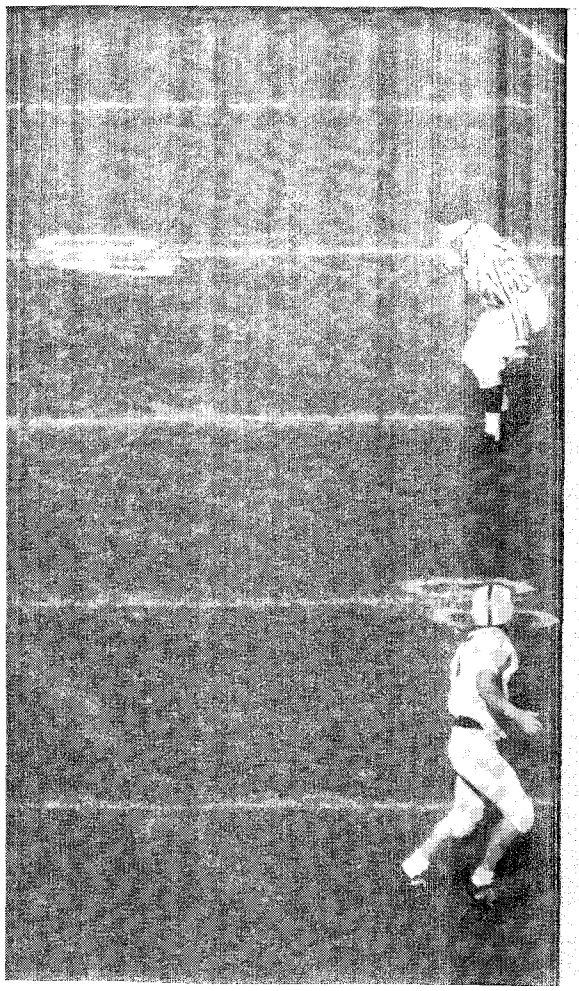


Pigskin Preview's 1957 All-American Team

E—PHILLIPS, Auburn
E—KAISER, Michigan State
T—KARRAS, Iowa
T—MICHAELS, Kentucky
G—KRISHER, Oklahoma
G—HORD, Duke
C—BRUECKMAN, Pittsburgh
B—COX, Minnesota
B—CROW, Texas A. & M.
B—THOMAS, Oklahoma
B—KING, Vanderbilt

Pigskin Preview Picks the Top Twenty Teams of 1957

1. OKLAHOMA	**11. OREGON STATE**
2. TEXAS A. & M.	**12. MICHIGAN**
3. MICHIGAN STATE	**13. GEORGIA TECH**
4. TENNESSEE	**14. OHIO STATE**
5. DUKE	**15. NAVY**
6. IOWA	**16. MIAMI**
7. BAYLOR	**17. PENN STATE**
8. PITTSBURGH	**18. FLORIDA**
9. AUBURN	**19. ARMY**
10. MINNESOTA	**20. PRINCETON**

Putting first things first, there's Oklahoma, destined to win ten more games in 1957, extend its victory streak to fifty straight and reign as national champion for the third straight year. It should be another triumphant season for the Sooners of coach Bud Wilkinson, who sums up his strategy, "First we avoid losing, then we try to win."

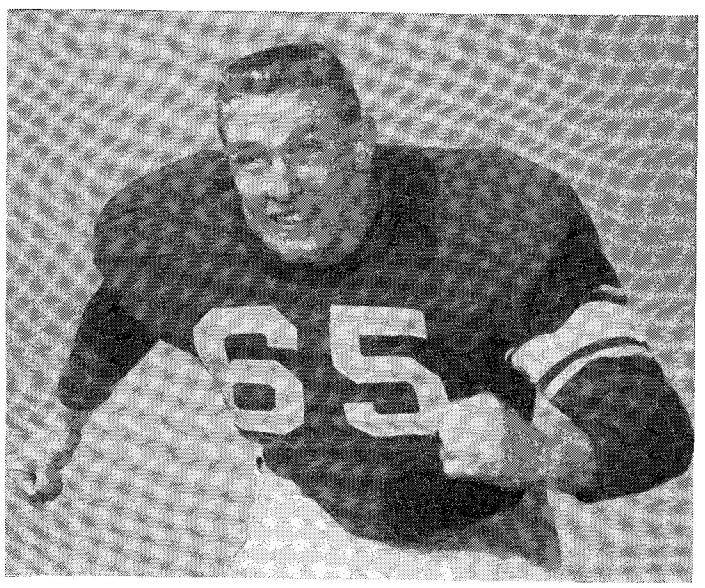
Otherwise, the business of predetermining the top college football teams and players is the riskiest ever. Manpower is so plentifully distributed that most sectional titles won't be decided until the very last games.

Of 376 football-playing colleges in the National Collegiate Athletic Association (N.C.A.A.) last year, exactly nine were unbeaten and untied. But a more significant fact is that 334 teams—almost 90 per cent—lost two or more games.

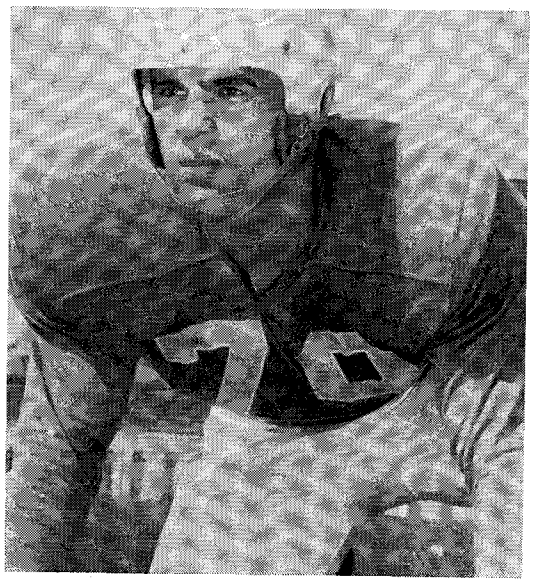
The time is growing near when an .800 winning percentage will be good enough to lead any conference almost every year.

Even Oklahoma, with its superb coaching and steady flow of first-rate material—all the top prospects in the state each year, plus a few of the best from Texas—will find the competition increasingly formidable by 1958, on both the regional and the national level. I predict that no major college eleven ever again will win by such consistently lopsided margins as Oklahoma did last year—an average of 46.6 points per game against its opponents' 5.1 points.

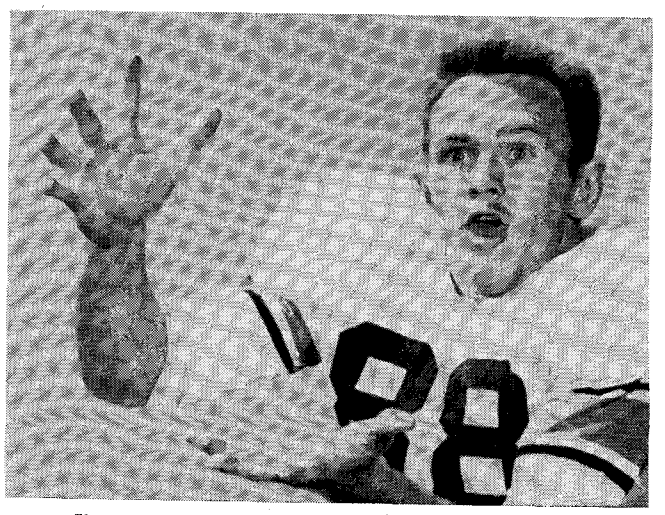
(Continued on Page 67)



Bill Krisher, veteran guard of Oklahoma.



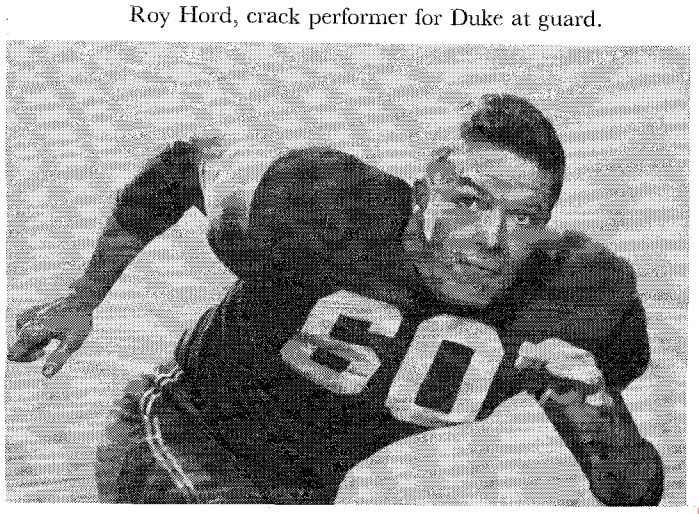
Lou Michaels, tackle, of Kentucky.



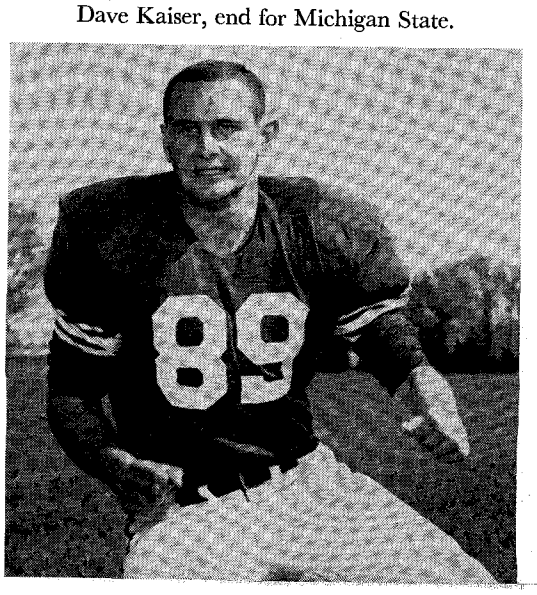
Jimmy Phillips, Auburn's ace at end.

Dave Kaiser, end for Michigan State.

Roy Hord, crack performer for Duke at guard.



Alex Karras, Iowa's star tackle.



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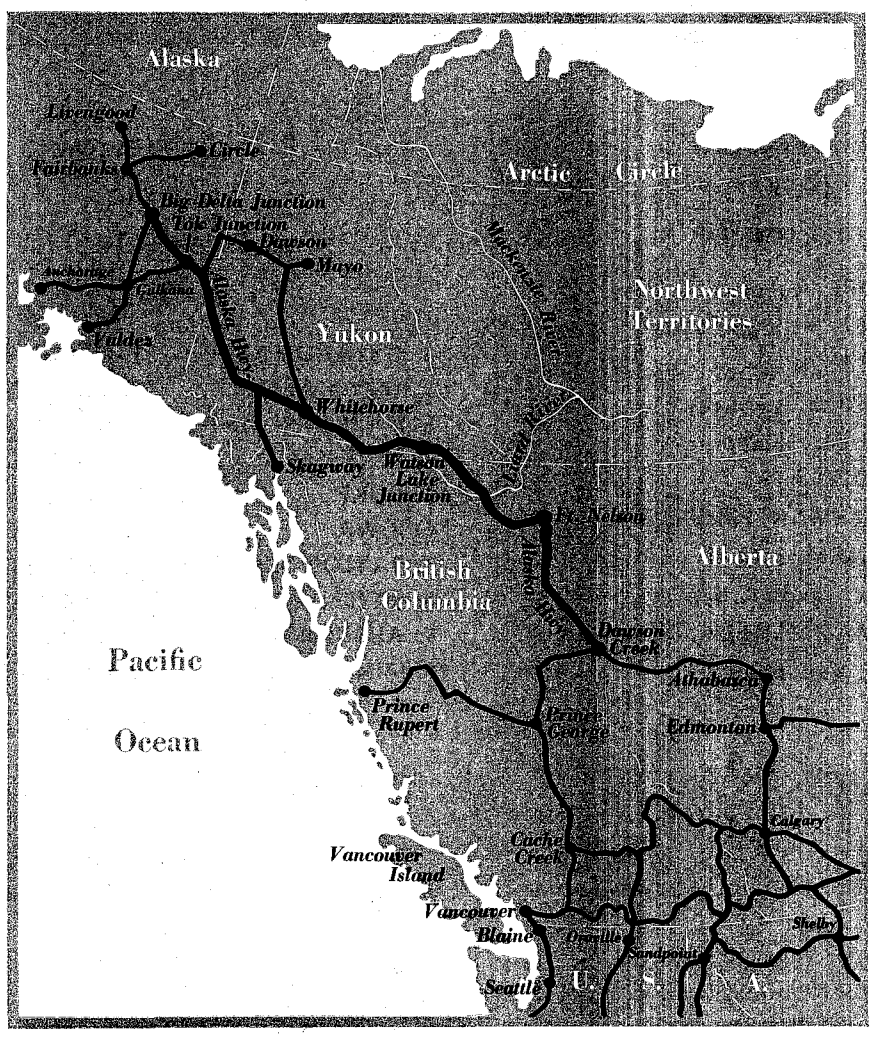
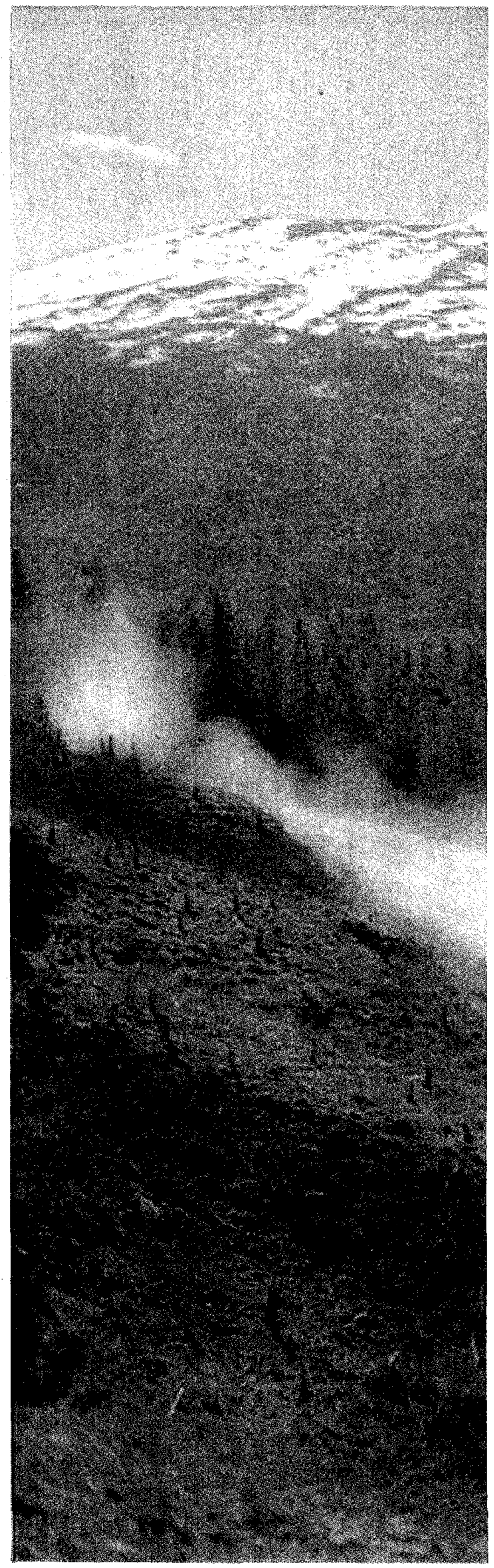


The Alaska Highway, built in 1942 by U. S. Army Engineers, stretches from Dawson Creek to Big Delta. Feeder routes branch out into Alaska, Canada and as far as Montana.



So You Want to Drive to Alaska?

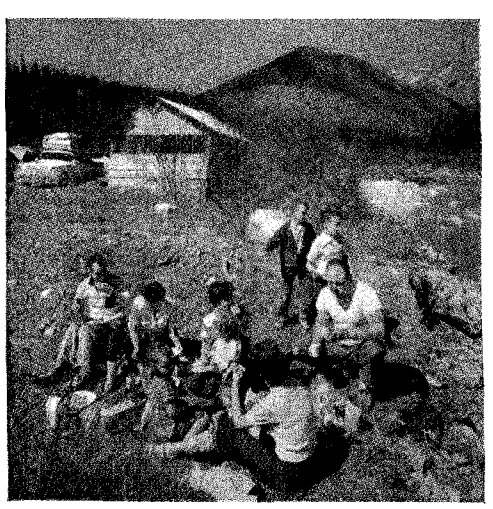
The Alaska Highway can be negotiated, but it's a rugged 1423-mile test of men and machines over some of the roughest, most spectacular country in this hemisphere.

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

Like a forgotten rope frayed at both ends, the Alaska Highway and its approaches lie across North America's bumpy northern back yard—longer than the roads between New York and Salt Lake, and as intriguing as any automobile drive on the continent. True, it's usually frozen solid, knee-deep in flood water or half hidden behind a curtain of hanging dust. It hikes endlessly over mountains and along the shores of ice-covered lakes. It twists and bends for no apparent reason, but there are no stop lights for 2000 miles.

For a continent committed to the automobile, this is a definite ultimate: it goes farther northwest than any other road, it crosses more wild country, it offers greater rewards in startling vistas, sense of accomplishment and friendliness. This is an adventure road—one of the few left. This is a driver's road that tests skill, equipment and good temper as few routes do in this too-well-paved age. (Continued on Page 52)

Beginning of the highway in Dawson Creek, a boom town again, as in the Klondike Gold Rush days.



Some U. S. Air Force families, homeward bound after Alaskan duty, picnic by the Trout River.

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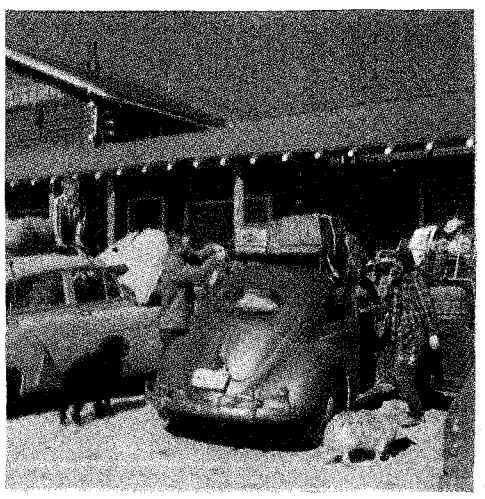
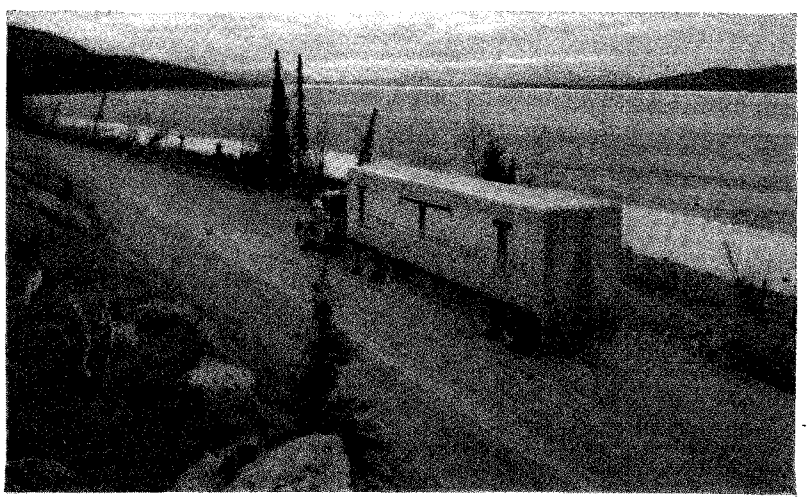
A froth of dust drifts from the graveled highway as a car speeds by McDonald Creek. In the background loom the snow-crested Canadian Rockies.

Photographs by Larry Keighley



The John Senders (and dogs) head for Minneapolis after a year in Fairbanks.



Rugged truckers: Lynden Transfer, Inc. makes the run from Lynden, Washington, every week, ten months a year, carrying 18 tons of fresh produce to Fairbanks.

Australians Elaine Scott and Dave Williams on an Alaskan hitchhiking lark.

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COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Scalp Dance, by George Catlin, 1832: "No description that can be written could ever convey more than a feeble outline of the frightful effects of these scenes," the artist wrote.

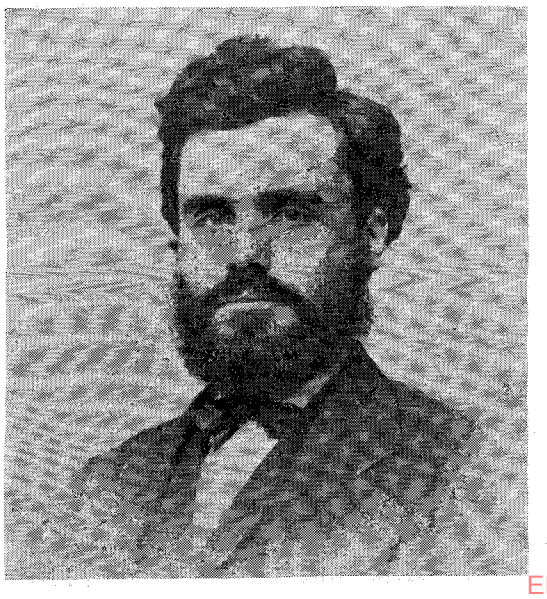
TIBBLES JOINED A VENGEFUL INDIAN WAR PARTY IN PURSUIT OF THE MUCH-FEARED SIOUX, WHO WERE PREPARING TO MAKE A HUMAN SACRIFICE OF THE CAPTIVE MAIDEN, SUNSHINE.

Buckskin and Blanket Days

By Thomas Henry Tibbles

Tibbles, shown below at the age of about 25, was a remarkably adventuresome 16-year-old who spent the winter of 1856–57 fighting and hunting with the Plains Indians.

ANON.



CONCLUSION

I'll never forget the scene of the massacre. When our war party got there, the dead were lying where they had fallen, still unharmed by wolves. But all had been scalped—two half-grown boys, four women and a brave named Wahan.

Our leader, the *Nudunaga*, was the first to discover that the killers we sought were Sioux. After studying the many prints of moccasined feet, he added details, "This was done by nine men. They have taken Sunshine prisoner. Sometime this morning one of our warriors was here. He is trailing the Sioux alone."

We crowded forward to look at the moccasin print.

"It's Chazaninga!" exclaimed Two Bears.

Then we all galloped to a clump of timber half a mile away—the only place nearby where the Sioux could have left their horses before they crawled up to the camp. Several of our men pointed out the trail of the prisoner and the track of the captured horses. A consultation followed in which everyone but the *Nudunaga* joined. As usual, he listened to every word, but said nothing.

The Sioux were the bravest and best armed of all the tribes along the Missouri River. A few other tribes had escaped extermination through alliances, first with tribes to the east and then with (Continued on Page 96)

FROM BUCKSKIN AND BLANKET DAYS, BY THOMAS HENRY TIBBLES Copyright © 1957, by Vivien K. Barris

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THE HOT PROFESSOR

He harbored the unlikeliest talent of anyone on the Winsett College faculty.

By LEE McGIFFIN

The days of William Maitland were exactly like those of any other ordinary male. Full of routine, good will toward his fellow man, concern for his wife, his mortgage and his hot-water heater, which threatened to disintegrate.

Yet, once each year came a day closely associated with robins, daffodils and the burgeoning earth when he hated lecturing on Shakespeare at Winsett College, when he was bored with his fellow inmates in the ivory tower, when he wanted to buy his wife a mink stole, and he thought about Havana instead of hot-water heaters.

Since the whole thing was an affront to his dignity, Doctor Maitland was annoyed when he found himself humming a morose strain from Johann Sebastian Bach in the shower. All through the terse Indiana winter he sang Gregorian chants in a sometime good baritone. In summer he burst forth with I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover, which he thought he did rather well. But Bach meant only one thing. Peering out the bathroom window, he confirmed his suspicion. The muck of the first thaw puddled on his neat lawn. His annual day of rebellion had arrived.

With a sigh of resignation, he turned to the matter of shaving. Usually he took perverse pride in using one of the few remaining straight-edged blades on the campus. He did not believe in the forward look, including electric shavers. But today he seized the instrument with hearty dislike, nicked himself nicely and scowled into the mirror. The gray hair which Martha, his wife, insisted was distinguished looking, seemed nothing more than old. The few lines in his ruddy face appeared deeper, his eyes duller. Even his straight white teeth, on closer inspection, were obviously not long for this world.

The tweed suit, equivalent of gray flannel for the ivory-tower set, seemed exceedingly dull. His sacroiliac cracked distinctly as he tied his conservative black shoes. In desperation he put on a (Continued on Page 60)

All of the combo stared at Dr. William Maitland, Shakespearean scholar.

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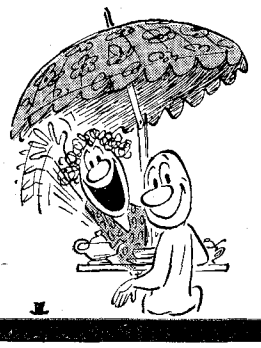
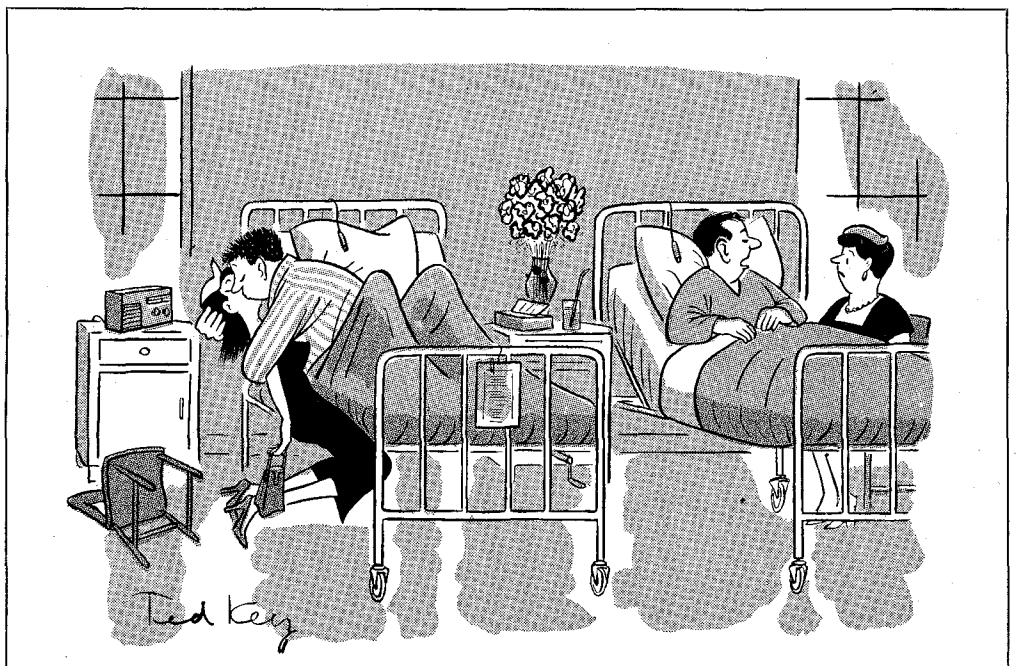


Post Scripts

Ideal Secretary

She'll know her boss's whims and ills,
And see he gets his lunch—and pills;
She'll make engagements and excuses,
She'll take rebuffs; at times, abuses;
Remember birthdays, anniversaries,
Select the toys for clients' nurseries;
She'll wangle tickets for the game,
Then later phone to cancel same;
Get rid of those who call and clamor,
And give the office charm and glamour;
And then, if she can take a letter—
So much the better.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER



"He's feeling better."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Machine Age

It is just wonderful how everything is done these days by push buttons. You can dictate to a typewriter and the machine will run off your letter in no time at all, for example. The machine doesn't have to stop and powder its nose, of course. And if you get lonesome you can let the machine sit on your lap.

They have lawn mowers that work by radar. You lie in the hammock and read a Western while the lawn mower runs over hill and dale, clipping the grass and anything else around, like small sheep, soft balls, chipmunks and the petunia bed.

If you drift off to sleep and forget, the lawn mower will just go on tirelessly until it ends up in the Berkshires somewhere, out of breath.

If you want a soft drink, there are machines that make change for a half dollar, swish out a bottle, open it, and, if it's a real up-to-date gadget, a blonde sticks her head out of the top of the machine and kisses your forehead.

You can drop a dime in a machine and get your shoes shined. If you work fast and your shoes aren't too bad, you can ring in your little brother before the machine stops.

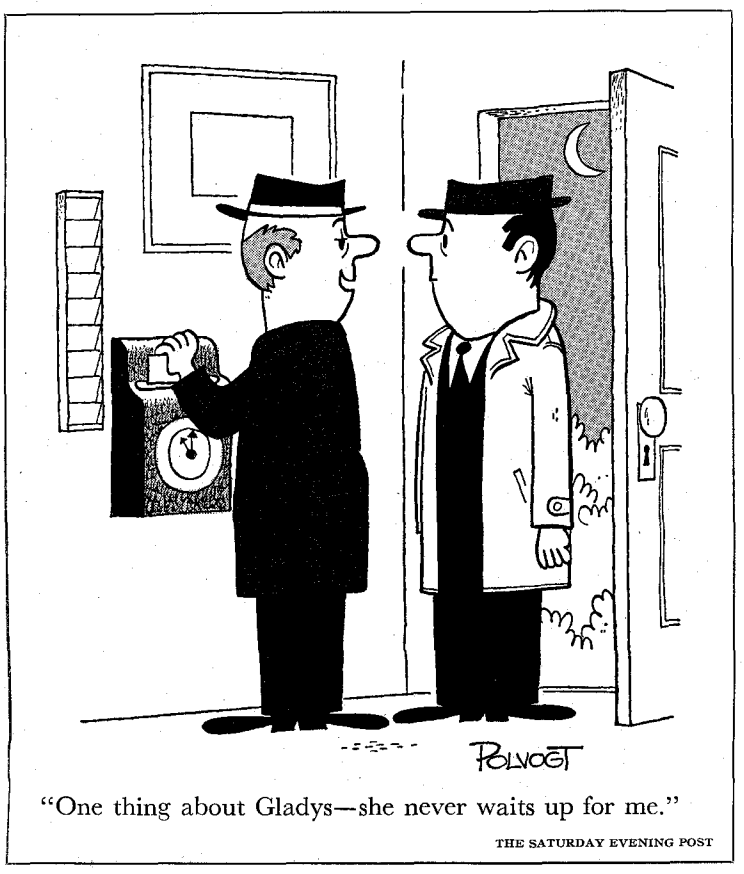
There are thinking machines that can think better than you can. (All right, better than I can.) You feed these machines all sorts of data, like the present downtown temperature, the deviation of the orbit of Mercury, your normal shoe size and your wife's height, and like as not the answer comes out, as it did to me the other day, "You weigh 140 pounds and should marry and settle down." I am extremely married, which is a laugh on the machine. And if I settled down any more, I'd grow roots.

Of course, there are the new cigarette machines. I've had a lot of luck with these. I seldom get the brand I want, but I often get thirty cents' change from a quarter, which makes up for what my wife takes out of my sports jacket for parking meters (she says).

There is no end to what machines can do. We have rigged up a special feature for guests in our house. There is a row of buttons, and if you press them in the right sequence, a panel slides out, dividing the room in half; a bed comes up from the cellar, the walls slide out into the yard four feet, and as soon as the guest gets into the bed a photoelectric process starts the ceiling coming down on him.

We certainly live in a brilliant age.

ROBERT FONTAINE



"One thing about Gladys—she never waits up for me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Happens Every Chime

Why is it when I answer the bell
On days I resemble Hurricane Nell,
It's ten to one I'll be looking at
An old flame dropping by for a chat,
But days when I'm lipsticked, groomed and luscious,
Some beaver eager to sell me brushes!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

On the Rack

That dress, which is slightly snug,
Whose price is a trifle high will
Perhaps be further reduced—
The question is whether I will!

MAY RICHSTONE

Letters I Wish I Had Never Opened

Dear Pal: I feel that I can call you "pal" since the other night in Joe's Tavern when we discovered we had many common interests, such as a liking for long-legged blondes, the Yankees, and those extra-extra-dry Martinis old Joe mixes so expertly. I will always remember how sincere you looked, with tears brimming in your eyes, when we pledged eternal friendship.

Well, old pal, I have run slightly afoul of the law, and they are keeping me in the county jail in this town until some kind friend puts up $500 bail ——

Dear Cousin Johnny: Yes, after all these years I still think of you as a cousin because, when I was a little girl in pigtails and your voice was beginning to change, you had me convinced that we were "kissin' kin." My, didn't we have simple fun in those dear old days? Sometimes it seems like only yesterday.

Now, lo and behold, I'm driving right through your town on our vacation trip, arriving about six P.M. on the fifth. I hope you won't be too astonished by the size of "my gang." There's George, my husband; George, Jr.; Susie; the twins Ralph and Robert, and Janice, the baby of the family ——

Dear Old Grad: Back in your happy, carefree years at dear old Rancid U., did you ever dream that someday YOUR name would be carved there in imperishable marble, for all the future classes of Rancidonians to view with gratitude and respect?

But now that possibility is within your grasp. The full name of each and every alumnus who contributes $1000 or more toward the construction of the new, much-needed $5,000,000 Student Lounge will be chiseled in letters 2 inches high in the ——

Dear Mr. Bird: Recently I came across your name on a list of tax delinquents and it occurred to me that you might be a member of the Byrd clan, from the branch which couldn't spell very well. For fifty years I have been compiling the family genealogy, but there are many gaps to be filled. Please fill out the enclosed questionnaire, giving the birth dates and addresses of your brothers and sisters, parents, aunts, uncles, first cousins, grandparents, granduncles and -aunts, great-grandparents ——

JOHN BIRD

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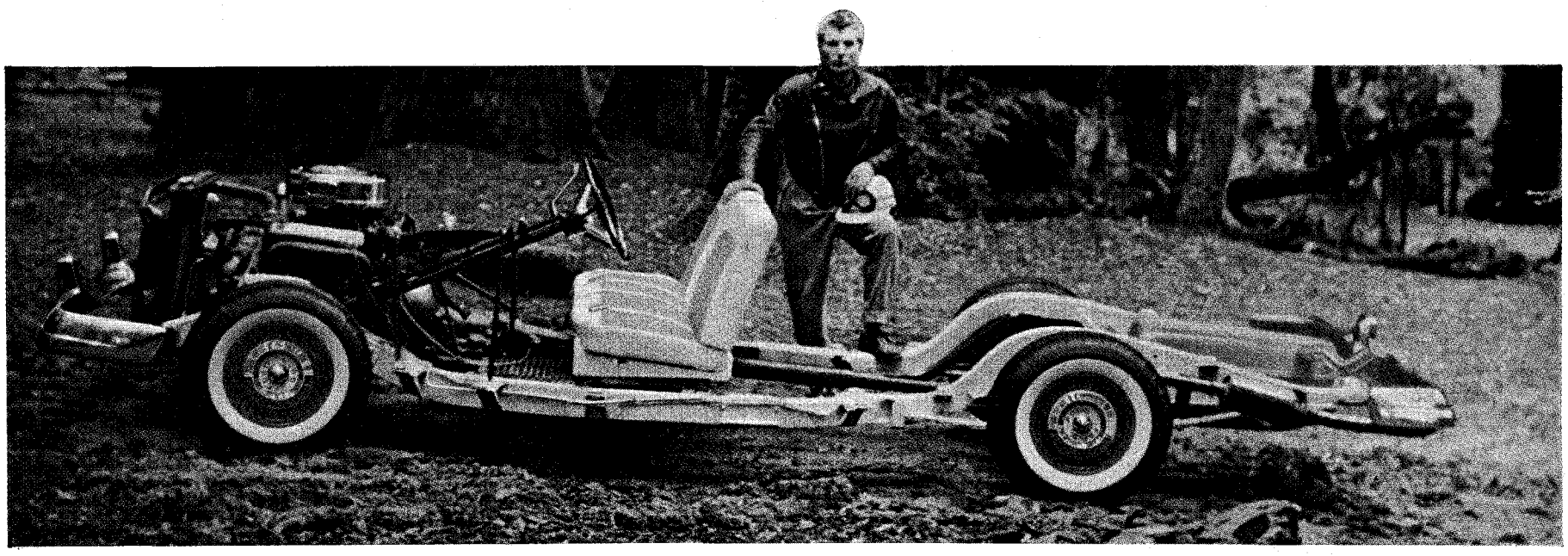
There's no wagon like a Ford wagon

It's simple as this: Ford gives you more of what you want in a station wagon . . . *and for less* money. And *that's* why more people buy more of them than any other, *by thousands.*

You want lots of load space, for instance. Ford Station Wagons give you space to spare for work or family travel. You want easy loading. Ford wagons make it possible for you to open the lift gate and tail gate with *one* hand. And you get the *widest* load space opening in the low price field, thanks to Ford's wrap-around lift gate.

Then, you also want easy switching from calling car to hauling car. Ford's rear seats fold into the floor in nothing flat!



and the new "Inner Ford" is why!

Besides giving more of what you want in a *wagon,* Ford Wagons give more of what you want in a *car.*

For luxury-sedan smoothness, the "Inner Ford" has swept-back Ball-Joint front suspension which "rolls with the punch," also automatic variable rate rear springs which adjust your ride to the road.

And you get exciting Thunderbird V-8 performance. It's *smoother,* too, because Ford electronically balances *each* engine under its *own* power.

Then take *"build."* Ford wagons have five cross braces in the frame . . . six in the roof! And best of all, among the low-price three, Ford Station Wagons *cost least* of all*!

*Based on manufacturer's suggested retail delivered prices.

FORD

gives you the fine car feeling
at half the fine car price

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The *only* Truck Tire at this low price built with *TRIPLE-TOUGH* 3-T CORD!

New RIB HI-MILER

Simply can't be matched at **$19.95**

for size 6.00-16, 6-ply rating, plus tax and recappable tire —no more than you'd pay for some auto tires! Other sizes also attractively low-priced—including TUBELESS in 15" and 16" sizes. Prices subject to change.

CONVENIENT BUDGET TERMS! Pay as little as $2 weekly for a *pair* of these truck tires, at most Goodyear dealers'.

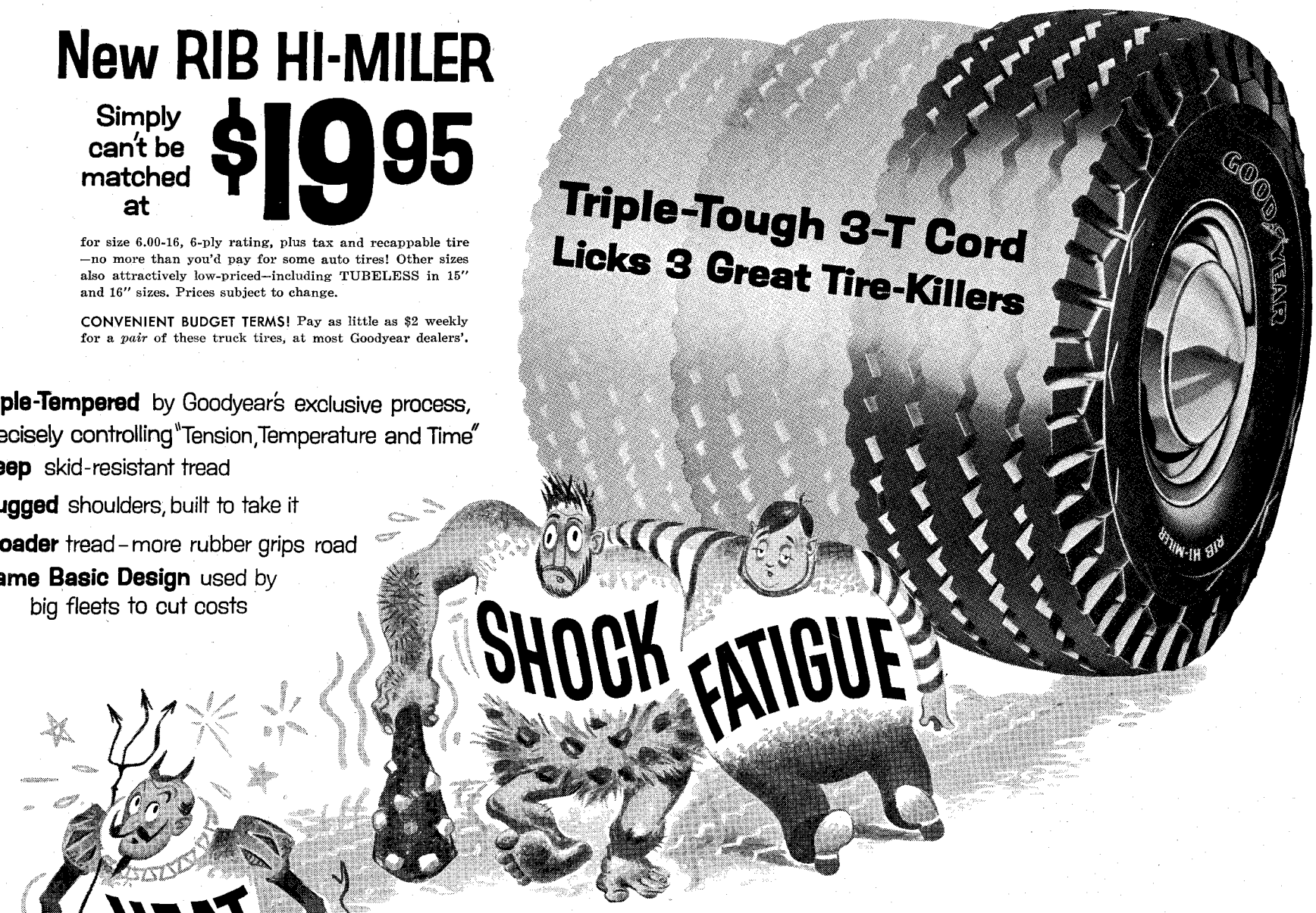
Triple-Tempered by Goodyear's exclusive process, precisely controlling "Tension, Temperature and Time"

Deep skid-resistant tread

Rugged shoulders, built to take it

Broader tread—more rubber grips road

Same Basic Design used by big fleets to cut costs



Only Goodyear tires have Triple-Tough 3-T Cord

That's the big, big EXTRA in the Rib Hi-Miler truck tire that doesn't cost you a nickel more!

That's why Rib Hi-Miler can lick the 3 Great Tire-Killers—the HEAT of hard runs —the SHOCK of bumps and bangs—the FATIGUE of heavy loads and hard service.

That's why Rib Hi-Miler helps road delays dwindle, cuts repair and replacement costs—gives continued fine service when other tires at the price are on the junk pile!

So why not get the most for the money—and by FAR? All Goodyear dealers—and ONLY Goodyear dealers—have Rib Hi-Miler, built with TRIPLE-TOUGH 3-T CORD. Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values—better tire care. Convenient credit terms.

GOODYEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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The Case of the DEAD MAN'S DAUGHTER

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The police claimed Perry Mason was an accessory to murder—and said they had the proof.

"You're not in the clear on this thing yourself," Sergeant Holcomb told Perry Mason.

George Casselman, believed to have killed the father of Mason's beautiful client, Stephanie Falkner, was found murdered the morning after Stephanie and Homer Garvin, Sr., another Mason client, had called on him. Stephanie was the likeliest suspect. Garvin, who had immediately disappeared, called Mason and asked him to protect Stephanie, with whom he was in love.

Mason visited Homer Garvin, Jr., an old beau of Stephanie's, and asked to see his gun. The lawyer deliberately fired one shot into the desk, then took Homer to see Stephanie and had Homer leave his gun there. Homer Garvin, Sr., also had left a gun with the girl for her protection. One shot was fired. But it was Homer, Jr.'s, gun that the police found and that appeared to be the murder weapon. This drew Homer, Jr., and his bride, once a friend of Casselman's, into the circle of suspicion. However, the police believed Mason had substituted the murder weapon for Homer's gun.

V

"No?" Mason asked.

"No," Holcomb said. "The best medical evidence we can get indicates that Casselman could have met his death at the time you were calling on him."

"Meaning that I committed the murder?"

"Meaning that you could have committed the murder. I'll say this for you, Mason: I don't think you would have gone up there and murdered him in cold blood, but if he had made some threats, if he had started reaching for a gun, you could damn well have poked that gun in his guts and pulled the trigger."

Mason shook his head. "George Casselman was alive and well when I left him. I do know he was expecting some mysterious visitor."

"Stephanie Falkner," Holcomb said.

"Not Stephanie, sergeant. Her appointment was later. This was someone who telephoned and was coming right up."

"How do you know?"

"Casselman asked me to leave. He said he was expecting someone. He said there were complications."

"And you left?"

"Yes."

"And then went around to the back of the apartment, so you could wait until a mysterious young woman came running down the service stairs, and then you picked her up."

"Did I do that?" Mason asked.

"You did exactly that," Sergeant Holcomb said, "and that mysterious young woman, whoever she was, was the murderer. You're trying to protect her. You knew that she was going to call on Casselman. She came running down the stairs and told you she'd killed Casselman. She shoved the murder weapon into your hand and asked you what she should do. You told her not to worry, that you'd dispose of the murder weapon in such a way that you'd mix the facts in the case all up."

"Well," Mason said, "it's an interesting theory. I think you're going to have a lot of trouble trying to prove it, sergeant, because it happens to be incorrect."

"We have witnesses who saw you waiting out there in back, who saw you picking up this young woman and driving away with her. We have witnesses to the fact that you had the murder weapon in your possession, that you fired a shot from the murder weapon into the desk out there at Garvin's used-car lot."

"And how are you going to prove it was the murder weapon?" Mason asked.

"By the bullet, you dope! Our ballistics expert can tell whether the bullet you fired out there came from the murder weapon. If it did, then it's a fair inference that you got the murder weapon from this young woman who ran down the back stairs from Casselman's apartment. On the other hand, if it turns out that bullet was not fired from the murder weapon, then it proves you switched guns right there in Garvin's office. This is the same old razzle-dazzle. Every time we start working on a shooting case, you go drag in some extra guns and then start a sort of shell game trying to confuse the issues."

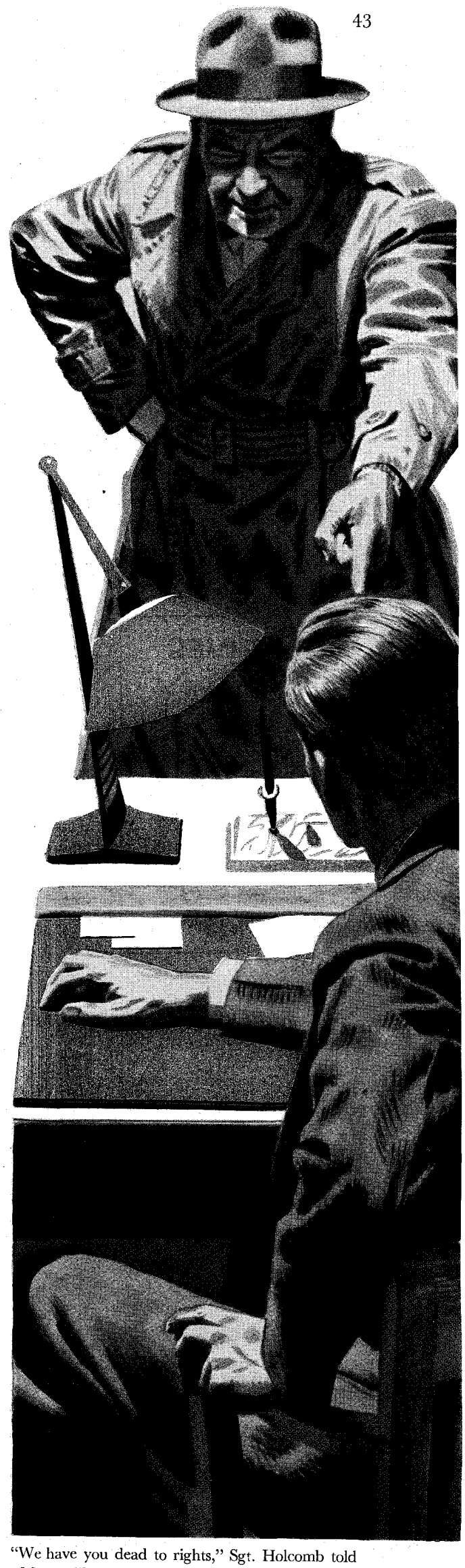
"Anything wrong with that?"

"It's illegal, that's all."

"Then I trust I'll be charged with whatever crime I've committed."

"You sure will in this case," Holcomb promised. "This

(Continued on Page 83)



"We have you dead to rights," Sgt. Holcomb told Mason. "You went too far out on a limb this time."

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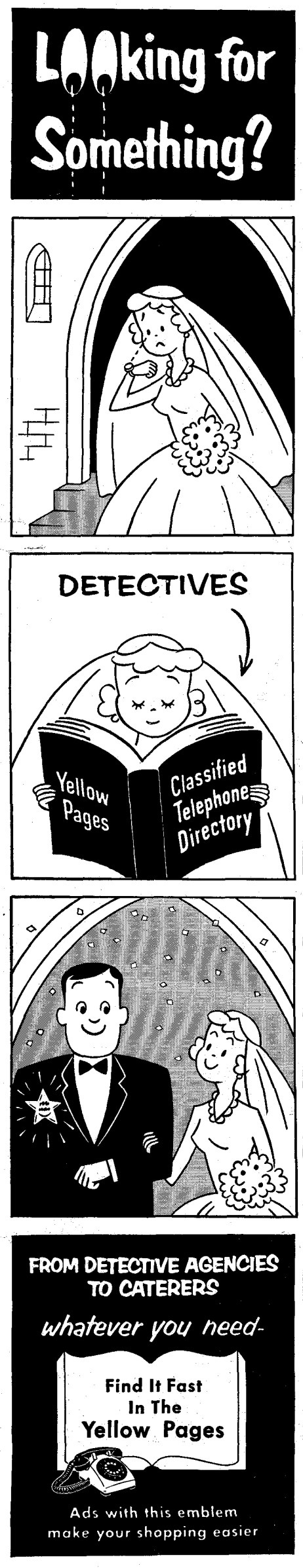
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whatever you need-
Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages
Ads with this emblem make your shopping easier

The Amazing Kennedys (Continued from Page 20)

the image of Joe as they remember him. They are trying to do the things he might have done if he had lived. The girls feel the same obligation to emulate Kathleen."

Whatever their motives, the achievements of the younger Kennedys have attracted wide and favorable public notice, causing the elder Kennedy to beam proudly through his horn-rimmed spectacles. The oldest son, Sen. Jol Fitzgerald Kennedy, of Massachusetts, now forty, is a talented combination of scholar, lawmaker and astute politician with a prodigious zest for work and an Irish flair for vote-getting. A war hero in his own right, as a PT-boat commander, he is author of a best-selling book, Profiles in Courage, which won the Pulitzer prize for biography last May. A New England senator with, strangely enough, a devoted following in the South, he is considered the most likely candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960.

Robert F. Kennedy, thirty-one, the senator's younger brother, first came into the public eye as the tousle-haired, boyish-looking but tough chief counsel for Sen. John L. McClellan's Select Committee investigating rackets in labor and management. With a series of questions designed to show that Mr. Dave Beck had been playing fast and loose with Teamsters Union funds, Mr. Kennedy paralyzed Mr. Beck's vocal cords and sent him scurrying for refuge behind the Fifth Amendment.

At the University of Virginia, the youngest of the male Kennedys, Edward, known as Teddy, is waiting impatiently in the wings, ready to step into the spotlight now shared by his brothers Jack and Bobby. The family, which is fond of appraising, critically but affectionately, the attributes and prospects of its members, has high hopes for Teddy. The biggest and best-looking of the Kennedys, with the outgoing amiability of a handsome Irish cop, he has, they say, the late Joe, Jr.'s, friendliness, Jack's brains and energy and Bobby's doggedness, plus a flair for mellifluous oratory which none of the other Kennedys can match.

The girls, though less dedicated to the public weal than their brothers, being busy at the moment having babies, devote their surplus energies to charitable and religious works. In California, Patricia, wife of Peter Lawford, the actor, assists Father Patrick Peyton in his worldwide program, the Family Rosary Crusade, which urges fathers, mothers and children to pray together once a day. In New York, Jean Kennedy, now Mrs. Steven Smith, is an aide to Father James G. Keller, founder of the Christophers, an organization dedicated to combating Communism by urging Christians to enter professions where Communists most often operate—in the fields of government, education, labor relations, literature and entertainment.

In Chicago, Mrs. Robert Sargent Shriver, Jr., the former Eunice Kennedy, supervises the rehabilitative work of the House of the Good Shepherd, a home for delinquent girls. At St. Coletta, a Catholic school near Milwaukee, Rosemary, the quietest of the Kennedys, cares for and teaches "exceptional" children. Rosemary's compassion for the mentally retarded child is shared by the whole family. The Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Foundation, a memorial to their late brother, gives more than $1,000,000 a year to schools where nuns take care of children of all faiths in whose minds the light of intelligence burns but dimly.

None of the Kennedys, strangely, have ever shown the slightest interest in finance, the field in which their father has always been a fabulously successful but somewhat mysterious figure. This, the elder Kennedy thinks, is as it should be. This country, he points out, has been exceedingly good to the Kennedys and to his wife's family, the Fitzgeralds, for more than 100 years. It is therefore only proper, he feels, that this generation should eschew moneygrubbing and concentrate on public service. Thus they can repay, in some degree, the debt the family owes the nation for the blessings they've received since their hungry ancestors arrived in Boston as refugees from the great potato famine that ravaged Ireland in 1847.

Neither family has been short of potatoes since. The first generation found employment as dock workers, stevedores and keepers of small grocery stores and saloons. The second generation turned to politics, as was natural in a city where the better-paying white-collar jobs were barred to citizens of Irish blood. The maternal grandfather of the present generation, John F. Fitzgerald, known as "Honey Fitz," became mayor of Boston. Patrick Joseph Kennedy, father of the present Joseph Patrick, was an East Boston ward boss who became state senator.

Both families prospered sufficiently to educate their children well—Honey Fitz in politics, Patrick Kennedy as a banker, coal-yard operator and teetotaling half owner of two thriving saloons. Rose Fitzgerald, the mayor's daughter, was sent to convent schools in Germany, and young Joe Kennedy invaded the sacred precincts of the Brahmins by attending Boston Latin School and Harvard, where he distinguished himself more notably as a baseball player than as a student.

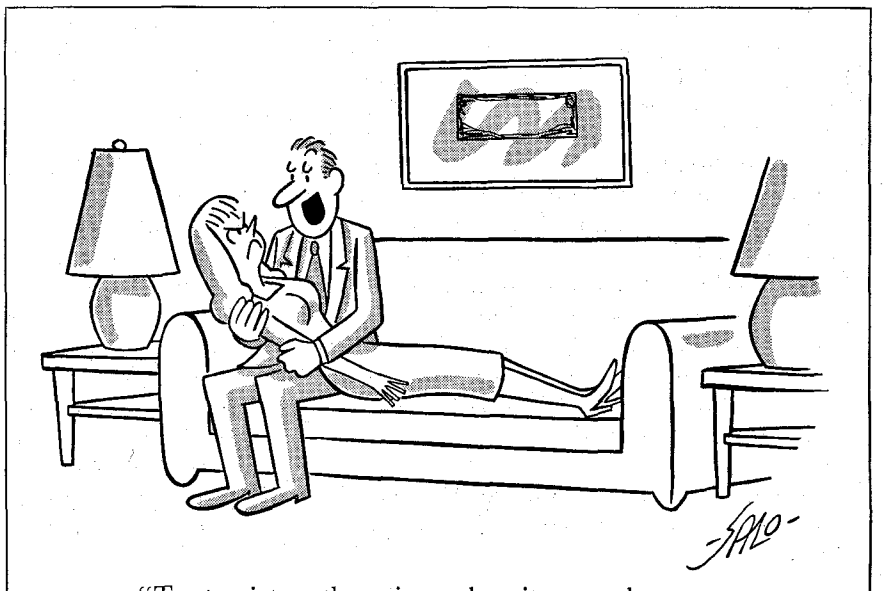
Even as an undergraduate, he had begun to show an uncanny talent for making money. While Mayor Fitzgerald touted Boston as a tourist city, his future son-in-law operated rubberneck buses. This enterprise netted him $5000 in three summers, and he was on his way. At the age of 25, he was president of the Columbia Trust Company, a small East Boston bank his father had helped to found, and had married Rose Fitzgerald, the mayor's pretty daughter.

He began immediately to build a family and a fortune, though for a while the babies seemed to be coming faster than the budget could expand. Five arrived in the first six years, and Mr. Kennedy, who was always a good family man, would pull them about the snowy streets of Brookline in a homemade soap-box sled. Once, while his mind was on other matters, Joe, Jr., fell out and was found by a passer-by, gurgling happily in a snow bank.

Restless in his quest for opportunities to make money, Kennedy soon quit the banking business to serve as assistant manager of Bethlehem Steel's Fore River Yards, and left that job at the end of World War I to head the Boston branch of Hayden-Stone, a New York investment-banking house. Here he acquired the stock-market savvy that was to make him a fabulously successful lone-wolf operator in the great bull market that began to roar in the '20's. His first big killing was not made, however, in market speculations, but in the movie business. He got a toehold in that young and fiercely competitive industry by buying into a small New England chain of theaters. And then, by manipulations too intricate to go into here, he went on to become one of the production titans of the time, along with Zukor, Goldwyn, deMille and Lasky. He pulled out with an estimated $5,000,000 in profits, and moved on to Wall Street to risk his chips in the wildest stock-market boom in history. The details of his operations in the market he has never revealed, nor the extent of his success. Many figures float about—$700,000,000, $100,000,000, $45,000,000. Mr. Kennedy will make no comment.

However successful his speculations may have been, they ended in 1934. In that year, to the despair of liberals who moaned that the New Deal had sold its soul to Wall Street, Mr. Roosevelt named Mr. Kennedy as chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission. The SEC, of course, was set up to police the market and to control the operations of such bold, shrewd speculators as Mr. Kennedy himself. To the surprise of the liberals and the anguish of the market manipulators, Mr. Kennedy proceeded to administer the new law with a strong, unwavering hand, and the SEC became one of the most effective of the New Deal reforms. From the SEC he moved on to the Maritime Commission, and from there to the crowning achievement of his public career—his appointment as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, the first United States Catholic of Irish blood to fill that top diplomatic post.

A warm friend of Neville Chamberlain and an admirer of his efforts to keep the peace with Hitler, Ambassador Kennedy was a stout isolationist at a time when the mood of the United States was strongly for aid to Britain. In 1940, while on a visit home, he expressed his private views of England's chances for survival against Germany in (*Continued on Page 46*)



"Try to picture the noise and excitement that runs through the ball park as Mantle steps to the plate."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Smoke Salem... smoke refreshed

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(*Continued from Page 44*) an interview which he thought was off the record. He also mentioned Mr. Churchill's fondness for brandy, the King's speech impediment and the fact that the Queen looked more housewifely than regal in her clothes. His remarks were published in the Boston Globe, and his usefulness as a diplomat was ended. He resigned.

Though Mr. Kennedy went on to become what Mr. Herbert Hoover called "the greatest member" of his commission on the reorganization of the Government, the saga of the Kennedys thereafter is largely the story of his children and their achievements and their future prospects. It is also the story of Mrs. Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy, and of her quiet influence over the years on her large brood of bright, bumptious and fiercely competitive young.

In the early days, when Mr. Kennedy was away in Hollywood, making movies and merging companies, the burden of twig-bending fell upon his wife, a slender, dark-haired, youthful-looking lady who, despite the trials of bearing and rearing nine children, still has the figure of a fashion model and the sparkle of a debutante. She began by teaching them that religion was not for Sunday only, but for every day, and most of them still go to Mass every morning, wherever they may be. She also taught them that money was nice to have, but that it should neither be worshiped nor wasted. As a result, the Kennedys are more frugal than free-handed with their cash, except where the family charities are concerned.

Fond of living comfortably—the Kennedy summer place at Hyannisport, on Cape Cod, has its own theater and Swedish bath—they make no ostentatious display of wealth. They like to have friends around, but they give no big, splashy parties, except when a Kennedy daughter gets married, when the wedding and reception take on a regal pomp.

Eunice Kennedy Shriver, the gayest of the daughters, and at the same time the one most dedicated to good works, is particularly indifferent to display. Like her sisters and sisters-in-law, she has a wardrobe stuffed with Paris gowns, but she seems happiest when banging around the old house at the Cape wearing a venerable skirt and sweater, and a pair of men's shoes she inherited from an old friend of her father's. Once, on a flight from New York to Paris, she startled her fellow passengers by wrapping up in a mink coat and lying down in the aisle to sleep. She woke up feeling fine. She'd saved $185—the difference between tourist fare and first class, plus a berth.

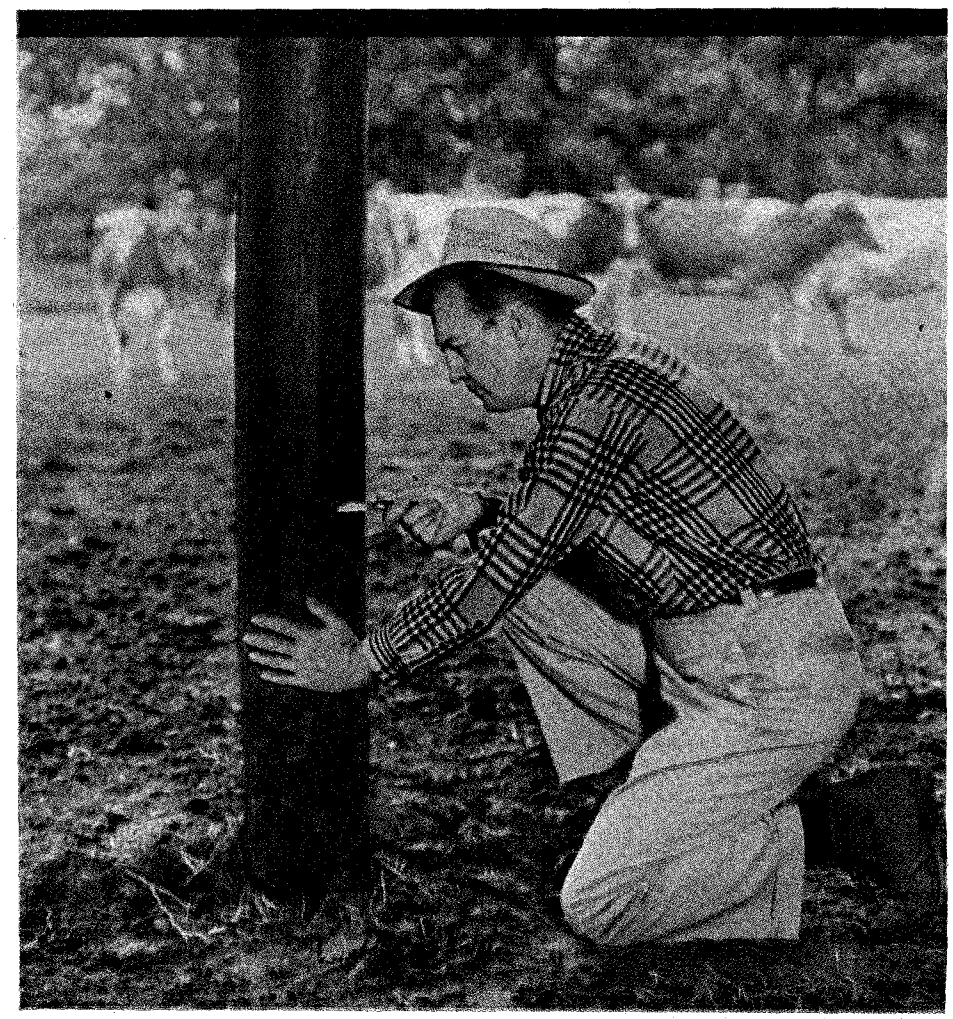
Patricia, described as the most beautiful of the Kennedys, also has a deep respect for the value of a dollar. Her husband, Peter Lawford, has an actor's impatience with money matters, so she goes over his contracts with a sharp, appraising eye. Jean, the youngest daughter and most reticent of the clan, also has a good head for figures. This year she will help her brother Bobby supervise the distribution of some $1,500,000 which the Joseph Kennedy, Jr., Foundation will give to children's hospitals, schools and playgrounds across the country.

From both their father and their mother the Kennedy young learned to take an interest in public affairs, and each child was expected vigorously to defend his views on whatever great issue might be currently in the news. Since these discussions usually took place at the table, meals at Kennedy's were taken in an atmosphere of clamorous argument which visitors sometimes found disconcerting. They grew more disconcerted when they found themselves drawn into the debate, for the Kennedys expected a guest to be as articulate as themselves, and to fight for his beliefs with equal fervor. They also expected him to be able to sing, tell a good story, quote poetry—preferably humorous—and pantomime skillfully when it was the sudden whim of the tribe to play charades. Above all, it was essential that the guest share the clan's violent enthusiasm for skiing, swimming, sailing, playing tennis, riding horses and playing touch football until they fell on their faces from exhaustion.

After a weekend which had left him both mentally and physically spent, one guest drew up a set of Rules for Visiting the Kennedys which the clan considered so hilarious they had it copied and placed in the family archives.

"Prepare yourself," this admonishment read, "by reading the Congressional Record, US News & World Report, Time, Newsweek, Fortune, The Nation, How to Play Sneaky Tennis and The Democratic Digest. Memorize at least three good jokes. Anticipate that each Kennedy will ask you what you think of another Kennedy's (a) dress, (b) hairdo, (c) backhand, (d) latest public achievement. Be sure to answer, 'Terrific.' This should get you through dinner. Now for the football field. It's 'touch,' but it's murder. If you don't want to play, don't come. If you do come, play, or you'll be fed in the kitchen and nobody will speak to you. Don't let the girls fool you. Even pregnant, they can make you look silly. If Harvard played touch, they'd be on the varsity. Above all, don't suggest any plays, even if you played quarterback at school. The Kennedys have the signal-calling department sewed up, and all of them have A-pluses in leadership. If one of them makes

The hayloft . . . the creosote . . . and the



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a mistake, keep still. . . . But don't stand still. Run madly on every play, and make a lot of noise. Don't appear to be having too much fun, though. They'll accuse you of not taking the game seriously enough. . . . Don't criticize the other team either. It's bound to be full of Kennedys, too, and the Kennedys don't like that sort of thing. . . . To become really popular you must show raw guts. To show raw guts, fall on your face now and then. Smash into the house once in a while, going after a pass. Laugh off a twisted ankle or a big hole torn in your best suit. They like this. It shows you take the game as seriously as they do. But remember. Don't be too good. Let Jack run around you now and then. He's their boy. . . ."

There is a great deal of veiled truth in this mildly sardonic essay. The Kennedys are a strongly combative, competitive group. They struggle constantly to outdo one another, intellectually, in athletics, in whatever civic enterprises they may engage in. Within the family they practiced the gentle art of Oneupsmanship long before that subtle process of maneuvering for advantage ever became a new word in the language. There seems to be no element of jealousy in this competition. Each Kennedy takes pride in the achievements of the others. Each, instinctively, had rather win the approval of the family than of outsiders. And when an outsider threatens to thwart the ambitions of any of them, the whole family forms a close-packed ring, horns lowered, like a herd of bison beset by wolves.

"They are the most competitive and at the same time the most cohesive family I've ever seen," said one friend who'd known them in their native habitat for years. "They fight each other, yet they feed on each other. They stimulate each other. Their minds strike sparks. Each of them has warm friends. But none they like and admire so much as they like and admire their own brothers and sisters."

The tribal customs which guide the Kennedys may have placed something of a burden on the in-laws. All, however, have risen nobly to the challenge. Mrs. Robert Kennedy, the former Ethel Skakel, a champion swimmer and horsewoman before her marriage, endeared herself to the clan by turning out to be the fastest scatback on the family football team. She also has five children, which profoundly pleases the Kennedys. Jacqueline Lee Bouvier, the senator's slim and beautiful wife, proved herself worthy to bear the Kennedy name by breaking a leg while playing touch. In Chicago,

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Strategy at Six

By Richard F. Armknecht

Susan started school today;
Now she's telling us about it.
"There's a brand-new game
they play!"
New? Perhaps. Somehow I
doubt it.

"Boys chase girls; the girls
all run."
She pauses; up to now she's
missed
Boys as boys. Her eyes flash
fun.
"If they're caught, the girls
get kissed."

"Were you caught?" "No,"
Susan sighs.
"I ran too fast." A hint of
sorrow,
And then the glint of
roguish eyes
Whose owner will be caught
tomorrow.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

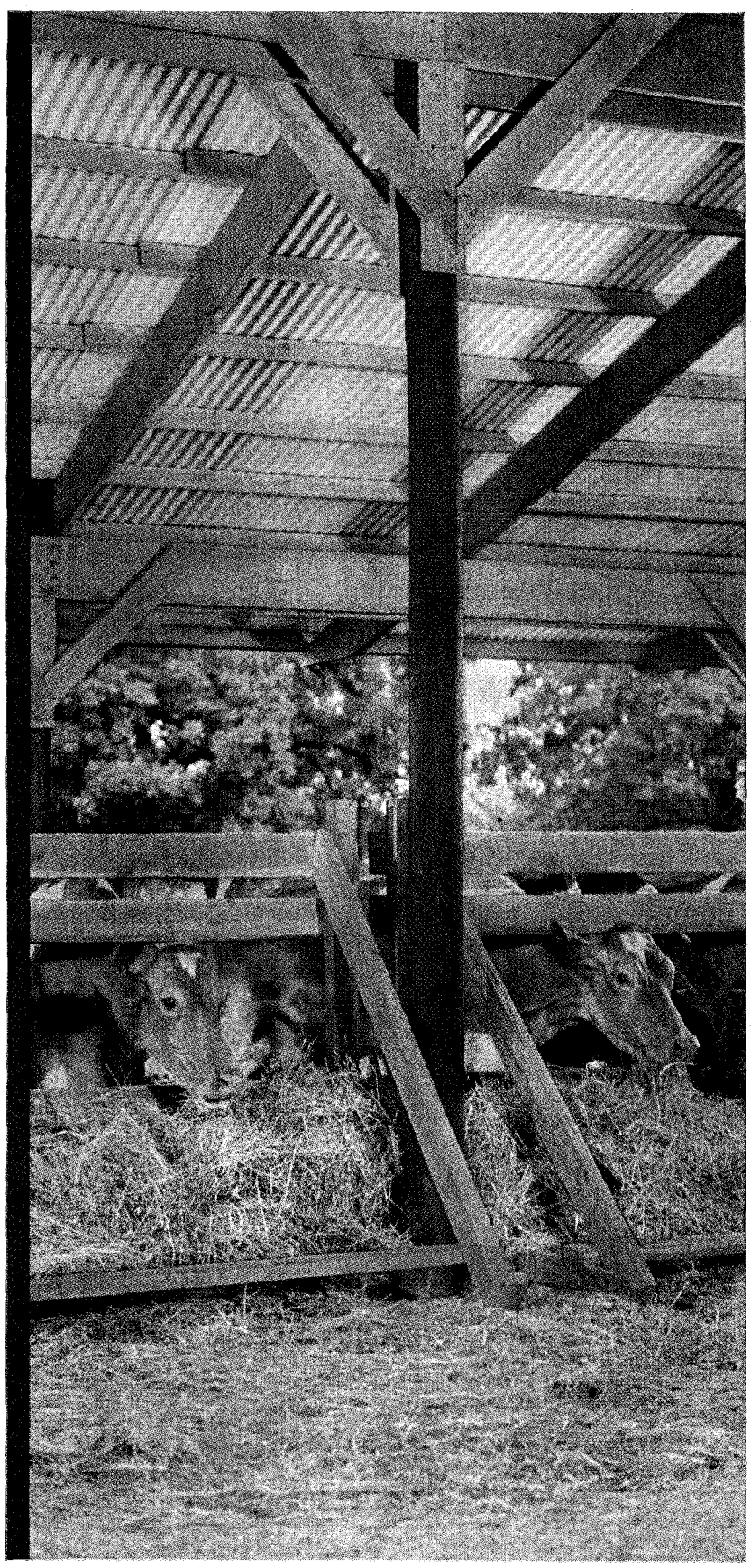
"Sarge" Shriver, Eunice's husband, helps manage Mr. Kennedy's mammoth Merchandise Mart, and carries out the family tradition of public service by heading the Board of Education. Peter Lawford, Patricia's husband, now held in high esteem by all the Kennedys, was looked upon with some reservations at first.

When he came to ask for Patricia's hand, the elder Kennedy told him, "Peter, if there's anything I think I'd hate as a son-in-law, it's an actor; and if there's anything I think I'd hate worse than an actor as a son-in-law, it's an English actor."

Lawford grinned and congratulated his future father-in-law on his frankness. Since then they've got along fine.

The Kennedys and the Kennedy kin can be a formidable force when massed in a solid phalanx in support of one of their own. In 1952 their political potency was proved when all the clan, including the senior Mrs. Kennedy, turned loose their charm and earnest eloquence on the voters of Massachusetts on behalf of Jack Kennedy's candidacy for the Senate. Despite a voting record as impeccable as his ancestry, the Republican incumbent, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, was beaten by 71,000 votes.

Senator Kennedy's political star has been rising steadily toward the zenith



cow cafeteria

"HAYLOFT" conjures up pleasant childhood memories for many of us. But the hayloft meant *work*, too. Piling hay high for the winter, then pitching it down every day to feed the stock were chores of the old-time farm. Mercifully, these chores have gone the way of the horse-drawn plow.

A good friend of the farmer, one which has helped lighten the load of modern farming, is a wood preservative called creosote. Creosote has made practical the construction of pole-type buildings, such as "cow cafeterias" where cattle feed themselves. Forced deep into the wood cells under great pressure, creosote lengthens the life of poles by 50 years or more—protects them from termites and rot. And besides being long-lasting, pole-type buildings are so economical they can be built at half the cost of conventional barns.

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(*Continued from Page 52*) pulling some motorist from a ditch, giving a ride to someone stranded miles from food or lending a wrench to some innocent who forgot to bring his own on a 2500-mile trip. The Dutchmen generally are accommodating, a little proud of their ability to repair almost anything or carry almost anything.

But there are limits to accommodation. One spring day a veteran driver awoke in the berth because the sound of the engine had stopped. At first, he couldn't see his partner, a newcomer to the run. Then the new man struggled up from a ditch—in his arms a newborn moose calf, all legs and bony head. "Look what I found," he said.

The veteran yelled, "Put that damn thing down and get in here!"

As he yelled he slid into the driver's seat and started the engine. Startled, the second man dropped the calf and hopped aboard as the rig jarred forward. The dust the trailer raised almost—but not quite—obliterated an angry cow moose, charging up to do battle with man or truck for her infant.

Said the veteran driver mildly, "In this truck we've got absolutely no room for moose."

On the fifty-mile climb over Steamboat Mountain to 4200-foot Summit Lake, highest point on the highway, Kok and Stuurmans took turns battling rain-slick roads and slower Canadian truck traffic. The peaks of the Rockies were closer now, but the drivers seldom dared glance up. The snow fields came down to the highway, and the remnants of temporary glaciers which had crossed the road during the winter grabbed at the wheels.

At the summit the drivers stopped for dinner. When they went outside again in the ten P.M. subarctic dusk, fog almost hid the parked trucks, but they did not hesitate. Kok said, "This should change—maybe within ten miles after we leave the summit. But we'll have to go, anyhow. We haven't much time to spare now."

Not very much. It was Saturday night, and they had 1100 miles to cover before Monday morning. I rejoined Larry in the pickup, so we could follow along more leisurely on the Dutchmen's route. We watched them leave without envy.

The Alaska Highway is inhospitable to timorous motorists. The roughest roads, the worst traffic and the least interesting scenery—with the exception of the Fraser River canyon—are on its southern approaches. However, both scenery and the highway improved steadily as we followed or rode the Lynden truck, and the local traffic virtually had disappeared.

For the next 1000 miles this is a lonely road, a silent track in the forest, winding beside brawling rivers and frozen lakes. Here the most run-down gasoline station or indifferent restaurant becomes an important goal, a break in the too-untouched scenery. Moose wander here, and untroubled bears and occasional stone sheep or mountain goats. A rare Indian may be camped beside the road, and a pack string may cross it, in from some big-game hunt.

This highway flirts with mountains. As we left Summit Lake on a bright morning, the road wound for 200 miles through gorges and over spur ranges, crossing below snow fields and never out of sight of spectacular peaks.

It's a moot question whether the scenery or the highway people are the more interesting. At an inn we had a quick demonstration of why wayside-restaurant operators often look so sad. The counter was just filling for dinner—tourists, truck drivers in for a quick bite, a brave lone soul trying to drive from Kansas City to Fairbanks on a long weekend. From a grease-stained kitchen, a cadaverous cook in a tall hat glared out at the customers. Without warning, he suddenly slammed down the hat on a table, jerked his apron off and announced, "I've had enough. I quit." Then he walked around the counter, sat on a stool and demanded that the waiter serve him coffee.

With resignation, the proprietor tied on a cook's apron and started cutting steaks. "I figured he was about ready to do something like that," he said. "He's been here three weeks now."

Canadian wages aren't high, entertainment at the way stops is nil, and there is no shortage of jobs. As a result, the highway is serviced by a set of true migrants: cooks, waitresses, mechanics, all footloose and as independent as hogs on ice. The cadaverous cook was only a symbol.

There are other troubles. Muncho Lake, 465 miles from Dawson Creek, is a deep aquamarine beauty with the highway clinging to its wild shore. But to Mrs. C. C. Brandt, operator of a motel and restaurant, more than charm is involved. "All this is fine," she said, "but what can we do about the children? Soon they'll be ready for school, and there's no school for them. I don't know whether we can stay here much longer."

But no such problem yet bothers Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Scheck, who chose to spend a holiday just off the highway at Liard Hot Springs. Here the Schecks picnicked and bathed with their two very young children, Ladora and Dean, in the hot, faintly sulphurous natural pools. These springs rise less than a mile from the fast-running, glacial-gray Liard River, which empties into the Arctic Ocean via the Mackenzie River. Frogs talked in the swamp, bright birds clamored in the woods and blue poppies edged the trail. To the Schecks, all this was well worth the ninety-two mile drive from their home near a bridge where Scheck is a construction foreman.

The scenery really never runs out. A single 150-mile stretch includes Muncho Lake, the Liard River and Hot Springs, Coal Creek, beautiful Whirlpool Canyon and the Lower Post Indian village, plus endless, mostly nameless mountains on the horizon. This is fairly typical. The historically minded can begin to drool in the old Cariboo gold country of British Columbia, go into delights at the drawn-up and echoing Yukon River steamers at Whitehorse, hang on to excitement through Dawson City and the Klondike, or silent Champagne village with its Athabascan Indian graves, Kluane Lake, Burwash Landing and Fairbanks.

Lovely Miles Canyon, where Yukon River boats once unbelievably went through, is worth an hour of anybody's time near Whitehorse; and the St. Elias and still higher Alaskan mountain ranges provide spires to look at through days of driving. Teslin, Atlin and Marsh Lakes, the Nutzotin Mountains and the Tanana River valley are typical of the beauty spots. Dozens of old gold mines, sourdough cabins, unusual bridges and adventurous pipe lines offer something for people with special interests. Fishermen may choose from fifty promising lakes or streams, and hunting camps are scattered along 1000 miles.

But it is the auto driver for whom the highway offers the most. For the first time, he may find here hundreds of miles of driving with almost no traffic, no garish billboards, but more responsibility than he remembers. He can't get lost, but he certainly should be able to do more about his car than simply change a tire. General bolt tightening makes sense, frequent oil

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changes are important because of the dust, and some tools are essential. Drivers of cars with tubeless tires are advised to buy spare tubes. Few garages along the way can repair a tubeless casing, but anybody can put in a regular tube for an emergency.

Canadian customs officials insist that Americans have autos in reasonably good condition and carry cash or credit evidence totaling about $300 for the driver and $100 for each passenger. There are enough restaurants and gasoline stations, but the fried food seems limitless, and gasoline is expensive, sometimes as high as sixty-seven cents an imperial gallon, which is one fifth larger than a United States gallon, but still the equivalent of paying fifty-six cents at home.

Some way stops have only ten to forty beds, and the late traveler during the tourist season may find camping in one of the many nice spots the easier way. Mosquito repellent, however, is a must.

Many veterans prefer to drive the highway in the dead of winter, when the snow surface is smoother and dust-free, but subzero temperatures call for special precautions: food, extra fuel, cold-weather gear, tow lines, axes, and heaters independent of the automobile engine. Lack of these things can be fatal at forty-below when no other car may come along for twenty-four hours.

The local vehicle is the pickup truck, with only an occasional passenger car to break the monotony. But soft-springed sedans do go through; and even tiny foreign cars, their tops bulging with luggage, are common. People even pull forty-six-foot trailers with no great problems.

But whether pulling trailers, driving sedans or hitchhiking, people traveling the great road north tend to band together. In the 525 miles from Summit Lake to Whitehorse, we stopped to watch the families of United States Air Force Sergeants Donald Gaines and Harry French picnicking beside a rushing stream; talked to Anchorage steamfitter Ray Norman while he played catch with his two sons, just to break the monotony of a day's driving; listened to a disenchanted Eastern couple mourn the lack of culture in Fairbanks. Twice we were hailed to give minor assistance to other travelers, and almost every time we stopped to make photographs, somebody slowed down to find out if we were in trouble. A man who wouldn't give away the time of day in Indiana may cheerfully stop on the Alaska Highway to lend a jack, donate gasoline or offer free advice. It's that sort of a road.

> A hospital room is a place where friends of the patient go to talk to other friends of the patient.
>
> FRANCIS O. WALSH

Outside Whitehorse, Lil Todd, proprietor of a roadside hotel and restaurant, had a greeting ready for us. "Where in the world have you been?" she demanded. "The Lynden boys are looking for you. They're coming in tonight, and messaged ahead."

And come in they did, an hour later. Kok said it had been a routine trip: they'd gone to Fairbanks, picked up a load of automobiles and scrap iron, and come back—1740 miles, while we were doing 525.

I said, "How's your schedule now?"

"Just about on it," Kok said.

"So you'll be home by Friday?"

"Every Friday one of the trucks gets home."

Wandering cooks, friendly tourists, people pulling trailers in which they'll live through subzero Alaskan winters—all these things are typical of this odd highway. But romantic as it seems, primarily this is a commercial route. Twenty thousand vehicles and 75,000 passengers were counted on Canadian sections last year, but the 13,000 tons of freight carried were even more important. The Peace River country, Whitehorse, the Klondike, Fairbanks, Anchorage, and Alaskan military establishments all depend greatly on the road. Mines are able to operate and cities are independent of water-front strikes just because it exists. Subarctic farming is beginning along its borders, and settlers are heading into places where only Indians, fur traders and prospectors ever were before.

Trucks operate in fleets to Fort St. John, and from the Dawson Creek railhead other fleets head north to Whitehorse. Trucks carry the longest surface mail route on the continent southeast from Whitehorse, their "Royal Mail" signs almost obliterated by the clouds of dust and stones they kick up on a high-speed schedule. Periodically, United States military convoys move battalions north for cold-weather training; and the 350 men of the Canadian Army engineers who maintain the road contribute their own traffic.

We went north from Whitehorse slowly. The highway here grows more lonely, the scenery—lakes and high mountains, dog-hair forests of short-limbed trees, glacial rivers and distant glaciers—wilder and more rugged. Trucks now are fewer, and most of the passenger cars are going long distances. This is the true Yukon Territory, almost vacant, almost endless, stretching away toward the Arctic Ocean. Nothing but gold could have brought many men here, and nothing has been able to hold more than a handful.

On the Alaska side of the unguarded border only the prices are different—much higher for food, a little lower for cigarettes and gasoline. Presently, the highway drops into the wide valley of the Tanana, follows it past neglected prospectors' cabins, the beginnings of small farms, two huge airbases, and finally to Fairbanks.

There can be no doubt that this really is the end. Billboards blaze, paving feels odd under the tires after so many miles of gravel—and a stoplight inevitably turns red just at the wrong moment.

After a few days in Fairbanks, we drove out on the road to Circle City, where pretty Elaine Scott and Dave Williams, both of Australia, were plodding northeast, heavy campers' packs on their backs. Over a cup of coffee, they talked of their trip all the way from Vancouver, British Columbia, mostly hiking.

"We had quite a bit of walking to do," said Elaine, "before we got on the Alaska Highway."

I said, "And then?"

"Oh, then it wasn't any problem," she said. "We'd hiked just a little while when a huge truck came boring up from behind—a monster. But it stopped in a great cloud of dust, and the two nice chaps gave us a ride all the way to Fairbanks."

I said, "Was it a big aluminum van with L.T.I. on the side?"

"Why, yes," said Elaine. "How did you know?"

I didn't, really. But it just had to be some of the Dutchmen from Lynden. They do almost everything on the Alaska Highway. THE END

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I Call on Phil Silvers

(Continued from Page 29)

"When I reached the sound stage, the test director said, 'Phil, we're late getting this thing started. I know it's not your fault, but we must get going. I want you to be British in a very subtle manner.' Then he rehearsed me, and all my New Yorkese rushed to the front. The last word of the sentence, 'My dear Dame Elizabeth, your modesty does you no dissoivice,' tore it, and when I said 'outboist of passion' it didn't help.

"Next morning, when they ran that test, I was there to see what I looked like. In my frantic efforts to 'be British in a very subtle manner,' I practically had fire flashing from my eyeballs, and when I said, 'My dear Dame Elizabeth,' I looked like Valentino rolling his eyes at that doll who played opposite him in The Sheik.

"That test sickened me, and I wondered what other business I could go into. I didn't know that I had had no chance from the beginning. That test was supposed to destroy me because Mr. Mayer himself had found me. I hadn't gone through proper channels. This was a side of Hollywood I didn't know about—its jealousies and chicaneries.

"Actually that test, which seemed a tragedy, forced me to keep on learning something about an entirely different facet of entertainment. In desperation I began to entertain at parties and play more and more benefits, which gave me new scope, and I began to get bigger and better night-club bookings. Without that training, I wouldn't have been able to play such places as Ciro's, and the Copa. Before that I had been a book comedian. That means I had only delivered lines a writer had written in the book for a show.

"I didn't know it—I thought I was being ignored—but producers and directors saw me at benefits or at night spots; then they called Metro to ask about me. When they did, they were shown that British cleric test. They looked at it and said, 'I guess he's only funny at Ciro's.'

"I finally learned about the run-around I was getting—from Harry Kurnitz, a great humorist and a great writer. He stopped me on the street one day and said, 'My producer, Sidney Franklin, caught you at Ciro's last night and he asked, "Why is our studio borrowing comedians at triple salaries when we've got a boy like this already under contract? Let's see some of Silvers' film"; and, Phil, they showed us some awful thing where you were a British clergyman.'"

"And this was the first time you actually realized that you'd been getting the finger?" I asked.

"It was," he told me; "and I knew I had to do something about it, so I indulged in a little blackmail and, as a result, I succeeded in having that British-cleric print burned. The trouble was that when Top Banana opened in Los Angeles years later, I discovered that all those months of corroding frustration hadn't been burned with that print, and out of nowhere the dries hit me."

I said I tried to keep up to date on show-business talk, but "the dries" was new to me.

"They're flop sweat in reverse," he explained. "Your mouth is dry and your blood and your body juices dry up too. I didn't think I was going to be able to walk out on that stage. Me, whose scrapbook was full of flaming write-ups! I know it was idiotic to have that feeling, but I was so nervous that I wandered out on the stage twenty minutes before I was due. Looking around I glanced through the peephole in the asbestos curtain. Jack Benny and his party were seated in the second row. Jack had called me to ask for four seats for himself, his wife, Mary Livingstone, and George Burns and Gracie Allen, and I was delighted to take care of them." He paused and added, "Hollywood is a funny place."

"I know," I said; "it only resembles Hollywood."

"You can say that again," he told me. "The movie colony comes to your opening night. After that, if you don't have a smash, the Hollywood crowd, who make up a large percentage of your audience, stay home. You've had your one night of hilarity. From then on, if you haven't got a great show, or at least a good show, you play to half-empty houses and to stagehands. But to get back to Jack Benny—I noticed that, of all things, he was screaming with laughter at the overture. He had seen the show twice in New York, he was laughing at what he was going to see before he saw it, and he was telling the people with him all about it. It was so funny that it ran the dries out of me, and when the curtain went up I walked out on the stage and did the kind of standard performance I ought to have done.

"Afterward Jack and I planned a golf date, but later, when I called him to set a time for it, he said, 'I've got a cold, Phil. I feel kind of lousy.' I said, 'I'm too tired to play golf anyhow, so forget it.'

"'Are you alone?' he asked. 'Do you want some company? No one's here. Mary's shopping.' I said, 'I'd love to see you. Come over.' When he came, he said, 'Phil, do you realize that all of us out here envy you?'"

"What did he mean by that?" I asked.

"He said, 'What we wouldn't give to be Broadway stars, to hear that real applause every night instead of the canned stuff, to work on a performance until it's polished like a cameo. How few of us can do it and sustain it. I'm telling you—and you can believe me—TV will go after you. They'll have to, Phil, but TV is an octopus. It ensnares people and it devours them. Stay out of it if you can. You'll be great in it, but what will you accomplish? The flurry will be over soon, and tedium will set in. Yesterday's TV heroes are soon forgotten.'

"I figured that Jack's cold was making him gloomy, yet what he said made sense. 'Stay in the Broadway theater,' he urged. 'Don't get into this mechanical industry. It'll drain you. Do another stage show. Be a musical-comedy star.'

"I intended to do what Jack advised. I planned to do a couple of guest-star TV shots, but he had convinced me that the new medium was not for me on a steady basis."

"You've been working at it pretty steadily for three years," I said. "Did the two telegrams you two exchanged have anything to do with changing your mind?"

"Look," he said, "we're going about this wrong. I'm no writer, but it seems to me we ought to backtrack a little so you'll know how I got to Los Angeles in Top Banana in the first place. Then I'll bring you up to where I'm Sergeant Bilko. Otherwise you're going to get so confused you won't know whether I'm talking about things that happened in 1937 or 1957. Then I'll tell you about those two telegrams.

"I'd better fill you in on my folks and where I came from and how I began in show business when I was thirteen," he said. "You should be talking to my dad, God rest his soul. There was a character."

"I've heard that he was a steeplejack," I said.

"That's not exactly true," Silvers told me. "He was a tinsmith and sheet-metal worker who worked on New York skyscrapers. He escaped from Russia with my mother when they were both young. A Cossack made a pitch at mother, and dad clobbered him with a shovel. He wasn't sure but what he had cooled him permanently, so he got out and came here. He knew no English, but he had relatives here and, when he was asked what his occupation was, he said 'builder,' so they put him to building skyscrapers. He went to night school as soon as he could, but he picked up most of his English from the Irish with whom he sweated on the tall buildings. To his dying day he was a religious Jew, but he spoke English with a Jewish accent and an Irish brogue. He'd start a sentence, 'Vell, I'll tell ye, begorra.' What a combination!"

I must have made a coughing sound in my throat. I wasn't aware of it, but Silvers heard it. "I'll get on with my story," he said. "As a kid I lived in the Brownsville neighborhood of Brooklyn. It was also the home of an organization called Murder, Incorporated. When I joined the Gus Edwards vaudeville act as a boy soprano, I was following in the footsteps of Georgie Jessel and Walter Winchell. They had also worked in one of Edwards' acts; I was in the generation immediately following them. When a gabby monster, called Radio, knocked off vaudeville, my stomach kept yelling for stuff to keep it full. So I did anything that came along to fill it. What came along was night clubs that smelled of formaldehyde wafted from the washrooms, jobs on the borsch circuit and working as a comic on the Minsky strip-tease wheel.

"Then, in 1939," he went on, "I went from burlesque into Yokel Boy, where, as I've told you, L. B. Mayer saw me and signed me. After I'd gotten that Pride

"Who's going to drive?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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and Prejudice screen test off my back, I appeared in such films as You're in the Army Now, Roxie Hart, My Gal Sal, Footlight Serenade, Just Off Broadway, Coney Island, Cover Girl, Four Jills in a Jeep, A Lady Takes a Chance, Something for the Boys, Take It or Leave It and Diamond Horseshoe."

"How'd you get from Hollywood and Vine into a Broadway hit show like High Button Shoes?" I asked.

"Friends had a financial stake in it and they talked me into it," he told me. "Also, it was to be directed by George Abbott. Abbott is a legendary figure in show business. He is acknowledged by one and all to be a genius. High Button Shoes opened in the late summer of 1947. It ran all through 1948 and it closed near the end of 1949. It was written by Stephen Longstreet. Longstreet's a fine author, but it was his first musical comedy.

"We opened in Philadelphia, and at first I believed every word Abbott told me, but before long I realized that although he was a genius, he didn't dig me or my comedy. I don't understand my comedy myself, so I can't explain it to anybody. If I'm asked to lecture at a college about what makes me funny, I can give no clue. I know instinctively what *you're* doing wrong and I can tell you, but I don't pretend to tell why and what I'm doing.

"For that matter, I've never met anyone who can. During my lean time in Hollywood I was playing Charlie Foy's night club one night, and Charlie Chaplin, who was the idol of most comedians, walked in. I watched him, and he pounded his table and he screamed with laughter while I was doing my stuff, and I thought, *I'm going to write my mother and tell her I made Charlie Chaplin laugh, but she won't believe it; she'll say I'm smoking reefers.*

"The pay-off came when Chaplin called me to his table and said, 'You don't know this, but you're a poet. Your comedy is not just comedy, it's the masses crying for recognition.' I looked at him and suddenly I saw a pompous old man ladling out malarky. *What's all this about crying for recognition?* I asked myself. *All I'm trying to do is to be funny. It has no underlying social significance.*"

"To get back to High Button Shoes," I hinted.

"The critics really slapped it around in Philadelphia," he told me. "People were tolerant with me because they were familiar with me in pictures, but although we were doing O.K. at the box office, we were headed for disaster unless somebody did something drastic. All the time we were rehearsing, I was trying to help make my contribution to the show better. After all, it said 'comedian' in my contract, didn't it? So I figured I'd better get some laughs. But when I'd injected a line or a piece of business, Abbott asked, 'What's funny about that?' and I couldn't tell him. All I knew was that when I did it the people laughed.

"When we reached New York, somehow I did a fine performance. I hadn't had time to make it the performance I wanted it to be, but in spite of the fact that the out-of-town buzz had it that we were bad, my write-ups were O.K. Actually we were a hit. You don't run two and a half years if you're not.

"I had worked like a dog helping put that show over, but I kept reading press releases which I assumed were being issued by Stephen Longstreet's publicity man. I read: 'Stephen Longstreet is hoping that Danny Kaye will be signed for the film version of his musical, High Button Shoes.' I thought, *Longstreet's a nice fellow, but perhaps he doesn't like the liberty I've taken with his lines. Maybe I've irritated him.* If I had been nixed for the movie version of the show when the time came to make it, I wouldn't have been surprised. Not that Longstreet would have the final say about the casting—but reading that he was hoping that somebody else would be starred burned me."

"They'll let Roz Russell do Auntie Mame in the film they'll make of that, won't they?" I asked.

"Roz' husband owns that show," Silvers told me, "so he'll probably give her the nod; otherwise the role might be played by Tab Hunter—although they'd have to call it Uncle Mame. He's hot. I know it was juvenile of me to get mad about those releases I was reading," Silvers continued, "but I did. So I sent Longstreet a wire. In it I threatened: 'If I read any more of these releases about who you hope will do High Button Shoes instead of me, in the picture version, I will play the show as you wrote it.'

"I'm not sure now that Longstreet had anything to do with those releases," Silvers said. "In fact, I'm prepared to admit that he didn't, but the word about my wire must have got through to the press agent who was using an easy way to get the show mentioned in a column and it must have been a potent threat, for it was the last I saw of those statements. As a matter of fact, it was all a lot of ado about nothing, for they never made a movie version of High Button Shoes, and the question of who'd play it on the screen never came up.

"I think that it was in between High Button Shoes and Top Banana that I did a semisleepwalking bit which made the papers," he told me. "I was living in a suite in a hotel in New York, over the Copacabana. I had just been in the Col-

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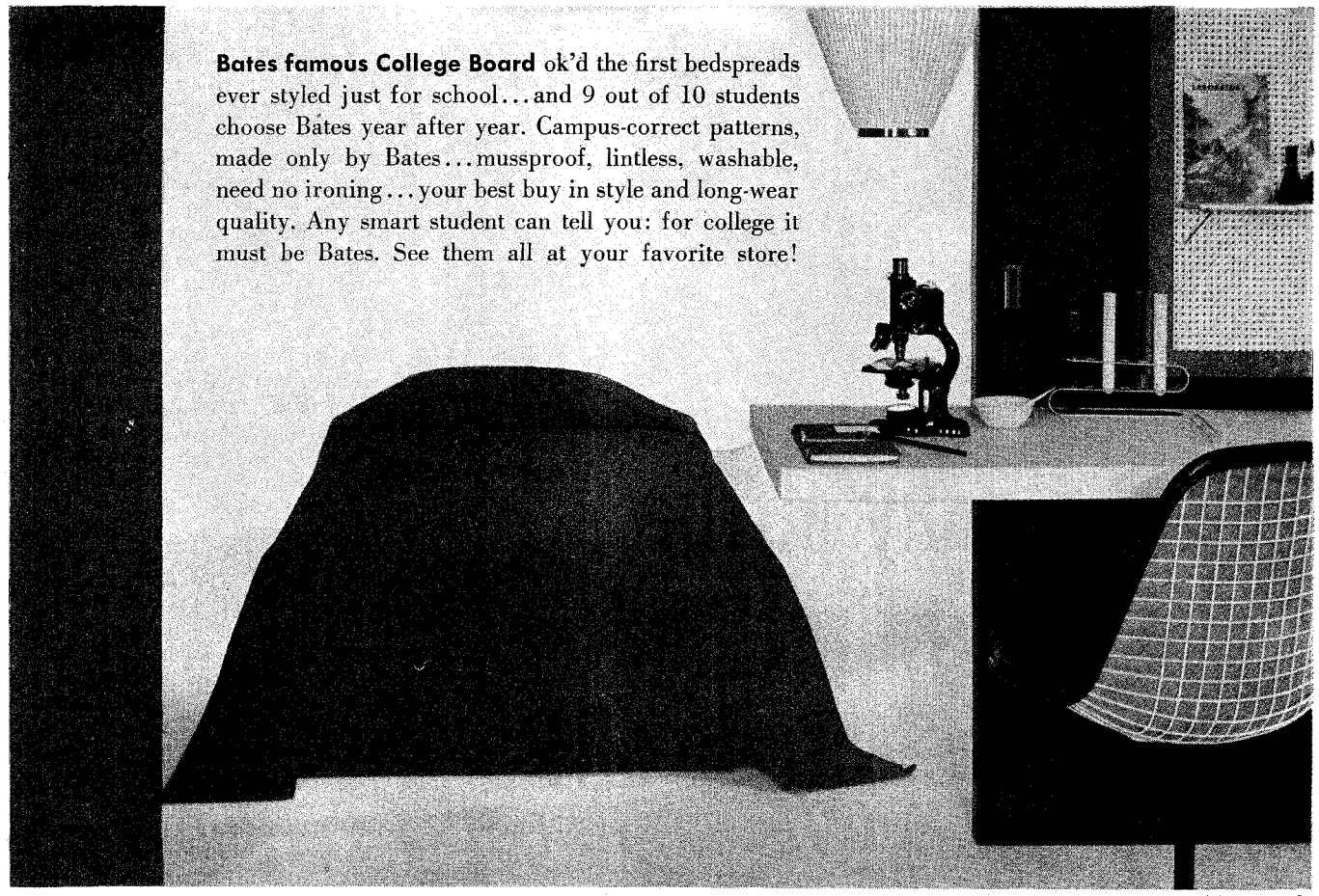

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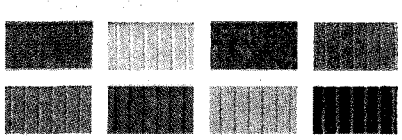

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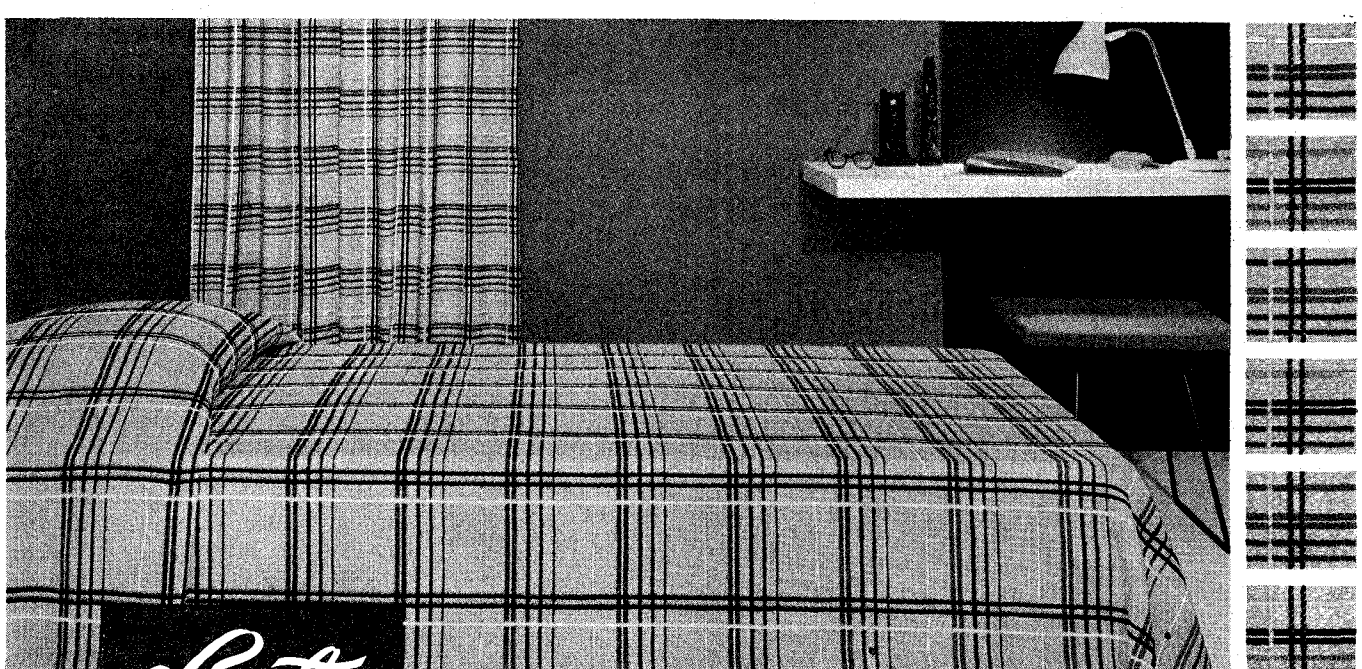

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gate Comedy Hour TV show, with Martin and Lewis as my guest stars. I'd taken a shower and gone to bed, but I couldn't black out. My nerves wouldn't uncoil, so at two-thirty in the morning it occurred to me that Dean and Jerry, who were playing the Copa, must be in the middle of their late show and at their noisiest. I slipped on a tattered old bathrobe and beat-up slippers, took the elevator down to the Copa and walked out onto the floor. I'd never seen Jerry nonplused before, but seeing me left him silent.

"'Please, fellas,' I said, 'keep it down a little. I can't sleep.' Then I got back into the elevator and went back to bed.

"Dean and Jerry couldn't get over it. During the rest of their run at the Copa, whenever Jerry seemed too loud, Dean pointed upward and said, 'Sh-h-h, Phil's gone beddy-by.'"

"Let's get back to the opening of Top Banana in Los Angeles," I said doggedly, "and Jack Benny advising you not to get mixed up with television. You promised to tell me about a couple of telegrams."

"Oh, yes," Silvers said. "There's not much point of making a big thing of how Top Banana was born and what made it a success, for that's recent history. In burlesque, 'top banana' means the comic who gets top billing. In the story, I was an exburley comic who had fast-talked himself into TV, but after I was in TV I had dreams of how great it would be to be back on the Minsky wheel, without the TV pressure that could give you a heart condition or could change you so you had no heart at all. Anyhow, Top Banana was a gasser. It started off as if it were going to run forever, and it almost did."

"What's a gasser?" I asked.

"It's a word Frankie Sinatra uses a lot," he explained. "It means a whopper. When Top Banana closed, I got a call to come to Washington, D.C. The network employees stationed in the capital were giving their yearly dinner for President Eisenhower. I tell you this, for, in the final analysis, that was the reason why I went into television. The President enjoys that dinner because it's nonpolitical and he loves show business, although he allows no purple stuff, no spice.

"The show was a variety performance and, although I'm a plot comedian and don't like standing up and telling jokes, I was asked to be one of the acts. I need a situation even if I have to make one out of pretending that the orchestra leader is annoying me."

I asked, "You mean you can't come on and say, 'A funny thing happened to me on the way to the theater'; then offer a crackling one-line follow-up?"

"No," he said, "I can't, and I envy guys who can spout those one-liners. I went off to Washington to be in that show, and all of a sudden, before going on, I was nervous again. It wasn't the Los Angeles Top Banana-opening-type nervousness. After all, Top Banana had a plot. This was a kind of nervousness that had happened to me before in variety appearances, and I had a trick to combat it. The trick is that I pretend to be above authority. That's really what I'm doing in my Sergeant Bilko series. It runs the nerves out of me, and after that I'm fine.

"At the dinner for the President, which was held in the Presidential Ballroom of the Statler Hotel, everybody in the Government was there. The Cabinet, the Supreme Court, senators and congressmen, the works. Only one man, Mr. Dulles, was missing, and he was off trying to cope with a Russian delegation somewhere in Europe. The people who were putting on the show and who had asked me to come must have thought I'd blown my stack, for I just walked out and stood there for twenty seconds.

"Have you any idea how long twenty seconds is in front of an audience without saying a word?" Silvers asked me.

I said "no" and he said, "Try it sometime. I shielded my eyes from the spotlight and looked at the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, the President; then I finally said, 'Who's minding the store?'

"The President burst out laughing and everybody else laughed too. Then, in the middle of a number I was doing with a clarinet, a telephone rang offstage. To the Secret Service that was unforgivable. At such parties all phones are disconnected. There might be an infernal machine attached to one of them or something. I know it sounds silly, but they go that far in protecting the President. When that phone rang, two Secret Service men rushed out to find it and pulverize it, and in the excitement I lost my audience and I had to get it back.

"I didn't know what that phone call was all about, of course, but I looked into the wings and pretended that I saw someone answering it; then I said, 'Oh!' as if I'd got the word from one of the Secret Service men. I turned toward the President and said, 'There's a long-distance call from a Mr. Dulles. He says he'll talk to *anybody*.' That broke the President up, for he knew far better than anyone else that the guy was having a rough time of it in Berlin all by himself.

"In all honesty," Silvers said, "I have to admit that I was a hit. There were special circumstances involved, but that night I was good, and a couple of the major TV networks came after me. But, remembering what Jack Benny had told me, I said, 'No, thanks.'

"I figured all I had to do was wait, and crowds of producers would break down my door with the books for Broadway shows in their hands. Nothing happened. I'd forgotten that you just don't manufacture a stage musical out of fuzz and wishful thinking. You plan them solid so they'll last and run for months; maybe even years if you're struck blind with luck. They're not like a television show. I do each TV performance the very best I can, but you can't make a gem out of each one of them because, if you do, you won't have time to put one on every week. What with five weeks' rehearsal and four weeks on the road, with a Broadway show you have no excuse opening night if it's not polished until it glitters.

"Hubbell Robinson, the program manager for CBS, kept calling me and saying, 'I've been planning for you for years, but every time somebody comes in with a script and says, "This is a typical Phil Silvers script," I throw it in his kisser. "Who knows what a typical Phil Silvers script is?" I ask. "You write a script that stands on its own legs and Phil will adapt himself to it."'

"Hubbell was a little off on that," Silvers told me, "because all my life I'd been getting scripts with 'Phil will say a funny thing here' penciled in on the margins, only the writers didn't say what the funny things were. I didn't want to have to think of any more funny things to say. I wanted the writers to do that. Then Nat Hiken, a writer I admire, became available. (I still admire him, although not long ago, after three years of writing and producing the Bilko show, he got tired and bowed out.) To me, he's *the* comedy writer. Talentwise he's far ahead of anybody else. Anyhow, what with Hubbell's insistence and Hiken's availability, I found myself in television in spite of Benny's warning.

"The great thing was that Robinson left us alone. He put us on good salaries and never asked us, 'What did you do today?' We didn't have to clock in. Nat and I went to ball games and discussed what to do. We thought of ninety-five plots,

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but Nat kept coming back to his Bilko idea. I couldn't warm up to it for a long time. I could see nothing in it but phony drills and flimsy facetiousness. But in the end we made a kinescope Bilko plot, and when Mr. Paley, the head of CBS, saw it he put it away so nobody else could see it. 'This,' he said, 'is money in the bank,' and he told us to put twenty Bilko shows on film. Have you any idea what it's like to do that many films, not knowing whether they're good or not?" he asked.

I shook my head. I figured it was what my books in school had called a rhetorical question. "As a showman," he said, "I can tell you that it's murder to walk down the street without anyone saying whether what you're doing is good or bad. But Paley just kept us at work getting this secret reservoir of films together.

"When Paley was ready to show what we'd done, the Camel cigarette people bought it, and when it was ready to roll on the country's screens, once more I had the dries, for we were on opposite Milton Berle. At that point he was Mr. Television himself, and he had a rating of twenty-eight or twenty-nine. Our first rating was about eight. It rose to eleven and sank to seven, and my heart sank with it. I had talked a lot about how ratings wouldn't bother me, but ratingitis is a disease. It gets you. For six weeks I tried to pretend I didn't care—while our ratings climbed a little each week. Then I called a man at CBS, Mr. Harry Ommerle, and, dropping my pretense of indifference, I asked eagerly, 'How was our last Trendex?'

"'I haven't got the figures yet, Phil,' he said, 'but hang on and I'll get them for you.' I could hear him ask his girl for them; then Ommerle said, 'There's been a mistake here, Phil.'

"'How do you mean, a mistake?' I asked, and he said, 'Don't get upset. The girl has goofed. She reports twenty-seven for you and fifteen for Berle.'

"'I agree, that can't be right,' I said, 'and when I call you back I hope you have it straight'; but instead of calling him back I decided to walk up the street to the CBS office to check myself. The stenographers and secretaries there have outside desks in corridors, and as I walked in they applauded. Ommerle's secretary hadn't goofed, after all, and all those secretaries knew it. I must say it was dramatic. It kind of got me by the throat.

"From then on, that's the way the cooky crumbled. I enjoyed having good ratings, but I didn't enjoy the viciousness of the railbirds' thrusts at Berle. They didn't just say I beat him. They gave him nasty digs, and it was cruel and unwarranted. After all, for years Miltie had been the biggest personality TV had to offer.

"I went out of my way to do little jokes with Milton that seemed to appeal to him. However, he made cracks about the situation that, for his own sake, he shouldn't have made. He'd say to an audience, 'Remember me? I'm last year's Phil Silvers.' It was good for me, but I liked Milton and I didn't think he rated what was happening to him or what he was doing to himself.

"If I may take time out for just a minute to say something—the same thing can happen to Bilko that happened to Milton—saturation. That's why we'll change our plot a little next year if I can."

"You mean you'll get away from Sergeant Bilko?" I asked.

"Not away from him, but maybe we can get him away from his old Army post long enough to have him travel to Europe with his motor pool or shipped out on detached service. I think it would be too jarring to build a whole new character for me. What I'd like is a variation on what I'm doing now, even if it means putting on civilian clothes now and then. If you'll study our present show, although we're in Army uniforms, you'll be surprised how little there is in it about the Army.

"Although I think we have an adult approach to our Bilko stories, the kids like us, too," he said. "I know, because they give me the Bilko bark on the street."

"What's the 'Bilko bark'?" I asked.

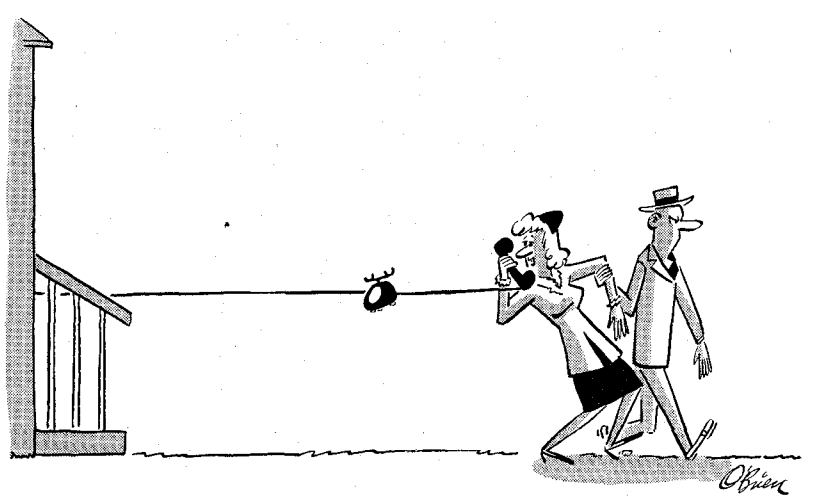
"It's like the 'halt' in 'one, two, three, halt!' only it's unrecognizable as any particular word. I didn't have time to learn the conventional words of command, but I figured that the audience would know that when I bark it's supposed to be a command. It's loud and it's part of my Bilko character, and when I bark, the G.I.'s with me snap into it. One writer tried to spell it, and the closest he could come was 'Ha-yar-up!'"

He remembered something. "Oh, yes, the two telegrams I exchanged with Jack Benny. The first year I was on TV and the television awards came around, I hoped we might rate one Emmy, but actually we were tops in five categories. The next morning I got a wire from Jack. All it said was: 'You wouldn't listen to me!'"

"How about the second wire?" I asked him.

"I waited a long time to answer that properly," he said, "and my chance came this year. Jack was given a great honor, one which is not thrown around carelessly. The Hollywood branch of the Friars threw a dinner to honor him as the Man of the Year, and everybody was there. As a close friend of his, I was asked, too, but I was up to my neck shooting Bilko films, so I sent him a wire instead. In it I said, 'If I had listened to you two years ago, I'd be at your dinner tonight.' That, I thought, evened things up."

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Hot Professor (Continued from Page 37)

"purple-cow" tie which had escaped the after-Christmas old-clothes collection.

His breakfast of the usual healthy fruit juice, poached eggs, and whole-wheat toast was not improved by Martha's cheery chatter about spring bulbs, fertilizer and did they need a new lawn mower.

Fortified behind his morning paper, his eyes strayed from the editorial page to the medical column. Doctor Maitland was healthy as a horse—in the pink, as he was wont to observe—but halfway down the column he felt pain bouncing over his spine like sour notes from a xylophone.

Instead of reading the stock-market report, he perused the obituary column. His mind squeaked as he tiptoed over the page. He was amazed to encounter no one he had ever known.

"William," said Martha firmly, "you don't have to behave like a mute just because you had your fiftieth birthday last week. It comes to all of us, and the world won't go to hell in a handcar!"

Doctor Maitland refused a second cup of coffee. "I do wish you wouldn't speak so informally, Martha. And I am not a mute. I just didn't sleep well last night. That's all."

Of course it wasn't all, not by a big fat mile, and William Maitland was aware of it. Being fifty was nothing to jest about. He knew that a man at thirty pretended to be winded on the tennis court. At forty he really was winded, and at fifty it was necessary to prove he could play tennis at all. That vagrant thought, added to the prospect of his annual day of manning the barricades, set off a predictable blaze.

Defiantly, he picked up his worn brief case, kicked aside his rubbers and marched out of his elderly Dutch-colonial house without a hat.

"William, you'll catch your death of cold! Your sinus ——"

But Martha's protest was lost in the old but paid-for car that Doctor Maitland backed out of the garage with a bang of the exhaust pipe.

As though operating on a drag strip, he roared down the street, neglected to wave to the dean, and parked his car in the space reserved for the Fine Arts. Correcting his error, he scraped the new fender of the French Department and used some informal language he had learned from the marines at Guadalcanal.

His morning classes were all out of the same paper sack. He lectured mechanically, having done it for a number of years, and barely suppressed an impulse to inform his class that Shakespeare did not write Macbeth; it was a guy named Whortlebury!

He saw the first robin as he splashed through the melted snow to the faculty lounge. Fred Wharton, who taught economics, did the usual. "Hi, *amigo!* Have some coffee! Hear the latest from *El Presidente?*"

Any other day William Maitland would have overlooked Fred's tampering with the Spanish language just because he had spent a week in Mexico last summer.

Today the very use of Spanish struck a nerve in Doctor Maitland's hand-knitted neurosis. He also knew he wouldn't teach this summer because few students cared to wrestle with Shakespeare in July. So the pennies would be pinched. There would be no vacation. At that moment, Doctor Maitland could not remember wanting anything as bad as he did a summer trip, except a catcher's glove when he was eleven. He never got that either. His father had also been a professor.

Glooming over his coffee, he heard Fred repeat the scuttlebutt of the campus, expound his views on the economic outlook of the nation and make his usual spring announcement: "I'll be chairman of the alumni picnic and, of course, *amigo*, you'll have the same job as my right-hand *compañero*, taking care of the watermelons."

William Maitland, from force of habit, nodded assent. For ten years he had done the idiot chores. Furthermore, he loathed watermelon. Today especially he hoped they all withered on the vine.

With Fred's harrowing "*Hasta la vista,*" vibrating in his sensitive ears, he dragged his wet feet to the weekly assembly. He knew what would happen. It did.

President Carmen stood before the microphone, lowered to accommodate his short, squat figure. He carried tidings of great joy to very few people: ". . . and so, Winsett College is the beneficiary of Talmen Schwartz. We mourn his untimely death, but we rejoice that in his final days he remembered so generously his alma mater with funds which I have earmarked for the Schwartz Little Theater. As one big happy family, I am sure you will all rejoice at this good news!"

The Dramatic Department applauded loudly. William Maitland cracked his knuckles—an uncouth habit he had formed during long waits with marine landing parties. Winsett College needed a new theater like it needed another yard of ivy on the science building.

In the expected hush which followed the singing of the Alma Mater, Doctor Maitland sneezed. He made no effort to suppress it. The overt act cleared his head, but certainly not his mind.

Somehow he wallowed through two more classes, thanked a pretty coed for admiring his tie and raised her from D to C. Then he called Martha and announced he would not be home for lunch. "No, Martha, I do not have a cold. I am tied up in conference. . . . Yes, I know we always have liver on Fridays. I do not like liver!"

With that, he threw the budget to the wind, which was getting much colder, and drove downtown to the only plush restaurant in Allison. En route, he splashed mud on Doctor Basil, of the History Department, who was walking carefully with umbrella and rubbers.

His conscience didn't even whisper. Suddenly he realized he had never liked Basil. How could anyone feel deep emotion about a man who took his Ph.D. so seriously he listed himself as Doctor Basil in the telephone book? Served him right when students called up at two A.M. and asked if there was a veterinarian in the house.

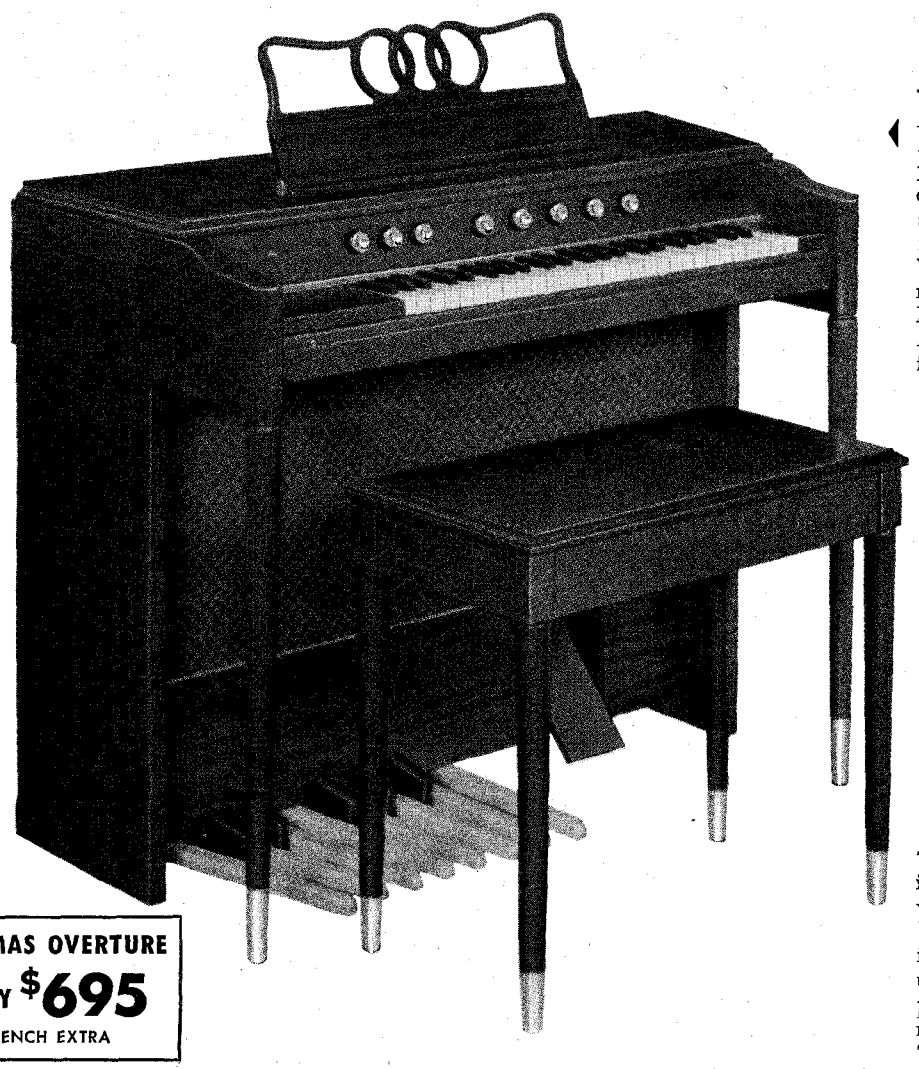
For the first time that day, Doctor Maitland almost smiled. He might have actually done so, had he not met Ed Reid, looking like the successful man-about-town.

William Maitland pondered the case of Ed Reid. Ed had gone up. He was doing what he wanted to do. Whereas, Doctor Maitland had remained static and was at this moment extremely disaffected.

He was so far removed from the hard-packed paths of the business world he did not realize that is the way the cooky crumbles, the ball bounces, and let's-think-this-through-from-the-top.

William Maitland, Ohio State '29, was a little backward. He thought things through from the bottom. He saw no reason to depart from a perfectly logical method of reasoning. He had wanted to be a lawyer. He had worked his way through college. Came the depression. He couldn't make it. His father couldn't

The Thomas Family of



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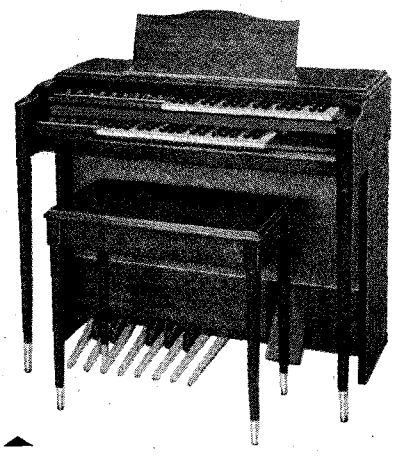

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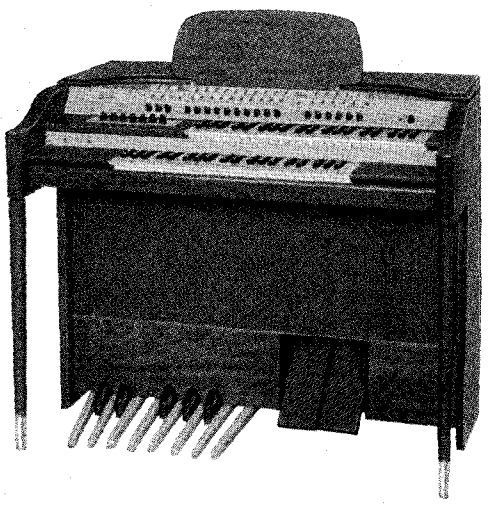

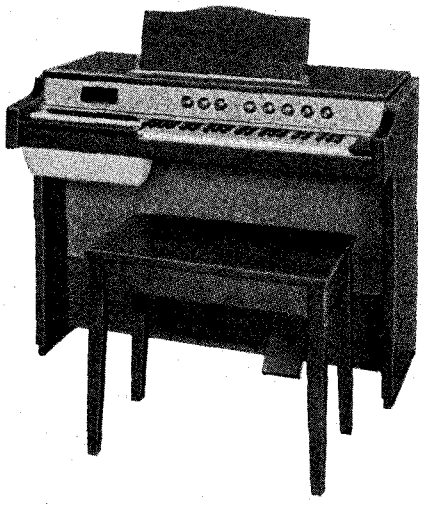

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help him. His parents had urged him to forget the law and become a teacher. Since he had a predilection for eating, he settled for a job teaching English. Every summer he went to school. Between his master's and his doctor's degrees he had married Martha, who knew twenty-six ways to cook hamburgers, loved him and typed his dissertation.

He hadn't minded much until he came back from the war. He had big plans then to open his own travel agency with the money he had faithfully sent home. But Martha, bless her heart, had a surprise for him.

She had made the down payment on a house with his marine pay checks. And since William Maitland was a gentle man as well as a gentleman, he shouldered his mortgage and packed away both his dreams and his medals.

At Winsett College he had picked up where he had left off—Act II, Scene I of King Lear, by W. Shakespeare.

Since they had no children, Doctor Maitland was not beset by too many hardships, but every year he realized more and more he was a round peg in a square hole and there was no way out because he had no special talents.

True, he knew something of art, the drama, modern writers and English history—all the subjects for which there was no screaming demand in the market place.

Music, yes. He had almost forgotten that. He played a fair piano. He liked Brahms, Beethoven and Bach.

He wasn't starving, of course, but since the cost of living had gone up, with professors' salaries left far behind, it was hard to save money. Jobs available in summer usually did not meet the approval of President Carmen, who objected to a professor servicing gum-ball machines. So there was never any money to paint the house, take a trip or buy Martha a mink stole.

William Maitland didn't know why he wanted Martha to have a mink stole. He just knew Martha had never had much fun and that she never scolded him for lending money to needy students even when they couldn't repay the loan. Besides, after twenty-five years, he still loved her.

With his hair clammy from misting rain and his mind still fingering a mink stole, Doctor Maitland found the afternoon no better than the dismal morning. In sheer belligerence he listened to the dean's son mangle Hamlet's soliloquy and gave him a good solid F. As the last crew-cut young man bounded out of the door, he pulled himself together with the consolation that his day was almost ended.

But he had forgotten that John Pickens and Mary Adams were waiting in his office. They weren't in his classes, but John had done yard work for him and Mary was his student assistant. He loved them both, and they loved each other. That was the trouble.

If only they could get married. John would graduate in the spring, but after that came medical school. Perhaps if the trickle of help from John's father in distant West Texas could be padded a little from his own salary ——

John Pickens unfolded his long frame from the hard office chair and looked hopelessly at Doctor Maitland. "I thought I should tell you, sir. I can't go on to medical school. Dad's sold his cattle. Drought about wiped him out. After all the help you've given me, I feel ——"

Doctor Maitland watched Mary wipe imaginary dust from the desk. Her blond pony tail no longer swung with happy determination. "I could get a job as secretary, but it wouldn't be enough."

Anger boiled up in William Maitland. John had tended yards, waited tables and played trumpet in a dance band for four years because he wanted that much to be a doctor. Now he would have to take second choice as laboratory technician or medical-supply salesman.

And Mary, bless her old-fashioned name, had ironed shirts, typed, done baby sitting and sung in the dance band to fatten the medical-school fund.

Doctor Maitland tried hard to look optimistic. "Maybe it can be worked out, John. Don't give up yet."

When a girl puts her best foot forward, it's probably in hopes of tripping a man.

USHER F. NEWLIN

"Might as well face it," John said. "I'm between the rock and the hard place. Except for you and Mary, no one's sorry for my trouble. Dad always wanted me to be a businessman. Guess I should have listened to him."

William Maitland clung to his desk to keep from crying out, "No, be what you want to be!" But he knew John was right. The boy always talked in a vernacular that was strangely expressive—"between the rock and the hard place," instead of "dilemma"; and "sorry for your trouble," instead of "you have my sympathy."

In the depressing silence, Doctor Maitland sneezed again.

Mary gave him a packet of tissues. John eyed him anxiously. "You're coming down with a cold. Better go home and take an antihistamine."

Doctor Maitland thanked them both and went home to be greeted by the same suggestion. "William! You've got a cold. No wonder, with no hat or rubbers. Take an antihistamine."

Usually he enjoyed Martha's fussing over him. Today it was insult added to bruised spirit. "I don't need any anti-anything. I intend to have a good hot toddy and read a gory whodunit."

"You know you never drink anything but sherry. You'll get all fuzzy witted."

"That is my fervent hope," Doctor Maitland announced as he produced a bottle of bourbon which had been aging behind his tennis racket in the hall closet.

"Do make it mild, William. You know we have to go to Professor Tidwell's party tonight."

Doctor Maitland shuddered and added another jigger to his toddy. He wondered if Professor Tidwell had ever tied one on at the Top of the Mark after two years in a Jap prison camp.

The party was not the kind of party Martha gave, with good food and all guests free to do as they pleased from game room to kitchen to library.

Professor Tidwell was a very new Ph.D. who was dedicated to culture. His wife, Deirdre Tidwell, was not only dedicated but determined to lift the standards of the entire retarded faculty.

Doctor Maitland usually took a rather tolerant view of such activities. He listened well, kept his opinions to himself and went home early. But the moment the Tidwell door opened tonight he knew catastrophe was nipping at his heels.

Deirdre Tidwell was attired in a gay peasant costume. She said it was going to be a wild, mad, fun party, and Doctor Maitland said he could well believe it. "We're going to listen to the 'New Sound in Jazz' on Hi-fi!"

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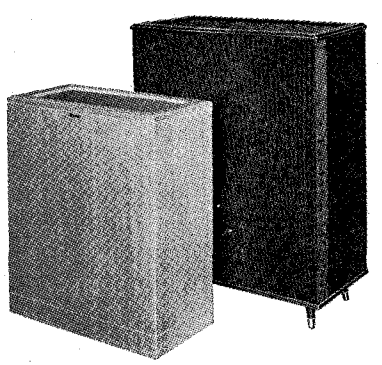

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(*Continued from Page 62*) Dr. William Maitland, Shakespearean scholar. There was a lot of yakety-yak and in the end the redheaded boy with the clarinet said it all: "That's cool, man; real cool." Doctor Maitland had not been so elated since that long-ago day when he had clouted a home run through a neighbor's window.

So the tune was played at high-school dances, whistled on the campus and hummed in class. William Maitland dragged his reluctant students through As You Like It, and never told anyone about his small triumph in another world.

Then, a month before graduation, a man walked into his office as though looking for stalactites in an unfamiliar cave.

"Mr. Maitland?" he inquired warily.

William was certain he wasn't a book salesman. His clothes were too sharp, his hair too long and his necktie much too loud.

"Yes," he said, "I'm Doctor Maitland."

The man seemed skeptical, but got on with it. "I'm Kip Decker, of Just Right Records, Chicago branch. Went down to Darver the other night to see the kid brother graduate from high school. Had a little combo playing after the clambake. Heard a tune that really hit me. John Pickens said it was yours, music and lyrics. I made a tape. They like it in New York too."

William Maitland goggled a moment like a TV performer caught without his idiot cards.

"Yes, I wrote it," he said, "but naturally I didn't put my name on it. I teach Shakespeare."

"Better put your monicker on it before someone steals it, chum."

"But I'm the one who stole it. I stole it from Bach and even Beethoven and ——"

"So did a lot of other thieves in Tin Pan Alley. Just Right wants the record."

Doctor Maitland searched frantically through his mental files for some precedent. Then he remembered the dean's wife talking about the welder who made a fortune. From that his mind leaped to medical school for John Pickens, marriage for Mary Adams, a mink stole for Martha and perhaps even a short summer trip.

"How much do you think it would make?"

Mr. Decker pulled an offending thread from his green plaid sport coat. "Frankly, I think you've got a hit. I'd say five thousand dollars minimum. Hits the million-record mark, you're in for sixty grand or more."

Doctor Maitland was stunned into silence. The best he had ever hoped to do as a professor was eight thousand a year.

Kip Decker mistook his silence for a holdout. "Look, Bill, if it's those kids in the combo you're thinking about, we'll use them. They get their cut, see?"

Doctor Maitland suddenly realized the man in the plaid coat was talking to him, Bill. He hadn't been called Bill in twenty years. The world began to turn a rosy pink.

He didn't stop to consider what the president would say, what the head of his department would think or what would happen to his job.

"Mr. Decker," he began haltingly, "I don't ——"

Mr. Decker threw in the towel, not realizing he was about to be thanked. "All right, here's the check for five grand in advance. Now, how about we sign the contract right here, Bill—right on that line? Is it a deal?"

Doctor Maitland said it certainly was a deal and signed the contract with Mr. Decker's ball point, completely forgetting that he didn't trust anything but a fountain pen.

Then William Maitland went home to Martha, who said she wasn't the least bit surprised. They had a glass of very dry sherry and discussed mink stoles, medical schools and travel agencies.

After that, Doctor Maitland called Fred Wharton and said what he had wanted to say for ten years.

"Fred, tell *El Presidente* I won't be in charge of watermelons for the reunion this summer. I'm going to South America."

Fred was annoyed. "I am in the middle of fifty exams in eco and I am not in the mood for practical jokes. Who is this?"

William Maitland looked waggish for the first time in his academic career and playfully pinched his wife as she walked past the phone with an armful of towels.

"This," he said, "is the *amigo* of *Señor* Bach! *Ole!*" THE END

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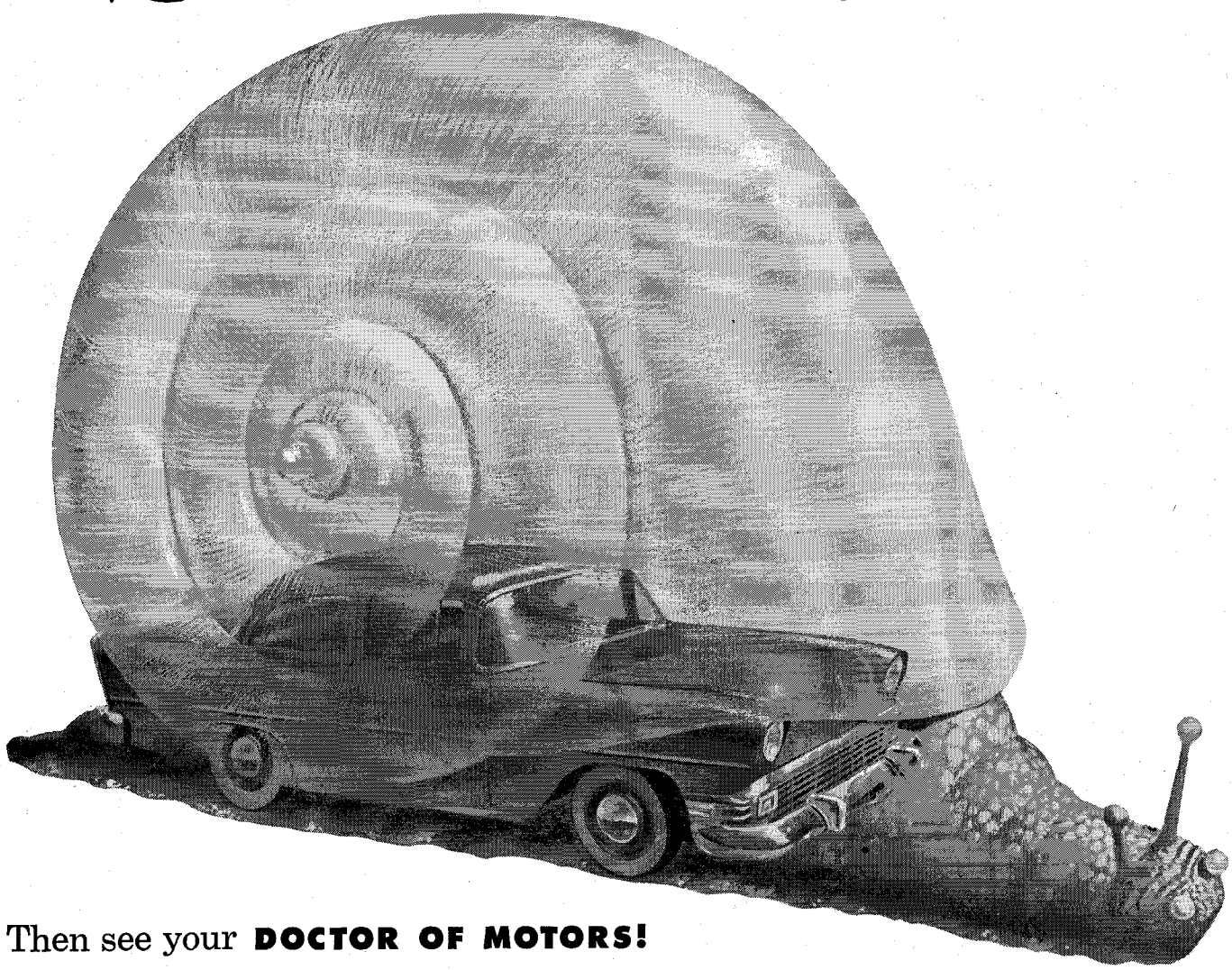

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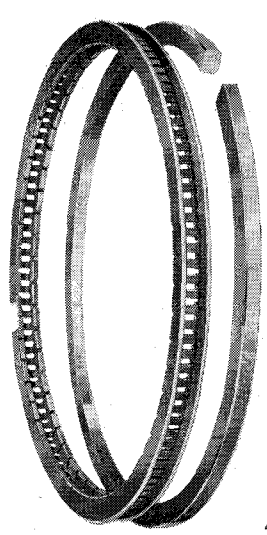

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Page 62

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German Soldier, 1957 Version

(Continued from Page 31)

army perished from the earth in May, 1945. Ten years later, at the end of 1955, there existed not yet one single German soldier in uniform. But today the West German Federal Republic has already 100,000 men in active service, with a fledgling air force and navy admixed. The new army-in-being is now gaining strength and experience at impressive speed. Since last April, 10,000 draftees—the first German conscripts in twelve years—have joined the 90,000 professional regular soldiers in the new armed forces. When this reporter recently visited their camps and barracks they told me at length of their plans. As they see it, their army is here to stay. The majority of Germans agree.

But the future role of this army depends very much on whether Chancellor Adenauer has succeeded in transplanting the Arlington idea to German soil. Is it merely the latest edition of that long line of previous German armies which goose-stepped through the past two centuries? Or is it, rather, an army purged of its old faults and devoted to freedom in the fatherland and the world, while at the same time streamlined for modern warfare? Well, the latter is what its leaders claim it is.

To be sure, it goes under a new name. To find a proper one was difficult. *Reichswehr* and *Wehrmacht*, as the German army was called before and under Hitler, had to be discarded—their very sound conjured up horrible memories. Instead *Streitkräfte*, which means Fighting Forces, was chosen. However, that was quickly dropped when Germans complained the title was too aggressive. Now its name is *Bundeswehr*, or Federal Defense. For a while, innovators even tried to erase the designation "soldiers," but their coinage of "arms bearers" never took. Even a new soldier is still a soldier, people felt. But they asked the question: How new is this new soldier?

Looking for an answer, take a look at the shoes worn today by the German G.I. In the past year, this particular fashion topic proved about as absorbing to Germans as M. Dior's newest hemlines and waistlines generally are to American women. The steel-tipped and spiked field boots of the old army had come to symbolize the iron heel of Nazi troops in many countries. Germans themselves disliked them because of unhappy memories. The *Bundeswehr* replaced them with modern, practical shoes modeled after those used by American G.I.'s, and supplemented by short leather leggings. But soon an epidemic of painful blisters broke out among the unhappy German G.I.'s—caused by German shoe leather, much harder than ours. Headlines in the West German press predicted the triumphant comeback of the "dice boxes," as the old boots were commonly called. The public jumped to fearful conclusions; the old army spirit itself was soon to return. But when field boots were really issued to the *Bundeswehr* boys last spring, they were not the old ones. A buckle had been added on top to pull them together and the steel-spiked soles were replaced by heavy elastic-rubber soles, suggestive of American luxury throughout Europe. Everybody is now happy with the "democratic dice boxes." In a way, the development of the new army's footwear, by trial, error and good intentions, is symbolic of the development of the new army itself.

From his shoes upward the whole uniform of the new German G.I. is a mixture of tradition and reform, with the emphasis on a New Look. Gone are the side arms which a German soldier of old had to carry always, as a reminder of his power over the civilian community. The tight-fitting tunic has given way to a loose-cut jacket with open collar and civilian-type necktie copied from the United States Army. Soldiers call it their "Augusta Victoria jacket," in memory of the bosomy last German empress. The reason is that the designers omitted outside pockets and the men must cram their belongings into the single inner pocket, making their breasts swell with paraphernalia rather than pride. The brightly colored patches of cloth marking the service branches—dear to German military tradition—were sewn on the collars again this spring, after much public discussion. "At last," an elderly officer cheered this minor victory of the old over the new, "the German soldier can be distinguished again from a mailman or a bellhop."

But the younger soldiers shrugged and told me, "This uniform is just a special suit for our special kind of work." They gladly change into civvies when they leave the barracks—an entirely new privilege. Since another new regulation entitles them to a two-week vacation every year, besides weekend and holiday passes, they often appear in mufti. Most girls don't go for uniforms nowadays, while some civilians make nasty cracks about soldiers, they told me. "A miner, a barber or a surgeon doesn't wear his working clothes in his free time, so why should we?" one remarked. The new soldier does not see himself as "the first man in the nation," which was the case in the past.

The assembly hall of the *Bundeswehr* barracks at Idar-Oberstein, where I had been chatting with soldiers, was quickly filling up. The battalion band had invited the 3000 officers and men of the outfit, and also civilians from the nearby town, for an evening concert. The two front rows were occupied by the officers with their wives and children, while only about 200 enlisted men and a handful of burghers sat in the rear. The concert warmed up only after the first quarter hour, when a snappy military march was struck up. For the next two hours a dozen other marches followed, chosen from more than 300 preserved in a book of Prussian military music. The elderly bandmaster, in a captain's uniform, introduced every tune with a brief, proud history—from *circa* 1750 to exactly 1945. Throughout those years most of these marches had provided the tempo for the daily parade-ground show of goose-stepping troops.

The evening ended with the most famous Prussian military march, the one which hails "*Fridericus Rex*, our King and our Lord." Tears came to the eyes of a white-haired lieutenant colonel while he said, "Thank heaven, our great tradition isn't dead yet." But the young G.I.'s in the audience told me that these brassy musical relics bored them; that they much preferred American jazz—"You should hear the jam sessions in our barracks." Quite a few didn't know for sure who *Fridericus Rex* had been.

Yet this King Frederick, who died in 1786, seems still a rather lively ghost around some German army camps of 1957. Today's attempt to mold a brand-new German soldier boils down to a fight against his shadow—a shadow that has dominated all previous German armies. His spectacular victories over European neighbor nations established insignificant little Prussia—"an army which had a country, rather than a country which had an army"—as a great power. The training methods which had led to his victories remained in force in the German armies even after they became thoroughly outdated, and finally self-defeating.

We cannot understand the revolutionary nature of the *Bundeswehr* unless we compare it with the past Prussian-German army, whose soldiers, according to King Frederick, were trained to fear their sergeant's stick more than the enemy's bullets. If they ever began to think for themselves, the same autocrat added, he would have them shot, even if he lost his whole army. Frederick never had to make good on that boast. His troops followed orders in blind obedience, their supreme soldierly virtue. The endless, perfectionist parade marches and close-order drill which made up their training merged them into an awe-inspiring human precision war machine. The cruel training broke their personal will power, but it also increased their firepower in the battles they fought in mathematically taut formations.

With modern weapons and conscript armies the Frederician slave-soldier system became as useful as a sword brandished against a fighter plane. But the "great Prussian military tradition" was preserved as sacred by most German officers, who, up to the beginnings of World War II, still wore the old Frederician school tie. In our days, military service in the view of average Germans had become tantamount to a dreaded ritual called *Kommiss*—the sum of stupid, brutal, often beastly, sometimes dangerous rules and drills imposed on helpless soldiers. This system still functioned in World War II, when many German G.I.'s hated the enemy less than their own swaggering officers and bullying noncoms. The latter were the villains in dozens of popular war novels and movies which West Germans have applauded during the last decade. "We would be fools if we tried to revive the *Kommiss*," forty-two-year-old Franz-Josef Strauss, a first lieutenant in the war, an avid student of history, and now the West German Minister of Defense, who runs the *Bundeswehr*, told me.

"I was badly scared of *Kommiss* when I landed in this army, but I haven't noticed a trace of it yet," Alfred Baier, a recruit of three months' service in the *Bundeswehr*, said to me, while his five roommates nodded in agreement. Private Baier, a bright young man, had grown up on the family farm, got a job in an automobile factory at sixteen, and at nineteen, was among the first conscripts. Much as he had disliked the prospect of military service, he now was wondering whether he should not re-enlist after the draft year for a longer period of professional service. "It's not at all in the army like my dad and everybody else had warned me," he said. "It's a job as good as another, and better than some, at that."

A strict forty-eight-hour week has been established as Baier's working time. At six A.M. he and his five buddies—never more to one room—turn out for their breakfast. It may seem skimpy by American standards, yet it is household routine throughout Germany—two rolls, 100 grams of bread, jelly, margarine and a rather weird brew called *ersatz* coffee. Genuine coffee and butter are served only twice a week, as in most German workers' homes. After breakfast the trainees march to the range, where they learn to fire rifles, machine guns and bazookas, and to throw hand grenades. They are trained under live ammo at times. Because their own officers and noncoms are still students of military progress made over the past ten years, experienced soldiers of the United States Army often serve as associate teachers, particularly in artillery and armored units. American officers told me they like this assignment because "those German boys make pretty good soldiers—quick to understand a weapon, reliable in its use, and with their hearts in their work." Weapon instruction takes up about half of a G.I.'s eight-hour day. Then come rugged calisthenics, outdoor sports and field marches. Close-order drill is reduced to a minimum.

In at least three camps recruits actually have petitioned their superiors for tougher treatment. "Since we are soldiers now, we want to be good soldiers," they said. In June an incident similar to the one which led to the death of six United States Marine Corps recruits at Parris Island, South Carolina, last year, supplied unhappy proof that training methods can be too tough in the *Bundeswehr* too. When a platoon of paratroopers was ordered to march through the waist-deep torrent of the Iller River in Bavaria, the men lost their footing. Eighteen managed to scramble back to the shore, fifteen drowned. The two sergeants responsible for the march of their men into the water were arrested. The battalion and company commanders were suspended by the defense minister, who rushed to the scene. He learned of the catastrophe while he drove to a nearby town where his wedding was to take place on the next day.

Private Baier and his comrades grinned wryly when I asked them whether the *Bundeswehr* boys are served breakfast in bed, a canard widely circulated. They are not pampered. But this army does go to surprising lengths to make the soldiers comfortable. Tests were conducted to find out whether the G.I.'s preferred foam rubber or goose feathers for their bedding; goose feathers won. Food, neither better nor worse than a German *Hausfrau*'s average offerings, is plentiful and nourishing. On a Wednesday, for example, Private Baier's lunch was a large stew of bacon, bologna sausage, string beans, carrots and potatoes—825 grams full of calories. His cold supper, German style, was a quarter pound of sausage, cheese, bread and *ersatz* coffee, with one lump of sugar. The next day his noon meal offered pork sausage, mashed potatoes, a tangerine and a glass of milk.

In the evening more sausage and cheese of a different kind. "About the same as at home," Private Baier summed up. His two meals and breakfast set him back sixty cents a day, a sum deducted from his pay. Meals are cooked and served by hired civilians. In line with the new principle that a soldier must be trained only for soldiering, all work not related to military activities is performed by outsiders under a regular labor contract. This includes K.P. and cleaning the barracks rooms.

It was not so much love of soldiering that attracted the professional soldiers who enlisted in this army, but rather the economic security it offers. They do not have to worry about unemployment. Pay begins at fifty-five dollars a month for buck privates. After taxes, meals and

Success Story

A diamond, it should be
understood,
Is just a piece of carbon
that made good.

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

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laundry are paid, about twenty-five dollars is left for spending money. The enlisted men's canteens do a brisk business in electric shavers and portable radios. Married men get extra pay for private housing and ten dollars a month for each child. Clothing and medical treatment of soldiers are free. The strongest lure remains the pension which comes with retirement.

This is a curiously serious army; the soldiers seem to care little for the merriment which, according to one of their favorite old marching songs, goes with the soldier's life. In their barracks rooms, pictures of pinup girls and other frivolities are conspicuously absent. Most evenings they study their military manuals. Some attend local adult-education classes, chiefly in technical skills. No Lili Marlene stands under the lamppost at the barracks gate. Cases of public drunkenness—punished by a stiff fine of twelve dollars—are rare. In garrison towns I saw no misbehaving G.I.'s. The new German soldiers are, to be candid, a rather colorless crowd, a different breed from the buck privates of World War II.

Today's young G.I.'s laugh incredulously when they see popular movies depicting the military routine of their elders. In the old army, every officer selected a soldier from his outfit as his personal manservant. Even a top sergeant could and did dragoon buck privates to his home once a week to scrub the floors and beat the rugs. Such services are *verboten* now. Officers drive their cars themselves and their wives cook and serve the family meals. According to the new rules, a soldier is required to salute only his immediate superiors and generals. Still, when I accompanied officers through barracks or in town, not one of the hundreds of G.I.'s we passed failed to salute snappily. Once I was in the company of a colonel when a frightened private reported to him that he had driven his motorcycle into an officer's car. Because the lad was obviously conscientious, the colonel dismissed him with a fatherly pat on the shoulder and said, "Now don't worry. Such a thing can happen to anyone." I remarked that this was a scene from a very new script. "Yes," the colonel replied sighing, "times do change, and we must change with them."

An elaborate legal apparatus has been set up to safeguard the rights of the soldiers, but few complaints have been recorded so far. In one camp the boys objected to the poor quality and quantity of their chow. When they got no action, they left their lunch pails untouched on a given day. The meals were carried back to the kitchen and the incident reported to the commanding officer. The next dinner satisfied the boys, and five weeks after their successful rebellion they told me that their food had continued to be good.

"Actually the seeds for these changes were sown toward the last half of World War II," a middle-aged captain told me. "That's when we learned that we could not afford to waste our time on training the men in goose-stepping if we wanted to survive. We discovered that a good modern soldier needs all the skills which *Kommiss* kills—individual initiative, self-confidence, the ability to work in a team." What this captain had learned in the war, and pondered during the postwar years while he managed a factory, today has also become the general view of the brass in the "Pentabonn," as the shapeless German makeshift Pentagon in Bonn is called by punsters in uniform.

The aftermath of the second World War drove home a second lesson to the German officers. They are still haunted by the memory of the war-crime trials. After the surrender German soldiers were held responsible for the fact that they followed orders in blind obedience, including "criminal orders" given by Nazi leaders. To solve the modern soldiers' dilemma—how to distinguish between military duty and personal responsibility?—the new German G.I. has been equipped with a government-issued conscience. While duty-bound to follow orders, he is now also duty-bound to disobey an order if, as his Soldier's Almanac puts it, "it is so hair-rising as to make it apparent to every objective observer that it does contain something criminal."

But how can a simple soldier ascertain whether an order is "hair-rising"? Some cynics in the *Bundeswehr* wisecracked that a soldier ought to see his lawyer before he follows an order. The problem remains a nettlesome one.

A recent incident foreshadowed the serious military dangers which lurk behind this soldierly conscience and which the enemy could forge into a weapon of his own. On the occasion of NATO staff exercises last spring, the commander of a *Bundeswehr* division flatly refused to ask for simulated atomic support. He held it would inflict heavier casualties on the civilian German population than his conscience could bear. At the same exercise, on the same ground of conscience, a *Bundeswehr* colonel protested in writing against the order of his general to use atomic weapons against "encircled Soviet divisions."

When I talked with a group of young recruits I asked them whether they would fight the East German People's Army in the case of a Soviet attack. The majority replied they would certainly fight; after all, they were pledged and wished to defend their freedom. But two among twelve soldiers considered it a "hair-rising" crime for them to kill their own families "across the Curtain," although they held no more illusions about Communism than their comrades or the great majority of Germans.

To understand the free society of which they are part and which they serve, the G.I.'s are given "citizenship-education courses" by their officers twice a week. But to ask the older officers to teach democracy in a classroom seems to be asking too much. Although they are willing to serve the new democracy in good faith today, they are deeply steeped in traditions of the past. With one exception, the classes in which I participated recalled my own high-school courses on current events, conducted by inexperienced teachers before uninterested youngsters. One class had even all the makings of an indoor parade drill. A major fired silly questions at the men. If they failed to answer exactly as he expected, he insulted them with a snort and a crack. The G.I.'s take it in their stride. They even feel a little sorry for the "granddaddies," whom they respect, and whom the army needs, only for their military experience.

"It will take a new generation for this army to have a new, genuinely democratic officers' corps," *Bundeswehr* Brig. Gen. Count von Baudissin commented when I told him of my impressions. Himself a descendant of a Prussian officers' family and a lifelong soldier, he has become a devoted democrat who blueprinted, and fought for, a thoroughly reformed army of free citizens in uniform.

Today, the *Bundeswehr* must still make use of many officers who cherish the old spirit underneath the New Look. True, the old graduates of the General Staff School have died or are fading away. Those few survivors who seek reappointments—at colonel's rank or above, as they are entitled by age and experience—must pass a rigid examination by a civilian committee of tested democrats, among them members of the old anti-Nazi underground. Around 100 out of 500 applicants did not make the grade.

However, the real problem children of the new army are the officers who joined the old army in the 1930's. Still inoculated with a secondhand dose of the Prussian spirit, some added Nazi ideas to their thinking before they were shocked into total disillusionment by the defeat of 1945. Many of them are today's captains and majors. Men of their professional background were urgently needed and not easy to get.

More than 40 per cent of the former captains and more than 50 per cent of the former lieutenants in search of reinstatement had to be rejected by the *Bundeswehr*. Even among those who were accepted, many today carry a chip on their shoulders in place of their once-resplendent epaulets. They still resent the Allies who defeated them and in many cases held them in prison camps. While they subscribe to the modernization of training in the new army, they find it difficult to understand the free society which it must defend.

Yet these "men of the past" are on the defensive today in the *Bundeswehr*. How much so, I learned through a mural which decorates the officers' mess of the *Bundeswehr* Artillery Training School. It was left there by French occupation troops stationed in the barracks before the Germans moved in again. The large mural depicts a scene of French military history: French troops on their march into Germany nail a proclamation to a pole to celebrate their conquest. "*Ici commence la liberté*," it proclaims triumphantly. This picture—in honor of liberty, of France and of a foreign invasion of Germany—must be a triple horror to traditional Prussian officers. But the young *Bundeswehr* officers of 1957 proudly showed me the picture. Yes, their elder comrades didn't like it, but they themselves saw nothing wrong with it. "Here begins freedom," they translated. "Isn't this a fine motto for our place, whether in French or in German?"

The officer trainees belong to the youngest group—those under thirty—and are not much interested in the past. In their eyes, "the great Prussian tradition" is merely a museum piece, while Nazism seems a nightmare without meaning or interest today.

These views are shared by the nineteen-year-old privates who were drafted into the army. They grew up in the prosperity of the "economic miracle" of the last ten years, which proved to them the merits of peace and freedom. Their childhood memories of ruins and hunger remind them of nationalist and militarist fallacies. Much as they disliked conscription, they have grudgingly come to accept it as a necessary evil. The Hungarian uprising confirmed them in this change of mind. "At least we should be able to defend our families against Soviet tanks," many recruits say.

What is probably most revolutionary and hopeful about this new *Bundeswehr* is that it cannot pursue a policy of its selfish own at home and abroad, as its predecessors so often did. Practically independent of the government, the Prussian *Junkers* who ran the old army were Germany's most powerful caste. They could overthrow or enthrone governments, decide on peace or war. For the first time in German history today, civilians in government and parliament hold the army in a firm grip.

No detail of the new army, "down to the last uniform button," as a young Bonn member of parliament put it, is accepted before German legislators have examined and finally approved it. One reason why it took so long to bring the new army into being was that the legislators doggedly insisted on building a firm democratic structure for the undertaking.

The new German army has turned out to be not quite so new as its planners had hoped and blueprinted. But there is considerably more of the new in it than of the old. The warnings of skeptics notwithstanding, the *Bundeswehr* seems to prove that even a German army can do without overly tough and inhuman discipline, and nevertheless be of genuine military value. In fact, this value seems increased since the soldiers have become team workers, rather than cogs in the wheel of a human precision war machine. And, of a certainty, this army's devotion to a new freedom makes it a force for peace, rather than a threat to peace. Today, this new German soldier is marching in a direction which is also ours.

THE END

"I don't want to seem unco-operative, folks—
but I've got to get on with my deliveries."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Pigskin Preview (Continued from Page 33)

In format, football moves into 1957 with a happy minimum of alterations, after experiencing more changes the past ten years than at any period in its history.

Spectators—particularly those in the end zones—may notice a slight widening of operations. More teams will employ flankers and spreads to counteract the increasing use of the five-four-two defense. This defense in many of its variations amounts to a nine-man line, committed to stopping the running plays of teams devoted to ball control. Thus there will be a general opening up on offense, with more forward passing than last year.

However, conservative coaches aren't forsaking the theory that possession, in football, is six points of the law. No team in the national top ten last season averaged more than seven to nine passes per game. But some of the leaders believe they lost their biggest battles of 1956 because of hesitancy to gamble on passes.

"There are times," says Georgia Tech's Bobby Dodd, "when you can't play it cozy and wait for the other team to make a mistake." Tech lost one game last year—the one that meant the Southeastern Conference championship—to Tennessee, 6–0.

"Ball control is fine—if you're scoring," says Duffy Daugherty, of Michigan State. "But it's no good if you're behind."

The straight-T and split-T formations no longer are self-sufficient. The single wing is making a mild comeback; two single-wing teams, Tennessee and Oregon State, were in New Year's Day bowl games. But the continuing trend is to mixture and variations.

"Football has reached a point where you can't do anything from habit any more," declares Buff Donelli, moving from Boston University to Columbia as head coach. "If you do, you'll get murdered."

In five years as Iowa coach, Forest Evashevski has used five different systems: multiple T, split T, flanker T, unbalanced split T and—last year—the "mirrored offense." The latter was adapted as a wing T by Evashevski's former University of Michigan teammate, Dave Nelson, who has used it most successfully at University of Delaware. What will Iowa, defending Big Ten champion, use this season? "Unknown as yet," states a recent bulletin.

Another variegated attack is being concocted at Vanderbilt. As yet unnamed, it is described by its deviser, Art Guepe, as a combination of "the buck-lateral, the drive series, the spread, the draw, the trap, as well as dives, counters, sweeps and option plays. The formations will change constantly during a drive, producing a kaleidoscopic effect."

The idea is to create an added problem for the defense on every play.

Jordan Olivar, of Yale, foresees more teams experimenting with the unbalanced line. Indeed, to compound the confusion some coaches may teach all three middle linemen to center the ball. When an unbalanced line to the right is desired, the left guard snaps the ball; on an unbalanced line to the left, the right guard snaps it; on a balanced line, the middle player becomes the center. It's all perfectly legal.

From a rules standpoint, the game will look exactly the same. Coaches will keep striving to alternate units of two-way players. The sixty-minute warrior is becoming obsolete, due as much to brain strain as to demands on physical stamina.

"It's now such a game of maneuvers and strategy that only a smart boy can play," says Bill Murray, Duke coach. "There are hundreds of points linemen must know, and some of them can be learned only by experience. That's why you have to play as many boys as you can, so they won't be green when your seniors leave."

The between-season coaching turnover indicated a strong preference for the Oklahoma and Tennessee systems. Of seven important posts, four went to Oklahoma graduates: Texas (Darrell Royal), Washington (Jim Owens), Nebraska (Bill Jennings) and Houston (Hal Lahar); and three to Tennessee-trained men: Indiana (Phil Dickens), Southern Methodist (Bill Meek) and Iowa State (Jim Myers). The fact that Oklahoma and Tennessee finished one-two in the nation in 1956 may be more than coincidental.

Coaches are becoming cleverer in disarming inquisitive alumni. When a hot-shot high-school star doesn't pan out so well at Texas A. & M. and Paul (Bear) Bryant is asked why the boy isn't playing, he will say, courteously and confidentially-like: "You know, I just can't coach that boy."

Recruiting, football's chronic headache, appears to be in the hands of the realists. The Western Conference finally has adopted a scholarship plan similar to that first established by the Southeastern Conference in 1935 and now in effect in most areas except the Ivy League and the Pacific Coast Conference. The Big Ten gives athletes in the top quarter of their classes the full ride of tuition, board, room and books. Others may qualify for financial aid on the basis of need. This may or may not include the prospect of whom an Indiana University alumnus wrote, "He's lean and mean, and in the summer he hunts rattlesnakes for 50 cents a pound."

The Western Conference sounded its purpose of enforcing its new regulations by suspending Phil Dickens, Indiana coach, for one year for having made offers of financial assistance to prospective athletes in excess of aid permitted under the code.

The colleges are in the entertainment business to the extent that they charge admission and collect receipts from football games. The Saturday shows are not cheap to stage or to see, nor amateurish in quality. What's happening, as football revenue is used to defray some or all of the educational expenses of the athletes, is that most major teams now are "professionally amateur."

Bitter disagreement over this policy threatens a breakup of the forty-two-year-old Pacific Coast Conference. U.C.L.A., Southern California and possibly Washington, still under penalty for code violations, may pull out—along with California—but not until after the 1957 season. The Rose Bowl will have time to decide what to do about its pact with the P.C.C. and the Big Ten.

The Orange Bowl attains greater freedom in matchmaking by severing its tie with the Atlantic Coast Conference after 1958, though retaining its agreement with the Big Eight to choose a team from that league in 1959, 1960 and 1961.

Meanwhile, 1957 kicks off with early signs of being the most prosperous season ever. Michigan announced June eighteenth that the Michigan State game at Ann Arbor was a complete sellout (101,001), and the same was expected for the Ohio State and Iowa games. Oklahoma had sold 30,000 season tickets. Navy, Boston College and Indiana were building new stadiums. All of this is no help whatever to the imperiled previewer, who approaches his assignment in full accord with a latter-day sage's caustic allegation: "There are no football experts; only varying shades of ignorance."

EAST

No. 1 Team: Pittsburgh.

Runners-Up: Navy, Army, Penn State, Syracuse, Boston College, Villanova, Holy Cross, Colgate, Boston University.

Ivy League Champion: Princeton.

Runners-Up: Dartmouth, Yale, Pennsylvania, Brown, Cornell, Columbia, Harvard.

Above Average: Lehigh, Delaware, Lafayette, Bucknell, Rutgers, Gettysburg.

Best of Rest: Temple, Buffalo, Hofstra, Muhlenberg, Scranton, Albright, Westminster, Alfred, Lycoming, Geneva, St. Vincent, Waynesburg, Hobart, Allegheny, Thiel, Hamilton, Union, Juniata, Moravian, Susquehanna, Drexel Tech, Pennsylvania Military College, Haverford, Swarthmore, Rochester, Carnegie Tech, Lebanon Valley, Ursinus, West Chester, Dickinson, West Liberty, Franklin and Marshall.

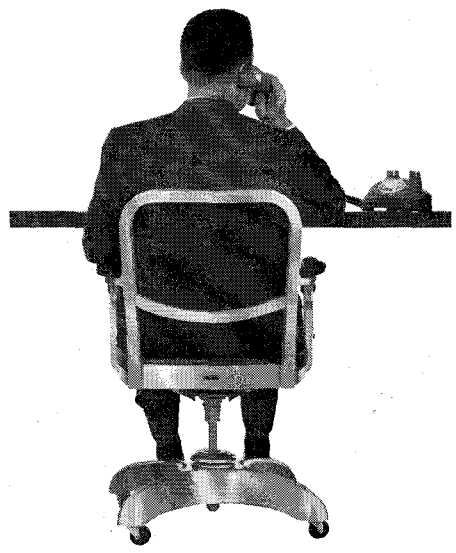
New England: Connecticut, New Hampshire, New Haven State, Rhode Island, Springfield, Tufts, Trinity, Brandeis, Northeastern, Williams, Amherst, Wesleyan, Massachusetts, Vermont, Middlebury, Colby, Bates, Bowdoin.

The unorganized element of Eastern football should celebrate an Independents Day, honoring Syracuse, Pittsburgh, Penn State, Army, Navy and their likes for salvaging a measure of sectional prestige. For the third straight year Pitt is a prime candidate for a bowl bid, despite the loss of the Corny Salvaterra-to-Joe Walton passing combination that set a school record of fourteen touchdowns. New quarterback Bill Kaliden has running potential, too, and the Panther line, averaging 224 pounds from tackle to tackle, revolves about sturdy senior center Charley Brueckman, a fifty-minutes-plus performer in every game last season.

Navy experienced such a splendid spring practice that Eddie Erdelatz, in an unheard-of move by a coach, ended the drills three days short of the twenty-day maximum, because "we accomplished our mission." Tom Forrestal has new-found quarterbacking finesse, and the switch of hefty tackle Bob Reifsnyder to center is a decided success. Army, bigger than ever, is glad that one of its four returning regulars is experienced field general Dave Bourland, but an operation for a knee injury may slow brilliant breakaway threat Gene Mikelonis, and the line must be rebuilt.

Penn State, with seventeen lettermen, moves up 1956's fine No. 2 backfield to varsity rank and could beat last year's six-two-one record. Syracuse, without All-American halfback and 106-point producer Jim Brown, relies on quarterback depth and the East's best end, Dick Lasse. Boston College fields veterans at every position for its stadium-dedicating opener with Navy. Villanova, too, enjoys the novelty of a senior team. Dr. Eddie Anderson, at Holy Cross, oldest active major-college coach in point of service since Lou Little's retirement at Columbia, in his thirty-second year depends heavily on sophomores. Boston University's new staff head, Steve Sinko, admits to better material than predecessor Buff Donelli ever had. It's different at Colgate; Fred Rice, promoted from backfield assistant, builds around two 1956 regulars.

In the Ivy League, where spring practice still is prohibited, the upswing of Dartmouth, Pennsylvania and Brown provides unusual balance. Graduation, plus the ineligibility of exceptional linemen Alex Kroll and Charlie Griffith, stripped Yale. Princeton's chances are braided to its invaluable quarterback-blocker, captain John Sapoch, and the best sophomores in years. Dartmouth, 1956's strongest finisher, has carry-over punch at halfback, plus an extraordinary



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EASY ROLLING

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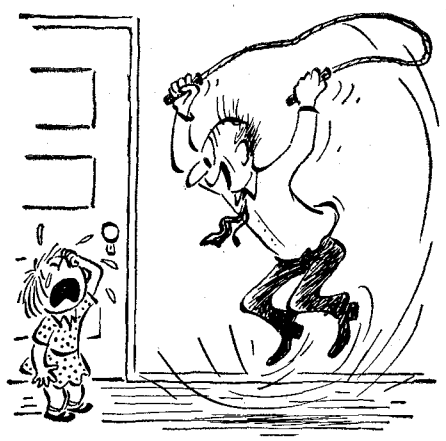

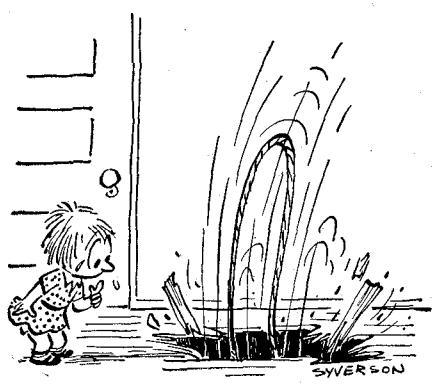

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tackle newcomer, Sam Bowlby. Pennsylvania is now fully indoctrinated into coach Steve Sebo's multiple offense. Brown returns twenty-six of its first thirty-three squadmen. Cornell is paced by Irv Roberson, perhaps the East's fastest back. Columbia and Harvard operate under new coaches and new systems, but remain outmanned.

Never have eastern squads exhibited so many big linemen. George Kurker, 240-pound Tufts tackle with unusual mobility, is an outstanding Little All-America possibility.

The Eastern College Athletic Conference has given permission to twenty-four smaller member-colleges to use freshmen in varsity sports.

EASTERN STARS: Linemen—Brueckman (c) and McCusker (t), Pittsburgh; Lasse (e), Syracuse; Slater (g), Army; Reifsnyder (c), Navy; Knapp (e), Cornell; Palermo (g), Dartmouth; Casciola (t), Princeton; Walters (e), Penn State; Troychak (t), Pennsylvania; Robertshaw (t) and Warburton (c), Brown; Bennett (t), Boston College; Kurker (t), Tufts; Healy (g), Holy Cross; Luzzi (t), Villanova; Harvanik (e), Delaware; Szczypkowski (e), Columbia; Williams (t), Lehigh; Mooradian (g), Connecticut; Hedeman (t), Williams; Pitney (c), New Haven State.

Backs—Sapoch, Princeton; Bourland, Army; Mueller, Dartmouth; Roberson, Cornell; Riepl, Pennsylvania; Winterbauer, Yale; Magee, Villanova; Stahura, Harvard; Forrestal, Navy; Spraker, Columbia; Allard and Miller, Boston College; Dean, Boston U.; Villa, Allegheny; King, Connecticut; Capitani, Gettysburg; Taylor, Geneva; Nolan, Lehigh; Plumb, Springfield; Trouville, New Hampshire.

Sophomores—Kohlhaus (c), Penn State; Brookins (b), Columbia; Bowlby (t), Dartmouth; Revak (t), Cornell; Sachs (b), Princeton; Sepsi (b), Pittsburgh; Davis (g), Syracuse; Promuto (g), Holy Cross; Petrarca (b), Brown; Tranchini (b), Navy; Knight (e), Gettysburg; Agnello (b), Lycoming; Nickles (b), Lafayette; Feldhusen (t), Swarthmore; Leach (b), Connecticut; Rorke (b), Williams; Long (e), Brandeis.

SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Duke.

RUNNER-UP: South Carolina.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION: West Virginia.

RUNNER-UP: Virginia Tech.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Maryland, Clemson, North Carolina, North Carolina State, Virginia, Wake Forest, George Washington, Richmond, Citadel, V.M.I., William and Mary, Davidson, Furman.

BEST OF REST: Lenoir-Rhyne, Catawba, Hampden-Sydney, Washington and Lee, Wofford, Appalachian State, Emory and Henry, East Carolina, Newberry, Presbyterian, Elon.

Even before October's frost is on the pumpkin, some Atlantic Coast Conference team may be shaping tentative travel plans for the Orange Bowl trip and the dubious pleasure of playing Oklahoma. Duke, favored due to fifty holdovers and especially potent in the backfield, opens with solid contender South Carolina, then meets Maryland in its third game. Resourceful South Carolina, brilliant though shallow at halfbacks, re-emphasizes pass defense after restricting 1956 opponents to an air average of 47.6 yards per game. Healthy-again Maryland minimizes its quarterback problem while beseeching immunity from last year's injury plague.

Clemson, lighter than usual, will throw the ball more because, coach Frank Howard says, "No school anywhere has two sophomore quarterbacks to approach our Harvey White and Johnnie Mac Goff." North Carolina's timetable to regained glory is dated "1959," but with coach Jim Tatum's propulsion, the Tar Heels may arrive at a few stations ahead of schedule. North Carolina State returns ten regulars, including stellar halfback Dick Christy. Virginia's one-man gang, for the third-straight year, is the indestructible Iranian, James Abol Hassen Bakhtiar, who probably will again lug the ball more often than any other football warrior and gain about 1000 yards for a team that will lose six to eight games. Wake Forest mourns the graduation of All-American fullback Billy Barnes.

As usual, the Southern Conference race is strictly a two-team argument between West Virginia and Virginia Tech, to be decided in their game September twenty-eighth. West Virginia's backfield is below par, but the line is robust, starring muscular trampolinist Chuck Howley at guard. Virginia Tech, second only to Oklahoma in rushing yardage last year, now diversifies with four fine passers and perhaps the best-anywhere sophomore receiver in Carroll Dale, a do-everything end. George Washington lacks reserves. Richmond has scoring punch but a doubtful defense. New coaches command William and Mary, Citadel and Washington and Lee. V.M.I. is proud of Sam Woolwine's remarkable feat of leading the nation's kickoff returners two years running, but would just as soon not be receiving so many kickoffs—after being scored on.

SOUTHERN STARS: Linemen—Hord (g), Duke; Alderton (c) and Cole (t), Maryland; Howley (g), West Virginia; Kompara (t), South Carolina; Blazer (t), North Carolina; Pepe (e), North Carolina State; Keyser (g), Virginia; Grdijan (g), Clemson; Johnson (t), Wake Forest; McGrath (t), Catawba.

Backs—Bakhtiar, Virginia; McElhaney and Carlton, Duke; Dixon, South Carolina; Christy, North Carolina State; Reed, North Carolina; Hamilton, Maryland; Penland, Furman; England, Virginia Tech; Sidwell, William and Mary; Sommer, George Washington; Ames, Richmond; Woolwine, V.M.I.; Bullard, Lenoir-Rhyne; Bradshaw, Wofford.

Sophomores—Dale (e), Virginia Tech; Joyce (b) and Breedlove (g), Maryland; White (b), Clemson; Stallings (g), Johnson (b) and Coker (b), North Carolina; McGee (g), Duke; Naznik (e), Wake Forest; Rider (b), West Virginia; Mazutis (e), North Carolina State; Maguire (e), Citadel; Lashley (t), William and Mary; Rossetti (b), Richmond; McCrory (t), Lenoir-Rhyne.

SOUTHEAST

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Tennessee.

RUNNERS-UP: Auburn, Georgia Tech.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Mississippi, Florida, Kentucky, Mississippi State, Vanderbilt, Tulane, Louisiana State, Georgia, Alabama.

NO. 1 INDEPENDENT: Miami.

BEST OF REST: Mississippi Southern, Florida State, Louisiana Tech, Middle Tennessee, Chattanooga, Florence State, Tennessee Tech, Southeastern Louisiana, Memphis State, Murray State, Louisville, Eastern Kentucky State, Jacksonville State, Austin Peay, Western Kentucky, East Tennessee State, Morehead State, Sewanee, Centre, Tennessee State, Florida A. & M., Grambling.

South by east the arms race roars unabated, with warring football forces in agreement on only one point: the teams, by and large, are the strongest ever. Tennessee graduated its All-American runner-passer-punter, Johnny Majors, yet tailback is not a trouble spot; Bowden Wyatt, national 1956 Coach of the Year, can choose from four ready-to-roll successors. The rest of the backfield packs even more wallop than last year's champions, and among the twenty-seven lettermen are Bill Johnson and Bobby Urbano, the league's quickest-hitting guard duo.

Auburn, with ace receiver Red Phillips, has an edge on Tennessee at ends, and also carries twin explosives in halfbacks Tommy Lorino—whose 8.44 rushing average topped the nation last year—and the even swifter Bobby Hoppe. But anxiety focuses on the first under-fire test for new Tiger quarterbacks in the opening game against Tennessee. Let Auburn win this one and it might never be headed. Georgia Tech counts nineteen sophomores among its first thirty-three players—undoubtedly the finest assembly of unproved personnel in the school's history—foreshadowing some Saturdays when they may be victims of costly errors, and others when they'll be absolutely unbeatable. The anchor to windward is resolute linebacker Don Stephenson.

Mississippi's all-senior backfield features the SEC's leading passer, Raymond Brown. Tackle Gene Hickerson paces its hard-hitting line. Florida fields its best-balanced units, with improved passing augmenting its exceptional speed. Kentucky's chief asset is terrific tackle Lou Michaels, the nation's only returning consensus All-American player. Mississippi State claims the top junior split-T quarterback in Billy Stacy, who ranked eighth in the nation in total offense as a sophomore; now he's surrounded by such an able cast that State plans to hold out every sophomore from varsity play.

Vanderbilt's new-fashioned offense is designed to utilize fully the multiple open-field talents of tall, galloping Phil King, already regarded as the section's hardest-to-bring-down runner, and a certain high-draft choice by the pros. Both Tulane and Louisiana State have increased their scoring potential, with a season-long argument in prospect as to which landed the more sensational sophomore ball mover, L.S.U.'s Billy Cannon or Tulane's Richie Petitbon. Georgia will throw the ball early and often in ten tough games—eight away from home—including Texas, Michigan and Navy. Alabama has more depth and speed at every position.

Miami, finishing No. 6 in the year-end 1956 team rankings, and statistically No. 1 on total defense, visualizes an even stronger line. And no longer can the claim be made that U. of M. "has more Pennsylvanians than Fred Waring"; last count, only seventeen.

Tennessee State (Nashville) figures to repeat as national Negro champions.

SOUTHEASTERN STARS: Linemen—Michaels (t), Kentucky; Phillips (e), Auburn; Stephenson (c), Georgia Tech; Johnson (g), Tennessee; Hickerson (t), Mississippi; Mitchell (t), Florida; Dodd (c), Mississippi State; Billon (e), Tulane; Newcomb (c), Miami; De Lucca (t), Middle Tennessee State; Gavin (t), Tennessee State.

Backs—King, Vanderbilt; Bronson and Adkins, Tennessee; Stacy, Mississippi State; Lorino and Hoppe, Auburn; Brown and Lott, Mississippi; Flowers, Georgia Tech; Newton, Tulane; Rountree, Florida; Taylor, Louisiana State; Varone, Miami; Dickinson, Mississippi Southern; Renn, Florida State; Sweeney, Middle Tennessee State; Stripling, Murray State; Lyles, Louisville; Caldwell, Tennessee Tech; Murray, Grambling; Mitchell, Tennessee State.

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Sophomores—Cannon (b), Louisiana State; Petitbon (b), Tulane; Rudolph (e), Braselton (b) and Faucette (b), Georgia Tech; Smith (g), Auburn; Wright (b), Tennessee; Britt (b), Georgia; Shaw (b), Kentucky; Cox (g), Florida; Moore (b), Vanderbilt; Jones (c), Tulane; Guttman (b), Miami; Burleson (b), Florence State; Hardin (g), Western Kentucky; McClain (b), Tennessee State.

MIDDLE WEST

BIG TEN CHAMPION: Michigan State.

RUNNERS-UP: Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Ohio State, Illinois, Northwestern, Purdue, Indiana, Wisconsin.

No. 1 INDEPENDENT: Notre Dame.

BEST OF REST: Bowling Green, Miami U., Xavier, Dayton, Detroit, Marquette, Kent State, Ohio U., Toledo, Marshall, Central Michigan, Denison, Muskingum, Heidelberg, Wittenberg, Wooster, Wabash, Western Michigan, Baldwin-Wallace, St. Joseph's, Capital, Carleton, St. Olaf, Ripon, John Carroll, Wayne State, Western Reserve, Akron, Ohio Wesleyan, Knox, Wheaton.

Long-range forecast on the New Year's Day pairing in the Rose Bowl: Michigan State vs. California. And, like last year when Iowa met Oregon State, this would be a replay, for Michigan State and California are scheduled October fifth.

Michigan State is equipped to conquer everything—except an unlikely recurrence of 1956's ruinous injuries. Walt Kowalczyk, again fit enough to be called "the sprinting blacksmith," pairs with a nifty halfback partner, Blanche Martin. Guard Dan Currie accomplished the switch to center *cum laude*. Jim Ninowski, rated the best passer since Earl Morrall, eyes a prime target in end Dave Kaiser, whose mended foot means an auxiliary weapon, the field goal. With twenty-eight lettermen returning, the best the sophomores can do is make the third team.

Iowa's first five games are its easiest, providing time to develop a quarterback successor to Ken Ploen, one of the four first-stringers missing from the championship Rose Bowl squad. Few teams are as well-fixed at tackles as Iowa, with veterans Alex Karras and Dick Klein. Senior-loaded Minnesota, its line big and deep, if lacking in speed, is guided by a superior quarterback in Bobby Cox, understudied by slick passer Jimmy Reese, and needs only to uncover a slippery halfback. Michigan possesses an enviable spread of material, with not a weak spot. John Herrnstein heads the strongest fullback array in the Big Ten, there's superspeed at halfbacks, and junior Gary Prahst, at end, is being likened to departed All-American Ron Kramer.

Ohio State, most ground-bound team in football the past two seasons, and scoreless in its last two 1956 games, believes Frank Kremblas is the passer needed to loosen defenses for Don Clark's running. Illinois possesses a gifted ball carrier, Bob Mitchell; however, on defense there's a linebacking problem. Aggressive Northwestern, continuing its comeback under coach Ara Parseghian, has another stout defensive line, spearheaded by guard Al Viola, but quarterback must be manned by a sophomore; one of the three top candidates is Chip Holcomb, son of athletic director Stu Holcomb. Purdue lost its vaunted air arm, Len Dawson, but retains the core of a sound running attack that outgained all 1956 opponents. Hungry Indiana hopes that recently suspended coach Phil Dickens' "side-saddle T," a blend of single wing and T that won ten straight games for Wyoming last year, will puzzle some foes until the Hoosiers corral stouter operators. Inexperience will plague Wisconsin, though the sophomores are its best in years.

Coach Terry Brennan's situation at Notre Dame is critical. He has virtually the same team, minus Heisman Trophy winner Paul Hornung, that experienced the most disastrous season in the school's history, not only losing eight of ten games but bowing by such scores as 48–8, 47–14, 40–0, and 33–7. There may be a hidden ace in well-knit sophomore quarterback George Izo, but the guess is that Brennan would settle for a five-five record. Alumnus Bernie Crimmins, who resigned as Indiana head coach, and Henry Stram, long-time Purdue aide, are new Notre Dame assistants, indicating a step-up in recruiting. "Any de-emphasis of football at Notre Dame," says athletic director Ed (Moose) Krause, "was exclusively through courtesy of the opposition."

Marquette, nonvictorious since November, 1955, offers steaks to the winners, beans to the losers, in intrasquad games.

MIDWESTERN STARS: Linemen—Karras (t) and Klein (t), Iowa; Prahst (e), Michigan; Burke (t), Currie (c) and Kaiser (e), Michigan State; Youso (t), Minnesota; Viola (g), Northwestern; Thomas (g), Ohio State; Hanson (e), Illinois; Rabold (t), Indiana; Kocourek (e), Wisconsin; Dugan (e), Dayton; Murnen (g), Bowling Green; Kacic (t), Miami; Young (e), Xavier; Libertini (c), Kent State; Ringquist (g), Central Michigan; Furnish (g), Butler.

Backs—Cox and Borstad, Minnesota; Kowalczyk and Ninowksi, Michigan State; Herrnstein and Pace, Michigan; Mitchell, Illinois; Clark, Ohio State; Lewis, Notre Dame; McKeiver, Northwestern; Dillard, Purdue; De Orio, Bowling Green; Thelen, Miami; Kipke, Central Michigan.

Sophomores—Julian (b) and Teuschner (e), Michigan; Look (b) and Bielat (b), Michigan State; Wright (t) and Martin (b), Minnesota; Izo (b) and Hurd (c), Notre Dame; Sessi (b), Iowa; Mestnik (b), Marquette; Meegan (b), Indiana; Hackbart (b) and Hart (b), Wisconsin; Fichtner (b), Purdue; Ramsay (g), Bowling Green; Gnabah (b), Miami; White (b), Dayton; Zindren (t), Kent State.

MISSOURI VALLEY

BIG EIGHT CHAMPION: Oklahoma.

RUNNERS-UP: Colorado, Kansas.

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Houston.

RUNNERS-UP: Tulsa, Cincinnati.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma State, Wichita, Iowa State, Kansas State, North Texas State.

BEST OF REST: Washington U., Drake, Bradley, Omaha, College of Emporia, Morningside, South Dakota, Augustana, North Dakota State, St. Ambrose, Kansas Wesleyan, Kearney State, Missouri Valley, Pittsburg State.

"Oklahoma and the Seven Dwarfs" is the name suggested by Bill Vaughan, of the Kansas City Star, for the expanded Big Eight Conference—which now includes Oklahoma State, formerly Oklahoma A. & M. The dwarfs are getting tougher, but only to the extent of possibly causing all-powerful, never-complacent Oklahoma to apply new emphasis to defense, something unneeded last season, when the Sooners set a new college record for most net yards rushing per game, 391. Guard Bill Krisher again may convoy brilliant lean-forward runner Clendon Thomas to a national scoring championship.

Colorado, making important positional switches, reveals polished running, unpolished passing. Kansas admits to its best over-all material in five years. New coach Frank Broyles brings Georgia Tech fashions to Missouri, explaining that if the word "belly" is objectionable, his offense can be called the midriff series. Nebraska, too, is under new management, but Bill Jennings continues the same Oklahoma system used by prior coach Pete Elliott. At Iowa State the squad shrank from 110 to forty-seven as hard-driving Jim Myers, from U.C.L.A., installed the single wing and effected numerous changes, such as moving 1956 first-string quarterback Charley Martin to tackle. Speedy Kansas State returns nine starters.

Oklahoma State won't compete for the Big Eight championship until 1960, in the interim being listed as an "independent."

Rest at the Season's End

By Elijah L. Jacobs

Boats and motors and skill-less folk to tend
The summer long had left the old man wheezing,
He told the brown-armed girl as she tossed an end
Of the last boat's mooring line for his dextrous seizing
And stepped to the pier. How good the September sun!
The lake smoothed out, except for the little rings
Where fish leaped, feeding. A sudden wild duck, dun
Above the water, passed on whickering wings,
Hurtling southward. Upshore, a loon's wild scream
Sounded and died. On the dock where his gear was piled
The old man sat, feeling the west wind's stream,
And smoked, and gazed at the empty lake, and smiled.

In the far-flung Missouri Valley Conference, new members Cincinnati and North Texas State, both stronger, are eligible for title play through the expediency of nonconference games designated to count in the conference standings.

Houston, playing an exacting intersectional schedule under new coach Hal Lahar, is well manned, projecting one of 1957's better sophomores in flashy halfback Claude King. Skilled passer George Cagliola leads Tulsa on the comeback trail, but Wichita may be even more air-minded with new coach Chalmer Woodard's patterns.

MISSOURI VALLEY STARS: Linemen—Krisher (g) and Harrison (c), Oklahoma; Wooten (g), Colorado; J. Wood (e), Oklahoma State; Chadwick (g), Missouri; Rainsberger (c), Kansas State; Peters (g), Houston; Horton (e), Wichita; Lind (c), Washington U.; Carothers (e), Bradley.

Backs—Thomas, Oklahoma; Brown, Nebraska; Dowler, Colorado; James, Missouri; Mulholland and H. Lewis, Houston; Floyd, Kansas; Cagliola, Tulsa; Morrison, Cincinnati; Keady, Kansas State; Polkinghorne, Washington U.; Toole, North Texas State; LaBrasca, Drake.

Sophomores—Magac (t), Missouri; Van Atta (c) and D. Lewis (b), Kansas; King (b) and Glass (g), Houston; Thompson (g), Durham (e) and McDaniel (b), Oklahoma; Hitt (e), Oklahoma State; Leo (e), Cincinnati; Whitney (b), Kansas State; McClinton (e) and Dean (b), Wichita; Rice (b), South Dakota State.

SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Texas A. & M.

RUNNERS-UP: Baylor, Arkansas.

BEST OF REST: Texas, Rice, T.C.U., S.M.U.

BORDER CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Texas Western.

RUNNERS-UP: Hardin-Simmons, West Texas State, Arizona State, Arizona, New Mexico A. & M.

BEST OF REST: Texas Tech, Texas A. & I., Sam Houston State, Abilene Christian, Arkansas A. & M., Trinity, Southwest Texas State, Stephen F. Austin.

The Texas Aggies are running right on schedule. When Bear Bryant enrolled his first group of freshmen in 1954, the precocious cadets scribbled on the stadium blackboard, "Conference Championship 1956—National Championship 1957." Only a tie prevented a perfect record last season, and now the Aggies, free of the N.C.A.A. probation which kept them out of the Cotton Bowl, are aiming clear for the top. John Crow, a thunderous 217-pound halfback, and tackle Charley Krueger are just the men to take them there. Bryant's talent for developing defensive men with an unyielding proboscis—or "hard nose," as Bear likes to call it—convinces easy-to-convince Aggies that apparent shortages at center and guard will be overcome.

Baylor, the third-place finisher, testified to Southwest Conference strength in 1956 by defeating the nation's second-best team, Tennessee, in the Sugar Bowl. Clyde Letbetter, a quick-charging, rangy, punishing guard, heads a line which averages 220 pounds from tackle to tackle. Sam Boyd wishes for some experienced running backs, but with that wonderful line a man can't have everything.

The return of George Walker and Don Horton, whose 1956 season ended in a September scrimmage, promises the most solid contender at Arkansas since 1954. Defensive improvement must be immediate, however, for the Razorbacks last year yielded 300 yards a game.

"You don't lose nine games," insists Darrell Royal, the new Texas head coach, "and inherit a warm bed." Sophomores like quarterback Bobby Lackey, end Maurice Doke and fullback Mike Dowdle, who composed the finest Longhorn first-year crop in twenty years, should send the temperature up a few degrees despite Royal's chill outlook. Rice must find a way to stop giving up points quicker than the skilled quarterbacks, Frank Ryan and King Hill, score them. Jess Neely would almost give the institute's endowment for a couple of tackles.

Graduation all but leveled T.C.U., but in sophomore Jack Spikes the Frogs will display a Kyle Rote-type halfback. Jimmy Shofner, one of the most versatile backs in the conference, is still around. S.M.U. tries to start all over with Bill Meek, and the coaching import from Houston estimates it will take him three years to rebuild.

Border Conference teams crow over victories scored by Texas Western, Hardin-Simmons and West Texas against Texas Tech, which quit the Border for the Southwest Conference in 1956. Defending champion Texas Western, led by halfback Don Maynard, again looks best in the Border group. Guard Pat Young and tackle Burley Polk, who's all of that at

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240 pounds, make life easy for Hardin-Simmons' quarterback Ken Ford.

SOUTHWESTERN STARS: Linemen—Krueger (t) and Tracey (e), Texas A. & M.; Letbetter (g), Bradshaw (t) and Marcontell (e), Baylor; Donathan (c) and Luplow (t), Arkansas; DelHomme (c), Texas; Whitmire (t) and Dial (e), Rice; Mendoza (e) and Groom (t), T.C.U.; Moore (g), Texas Tech; Osborne (e), Arizona State; D. Forrest (e), Texas Western; Polk (t), Hardin-Simmons; Brown (g), Arizona; Martin (c), Lamar Tech.

Backs—Crow, Wright and Osborne, Texas A. & M.; Walker and Nesbitt, Arkansas; Hickman and Humphrey, Baylor; Fondren, Texas; Hill and Ryan, Rice; Jackson, S.M.U.; Shofner and Dike, T.C.U.; Dellinger, Texas Tech; Ford, Hardin-Simmons; Kelly, New Mexico A. & M.; Maynard, Laraba and B. Forrest, Texas Western; Mulgado, Arizona State; Dubose, Trinity; Hunsaker, Arizona; Sanders, West Texas State.

Sophomores—Doke (e), Dowdle (b) and Lackey (b), Texas; Martin (c) and Spikes (b), T.C.U.; Loveless (g), Welch (b) and Meredith (b), S.M.U.; Milstead (b), Oliver (t) and Caruthers (e), Texas A. & M.; Graves (c) and Dueitt (b), Rice; Gaston (e), Arkansas; Witcher (e), Baylor; Cline (t), Texas Tech; Spanke (e), Arizona State; Hurd (b), Arizona; Kehoe (b), West Texas State; Mulholland (e), New Mexico A. & M.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

SKYLINE EIGHT CHAMPION: Utah.

RUNNERS-UP: Wyoming, Denver.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Brigham Young, New Mexico.

BEST OF REST: Utah State, Montana, Colorado State, Montana State, Air Force Academy.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONFERENCE: Idaho State, Western State, Colorado State, Colorado College, Colorado Mines, Adams State.

An unprecedented influx of junior-college transfers, augmenting a bumper sophomore crop, hoists Skyline football to such a peak that well-heeled Utah envisions striking a mighty blow for homeland in its game against Army at West Point on November ninth. The hard-hitting Utes are doughty delegates. Wyoming, though minus leading ground gainer Jimmy Crawford and not expecting to approach last year's ten-straight mark, is adjusting rapidly to new coach Bob Devaney's multiple offense. Denver blends a veteran backfield with a green line. Brigham Young's sophomores threaten to displace some varsity regulars. New Mexico enjoys the rarity of two units of near-equal ability. Utah State patches a defense that leaked ninety-two points in its last three '56 games. Montana experiments with a "wing spread" attack. Colorado State is strongest at tackles.

The Air Force Academy flies a bit higher, getting into Skyline Eight traffic, but its crew is junior-sophomore, plus a very few exceptional freshmen.

Montana State (Bozeman), gaining the Aluminum Bowl last year with a perfect nine-game record, embarks on a free-lance national schedule.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STARS: Linemen—Renning (g) and Hurley (e), Montana; Amizich (t), Utah; Hewgley (t), Wyoming; Hakes (g), New Mexico; Clark (e), Brigham Young; Cesario (t), Denver; Lund (g), Utah State; Strauss (t), Western State; Jackson (g), Montana State; Wilkerson (e), Colorado State.

Backs—Douglas, Utah; Zowada, Wyoming; Colbert, Denver; Winters, Utah State; Brown, Brigham Young; Wagstaff, Idaho State; Miller, Western State; Bagby, Colorado Mines; Williams, Colorado State.

Sophomores—Holland (c) and Alt (b), Montana State; Wilson (b), Utah; Gupton (b) and Balman (b), Colorado State; Rohde (t), Utah State; Eckel (g) and Hubbs (b), Brigham Young; Kuczewski (g), Wyoming; Collins (b) and Munda (e), Denver; Polychronis (g), Montana; Roberts (b), New Mexico; Dooley (g), Western State.

PACIFIC COAST

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Oregon State.

INELIGIBLE: Southern California, U.C.L.A., Washington.

RUNNERS-UP: California, Stanford.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Oregon, Washington State, College of Pacific, San Jose State.

BEST OF REST: Idaho, Fresno State, Humboldt State, California Poly, San Diego State, San Francisco State, Redlands, Occidental, Puget Sound.

Basic disagreement and bitter feeling, reaching the administrative level, have split the Pacific Coast Conference and probably will lead to ultimate withdrawal by California, U.C.L.A. and Southern California, and perhaps Washington. Penalties, fines, probations and suspensions still have three of these perennial powers ineligible to compete for the Conference championship and Rose Bowl appearance. Only California is free. With Oregon State also in an isolation ward, owing to the no-return rule, the Rose Bowl representative appears to await another sound lacing by the Big Ten.

The league championship is virtually deeded to Oregon State, where a seasoned squad is headed by Honolulu-born tailback Joe Francis, evaluated by his coach, Tommy Prothro, as "the best college passer in the nation." Southern California is deprived of top backs C. R. Roberts, Ernie Zampese and Don Hickman in the P.C.C.'s sweeping ineligibility verdict, yet coach Don Clark, who moved up from line instructor, is attempting a go-go-go offense harnessed to powerful tackles Mike Henry and Monte Clark. U.C.L.A. is not permitted to play five senior starters from 1956, but some of the sophomores and transfers fit impressively into Red Sanders' single wing, which spotlights tailback Kirk Wilson, whose 49.3-yards punting average last year was the best in the history of college—and of professional—football. Washington's first season under coach Jim Owens could be a happy one if a shoulder injury heals in time for quarterback Al Ferguson to direct the Huskies' feared ball-carrying brigade.

California fortunately retains a made-to-measure quarterback, Joe Kapp, to operate the split T introduced by Pete Elliott, coaching successor to Lynn (Pappy) Waldorf. Stanford surprisingly expects to be equal to last year on offense—despite the loss of ace passer John Brodie—and improved on defense. The California-Stanford game on November twenty-third most likely will decide the Rose Bowl color bearer.

Oregon, with Jack Morris, Jim Shanley and Leroy Phelps, could generate the league's best ground attack. Washington State may have lost the P.C.C.'s best bet for All-American when end Bill Steiger underwent a summer operation for a damaged neck; he was No. 1 in the nation in pass-catching yardage last season, and his throwing partner, Bob Newman, returns. College of the Pacific aspires to 1957 national leadership in total offense (it was fourth last year) on the Tom Flores-Farrell Funston air pair, plus Dick Bass' running—if his disciplinary probation is lifted.

PACIFIC COAST STARS: Linemen—Brackins (g), Oregon State; Day (t), Washington; Wheatcroft (e), California; Henry (t) and Clark (t), Southern California; Wallen (e), U.C.L.A.; Mondale (g), Oregon; Barbee (t), Stanford; Funston (e), Pacific; Kloppenburg (c), Fresno State; Peters (g), San Francisco State; Kramer (g), Idaho; Sanger (t), San Jose State; Kidd (g), California Aggies.

Backs—Shanley, Morris and Phelps, Oregon; Wilson and Billington, U.C.L.A.; Francis and Durden, Oregon State; Conroy and Ortega, Southern California; Kapp, California; Carr and Jones, Washington; Douglas and Valli, Stanford; Newman, Washington State; Bass and Flores, Pacific; Philpott, Fresno State.

Sophomores—Stinnette (b) and Metcalfe (t), Oregon State; Burford (e), Stanford; Adams (b), U.C.L.A.; West (b), Oregon; Farrar (g), Washington State; Crow (b), California; Brodie (b), Southern California; Murchison (e), Pacific; Kuhn (b), Fresno State; Sochor (b), San Francisco State.

My preratings of the top twenty teams and the players most likely to attain All-American recognition appear at the beginning of this article. Some individual selections:

LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Lou Michaels, Kentucky.

BACK OF THE YEAR: Clendon Thomas, Oklahoma.

SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Carroll Dale, Virginia Tech.

SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR: Billy Cannon, Louisiana State.

And surely the No. 1 opportunist in or around football is the manufacturer who's thinking of mass-producing dummies "for students who want to hang the coach in effigy." THE END

NEXT WEEK

BIRDS of OUR LAND

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INDIA FACES THE FACTS OF LIFE

Capitalism Stages a Comeback in a Socialist Country

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College Career of a Remarkable 13-Year-Old

MAN TRACKERS OF THE ROCKIES

How Bloodhounds Find Criminals and Lost Children

SURE CURE FOR STAGE FRIGHT

The TV Star's Invisible Friend

I WAS A TENNIS SLAVE

By LEW HOAD

The Wimbledon Champion, Now a Pro, Sounds Off on the "Amateur" Game

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Bring Back the Bride (Continued from Page 26)

the frozen north. Where, according to what little I can find out, they intend to combine a honeymoon with the doctor's shooting of a moose.

All I know is that Jane and Doctor Hendrix were suddenly hitched and off to mooseland, leaving Briskell hollering blue murder. The things some of the producers of these romantic pictures can say when their own lady stars become involved! Whew! They figure that love takes the ladies' minds off their work, which it does, and they are strictly against it for the hired help. From what I can gather, when Briskell first heard that Jane was even thinking of marrying this doctor, he called her in and said things to that girl that a mule skinner wouldn't say to a mule. And now that she's gone ahead and done it anyway, as they invariably do, he is fit for the special sports jacket with the sleeves that tie in the back.

Which brings us to my part in the tragedy. And before even going into that I would like a serious assurance from you that you're with me. Was your hilarious note accepting my offer of employment a considered judgment or merely your idea of wit and humor?

Are you, or are you not, aboard? Wire at once. In haste,

STEVE.

STEVE McCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

HANGING ON EVERY WORD. HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO SAY YES? HAVE SEVERED ALL OTHER TIES. WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER TILL DEATH DO US PART. SIGNED. HENRY

STEVE MCCRACKEN
PUBLIC RELATIONS
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

March 23, 1957
Air Mail Special

MR. HENRY HUCKABY,
HOTEL WENTWORTH,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Dear Huck: O.K., pardon me for doubting you. It's just that things are so nervous on this first one that I had to be sure. It's so wonderful to have you with me that I wanted to make sure I wasn't dreaming.

Anyway, on to the details. The first thing I naturally did, when I heard that Jane had blown town, was to speed to the bank with that check of hers as though the Hound of the Baskervilles was driving the cab.

And she hadn't stopped payment on it at all! What had happened evidently being that Jane, having hired me and knowing my capabilities, had figured that it was a good time to let Briskell stew in his own juices for a while, while I basted him with spoon after spoon of publicity. Either that or she'd simply forgotten that she'd given me the check. Which was entirely possible.

In either case, a McCracken paid is a McCracken hired. And I set to work for her at once. First calling a selected few of the columnists—about forty—and telling each one in hushed tones that just before she'd emplaned for Canada, Jane had told me to be sure to call whichever one I was talking to, with the full details of her marriage. Which I proceeded to make up. They were warmly grateful, because since the first rumor broke, they'd all been frantically calling the Paragon publicity department, only to be met with a blank telephonic stare.

And everything was going just fine till late in the afternoon, when the columnists—they have ears like elephants—began calling back to say that they'd heard that Jane and Briskell had had a terrible fight over the marriage, and was this going to mess up the renewal of her contract?

Oh, my goodness, no, I cried. I didn't want to get anything like that started in the columns. I had no urge to make a permanent enemy of anybody as important as Briskell. In this town you fight for your clients, but you don't enrage the mighty. Oh, heavens no, I went on, warming to my work, Briskell was very enthusiastic over this marriage, because it is such a thrilling story of devotion to an ideal. Nobody knows it, but Jane's grandfather was a country doctor in Indiana, and she spent her early childhood happy at his knee, listening to his tales of buggy pharmacopoeia. For a time she even studied medicine herself, till, at the age of eleven, her health broke and she had to turn to tap dancing. A sentimental man like Briskell mad over Jane Matthews marrying a doctor? Why, the instant she gets back from her honeymoon he's going to star her in the role she's always dreamed of doing—a musical version of the life of Madame Curie!

And having, as I thought, done my work well, I went home and slept the sleep of the just.

This morning about ten getting a spirited call from Briskell's office. He'd discovered that the guff in the morning papers was the work not of his own publicity department, but of me, and if I wasn't in his office in three minutes I could prepare to dodge buckshot. When I skidded to a stop in front of his simple gold-encrusted desk, I have seldom seen a man so frothing with rage. (*Continued on Page 74*)

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(*Continued from Page 71*) "If that Nick Blik thinks he's going to get Jane Matthews away from me for a radium musical," he cried, "he's got another think coming!"—and bang, his fist came down on the desk so hard it cracked the glass in his autographed picture of Teddy Roosevelt.

What had happened being that Nick Blik, that busy but scurvy little independent producer, had seen my merry fiction in this morning's columns, and had immediately called Briskell in a high dudgeon, saying that *he* owned the musical rights to Madame Curie's life, and if Jane Matthews wanted to star in any such picture, she'd by thunder make it for him! "Why, that Sam Blotz," he'll cry, "if he thinks he's going to make Poona Poona in Hong Kong ——"

The fact being that, like as not, Sam has no intention of making Poona Poona in Hong Kong, or Walla Walla in Washington. It's just that the columnist called up on a dull day and asked Sam if he had any earth-shaking news, and not having any, but not wishing to admit it—in Hollywood you have to be doing something—he just came out with the first thing that popped into his head.

The funniest part of it being that some of the biggest events in this town have come about in exactly this way—out of nothing more substantial than a puff of hot air in somebody's column. Somebody sees it, believes it, and whir-r-r go the wheels.

Which is the situation that faces me this instant. Because, as everybody in town knows, all Nick actually owns is a kids' book about Madame Curie that he once bought for four hundred dollars, but he evidently figures that if Jane is in a strong Curie mood, he might use even this as bait to lure her away from Briskell.

And the hideous thing is, he might do it. He's been after Jane for years like a weasel, and if he gets to her now with practically any sort of a proposition while she's still mad over the things Briskell said about her marriage, she might sign and be lost to mighty Paragon forever. And if this should happen to a major studio because of me, the only use for my head in this town would be for the school board to buy it to use in games of kickball.

So what I have got to do is to find Jane with all speed, and convince her that now that she's married to a doctor, she must have nothing to do with any quick-John producers of phony medical pictures, as it would be a terrible blow to the dignity of the medical profession.

And the only difficulty in finding her at once to convince her of this is that I don't know where she is. Nobody does. Except that she is supposedly somewhere in Canada, where her husband is banging away at a moose. That's the only clue I can give you. But I have naturally got to find her somehow, before Nick does. So get up there at once, search out all available moose and look near them.

Only hurry. And watch the expenses, now that I'm paying them.

Love,
STEVE.

STEVE McCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

ANXIOUS TO SERVE, BUT COULDN'T THINK OF INTERRUPTING ANYONE'S HONEYMOON. IT'S A TERRIBLY TICKLISH TIME, AND SO IMPORTANT THAT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD GET OFF TO A GOOD START. HENRY

HENRY HUCKABY
HOTEL WENTWORTH
DETROIT MICH

YOU IDIOT. THIS THAT GIRL'S FOURTH HONEYMOON. IF SHE ISN'T OFF TO A GOOD START BY NOW, SHE'LL NEVER MAKE IT. GET GOING.
STEVE

STEVE McCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

STEVE, THERE'S NO WAY TO FIND ANYBODY WHO'S PURSUING AN ANONYMOUS MOOSE THROUGH CANADA. THAT PLACE IS BIGGER THAN THE UNITED STATES AND HOLLYWOOD PUT TOGETHER. J. EDGAR HOOVER COULDN'T FIND HER WITH FIVE HUNDRED ST. BERNARDS. BESIDES, IF SHE'S GOT ON ANY OF THOSE LOW-BRIDGE DRESSES SHE WEARS IN HER PICTURES, SHE'S ALREADY FROZEN TO DEATH ANYWAY.
HENRY

HENRY HUCKABY
HOTEL WENTWORTH
DETROIT MICH

HENRY, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. JUST STAY THERE IN THE WARM, AND I'LL DROP EVERYTHING AND GO MYSELF. BY THE WAY, YOU'RE FIRED. STEVE McCRACKEN

STEVE McCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

LEAVING FOR CANADA IN TWENTY MINUTES. OLD HUCK IS HOT ON THE SCENT. HUFFA, HUFFA, HUFFA. HENRY

HOTEL WENTWORTH
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
March 26, 1957
Air Mail

MR. STEVE MCCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Steve: Well, I am still here. But it is not my fault. Because what I actually am is back. I have given you one of the best mornings of my life, but all I've accomplished is to find out that my maiden mission for the firm was, just as I thought, impossible.

Not that I didn't try. I arose shortly after dawn, firm of jaw. And after a hearty breakfast—heaven knew when I'd eat again—I hurriedly checked out and set off across town to purchase the bare necessities for a trip into Canada. A fur-lined sleeping bag, a compass, a rifle and ammunition, a camp stove, an ax, a dozen candles, and a sack of salt.

And I loaded all this stuff into a taxi, added my normal luggage to the pile, got in and leaned back exhausted, and we headed for Canada. That is, I leaned back exhausted, but the fact is that when the taxi driver looked around and said where to now, I suddenly realized that I had no idea in this world where to now.

"Do you happen to know a Dr. Ronald Hendrix?" I said. "From Los Angeles? Nerve man?"

No, he didn't.

"Well, he's somewhere in Canada hunting moose," I said, "and I've got to find him. So let's get going."

"You're kidding," he said. "They hunt them things all the way from here to the North Pole. You nutty or something?"

At which point I had the first sensible idea that either of us has had. Was there a Canadian consulate in Detroit, I asked.

There was; he took me there, and the man was very nice.

"Where would you find a couple of people who have been in Canada the last four or five days shooting moose?" he said pleasantly. "Why, I imagine you'd find them in jail—the moose season is in the fall."

Well, that did it. I thanked him and came back here and checked back in. Because the only thing more impossible to find than a couple of people who are hunting moose in Canada is a couple of people who are not hunting moose in Canada. They could be anywhere. They're no doubt at some snowbound secret hide-away, probably under assumed names, enjoying a romantic honeymoon. The Northwest Mounted Police couldn't find them.

We'll just have to wait for them to turn up. If they come through the hotel here on their way home, I'll definitely wire you.

O.K.? As ever,
HENRY.

HENRY HUCKABY
HOTEL WENTWORTH
DETROIT MICH

IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY I COULD SHOOT FROM HERE. YOU MELONHEAD, HOW CAN A MOVIE STAR HIDE? THEY CAN'T FOR LONG, WHICH IS WHAT WORRIES ME. NICK'S CALLING EVERYBODY IN NORTH AMERICA TRYING TO GET A LEAD ON WHERE THAT GIRL IS, AND IF HE SHOULD FIND HER BEFORE I DO, WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO ME WOULD SICKEN A VULTURE. SO GET GOING. MUSH. STEVE McCRACKEN

STEVE McCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

ALL RIGHT, BUT IF MY BLEACHED BONES ARE FOUND ON SOME LONELY CANADIAN HILLSIDE WHEN THE SNOW MELTS LATER IN THE SPRING, DON'T BLAME ME. HENRY

NORTHERN HOTEL
Flin Flon, Manitoba
Canada
March 28, 1957
Air Mail Special

MR. STEVE MCCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Steve: Well, what do you know—I've found her! When I put my mind to it, it was the work of a moment.

All it took was a little minor crookedness. You know, Steve, one of the silliest features of this idiotic age is our new insistence that the police should use legal methods. Not the crooks, just the police. I never heard of anything so ridiculous.

Let me show you how simple detective work is if you don't have to use legal methods.

I merely picked up the phone and asked the operator to get me Dr. Ronald Hendrix, in Hollywood, California. And clickety-click and his nurse was on the line. "Dr. Ronald Hendrix, please," said the operator; "long distance calling." Sorry, but he was out of town.

At which point I took over. "This is Colonel Abernathy, harumph," I said, "with the Air Force at Wright Field. What does Doctor Hendrix want done about the rats?"

"The what?" she said.

"The rats," I said. "I wouldn't even mention this over the phone if it weren't an emergency, but Doctor Hendrix has been working with us on these upper-air studies, and after the top-secret rocket shot this morning, these rats have come down with a very strange motor syndrome. And I must reach Hendrix at once."

There was a pause at the other end of the line.

"Well," she said finally, "I *probably* shouldn't tell you this, either, but if it's the Air Force, I suppose it's all right. You can reach him at Number Three-eight-two, Flin Flon, Manitoba, Canada."

"Flimflam?" I said, suspecting that I was being made the victim of a hoax. If there's anything I hate, it's a hoax.

"Flin *Flon*," she said. "Number Three-eight-two."

"Thanks very much," I said. "You have been of tremendous aid to the defense effort." I didn't bother to add to whose.

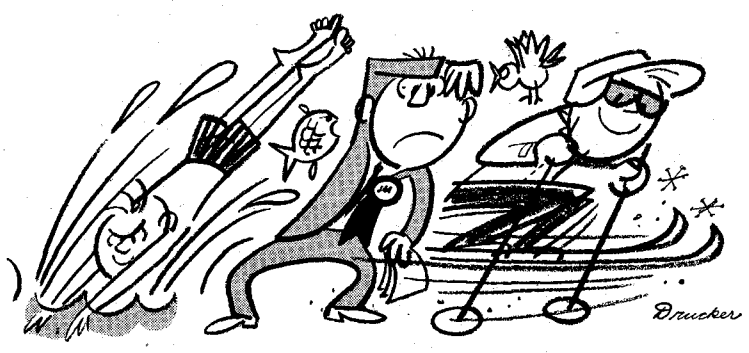
In a matter of minutes, I was packed, checked out and in a plane headed north to Flin Flon. Paying a terrible charge for excess baggage for my few items of cold-weather camping gear.

Which, as it turned out, I didn't need. When we finally arrived, it was colder than a witch's icebox—they have a rather late spring, around July—but the Northern Hotel seemed to have electric lights and everything. The bellboy was quite uppity over my candles.

"Have they been having trouble with the lights in the States?" he said.

I shushed him, tidied up a bit, and set off around town to start inquiries. In less than an hour I was half frozen and had got the facts.

And here they are: Doctor Hendrix and Jane are here all right, staying with a young Canadian doctor he met in Korea, who is now a resident physician at the mines, nearby. The reason they are here is that the guy has been writing Hendrix, no doubt telling (*Continued on Page 76*)



The Perfect Squelch

The convention delegate from Portland, Oregon, held the floor in an informal session. He announced to his listeners from other parts of the country that his home was "smack in the center of paradise." Then he added: "Why, we drive about forty miles to one of the most beautiful national forests; or only fifty miles to the finest skiing; and, for an ocean swim, a mere eighty miles to the Pacific itself."

Turning to a quiet little man at his elbow, he trumpeted, "Bet you can't do that in your state."

The little man turned, exposing a delegate's badge which read TEXAS.

"No," he drawled, "down our way we ain't that crowded."

Jerry Erickson

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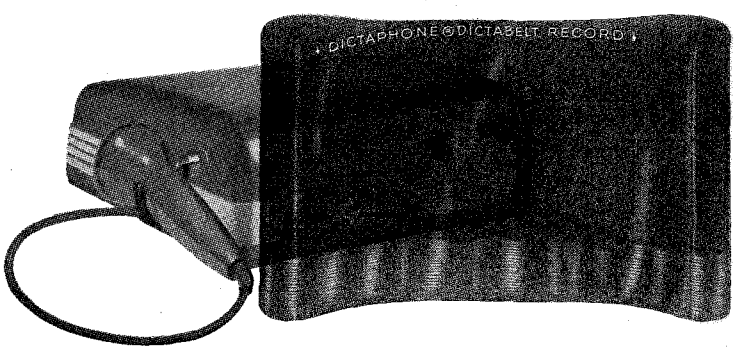

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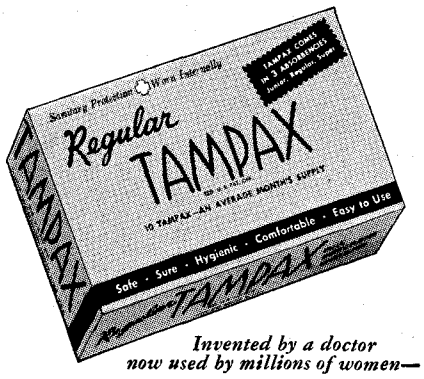
You'd think we were back to the days of hoop skirts and fluttering fans—the way you act when time-of-the-month comes around! Putting up with unnecessary discomfort and embarrassment—just as though *Tampax* had never been invented—and by a doctor, at that!

What are you waiting for? Why do you continually turn your back on *freedom, comfort, confidence?* It's time you see for yourself—Tampax® internal sanitary protection is the daintiest, most *convenient* protection you could have!

Think of it! No chafing, binding or irritation! Tampax is invisible, unfelt when in place. Does away with belts, pins, pads. Can't cause odor. Is simple to *insert, change, dispose of.* And you never have carrying problems!

Time you face up to facts! Tampax is the *modern* way—the *nicest* way of handling "problem days." Give it a trial—a simple trial—and you'll *never* want to use anything else! Ask for Tampax, wherever drug products are sold. Choose from 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



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( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*Continued from Page 74*)

him of the millions of dollars to be made in Canadian mining; and now that he has Jane's money to operate with, Doctor Hendrix evidently sees no reason to delay investment. And it certainly is a wonderful place for Jane to have a honeymoon without anybody bothering her; nobody bothers her here, not even Doctor Hendrix. Practically the whole time since they got here he's been gone, off in the wilderness with his Canadian doctor friend, no doubt snatching up mining properties. If people could only know some of the "romantic" honeymoons these film stars have. The man must be daft. I wouldn't neglect Jane Matthews for all the mines in Canada. In this cold weather I'd stay near and keep that girl warm.

Jane has, however, busied herself, and in a most unusual way. Unusual, that is, to anybody not familiar with the vagaries of movie stars.

Now that she's married a doctor, she thinks she's Florence Nightingale. Bundles up every day here, and goes out visiting the sick. So help me. Passes out penicillin throat lozenges and lectures the people on the importance of fresh air. Bundled up as she is, and with her own nose running and her eyes red from the cold, nobody in town has recognized her. They just think she's a doctor's wife from the States who's nuts.

The only importance of this silly situation being that she's in no mood for anybody to try talking her out of any role as a great medical pioneer. If Nick arrived at the moment with an offer to star her in the life of Madame Curie, she'd leap around his neck with happy cries.

And unfortunately, I'm afraid that Nick may be on his way. Because seeing that Jane had to be given a chance to get over this healing mood before I could talk any sense with her, I thought it only sound strategy to call Nick's office in Hollywood and, without giving anything away, find out if he had any leads yet. Get some idea of how much time we had.

And when his minor-league studio there answered, I got through to Nick's secretary anonymously all right, but when she said who was calling, my fool operator said, "Mr. Henry Huckaby in Flin Flon, Can——"

I hung up as though the phone were on fire. Good heavenly days!

It'll probably take Nick's secretary and Nick a day or two to figure the thing out. But figure it out they will, and he'll be on his way. He's got a map too.

So, if you have any ideas, you'd better give them to me fast.

In the meantime, I'll continue doing everything I can.

As ever,
HENRY.

HENRY HUCKABY
NORTHERN HOTEL
FLIN FLON MAN CAN

HAVE EXCELLENT IDEA. YOU SAY YOU WASTED SOME OF MY MONEY ON A RIFLE? WELL, SHOOT YOURSELF. LEAVING HERE MYSELF TONIGHT TO TAKE OVER. AND IF YOU'RE STILL THERE WHEN I GET THERE, YOU'LL WISH YOUR BONES WERE ON A HILLSIDE. STEVE McCRACKEN

STEVE McCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

SUDDENLY HAVE WONDERFUL IDEA MYSELF. I'VE GOT THIS THING SOLVED. HOLD EVERYTHING, HAVE UTTER FAITH, AND WAIT FOR AIR MAIL SPECIAL. HUCK

NORTHERN HOTEL
Flin Flon, Manitoba
Canada
March 30, 1957
Air Mail Special

MR. STEVE McCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Steve: Steve, I can only repeat that nothing is any problem if you don't panic. Just stay calm and figure your way out.

Take this little matter here. Impressionable girl movie star, having married doctor, thinks she's Florence Nightingale; while under spell, receptive to medical-picture offer from unworthy minor studio.

Well, goodness gracious, what a simple thing to solve. All I have to do is give her a taste of what it really means to be a doctor or a nurse; she'll recoil as though stabbed, and the crisis will be over.

Here's what I'll do. I'll contact the Mounted Police—incidentally, I find the correct term is the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—and find out where there's a really bad epidemic somewhere in Canada—typhoid or cholera or something like that.

I will then go to see Jane, introduce myself as an undercover agent of the Canadian Board of Health, tell her that we have heard splendid reports of her good work here in Flin Flon, and because of this emergency, she must bring her throat lozenges and come with me at once. But her husband is away, looking at a mine, she will say. "Poo-poo," I will say. "By the time he returns, you will have returned, the epidemic stemmed and the plaudits of Canada ringing in your ears."

And here's a quick final flash. I've been on the phone and I've found my epidemic—a terrible cholera onslaught among the Eskimos far up in the Northwest Territories—and I've just talked to Jane and she's all for it. So I've hired a plane and we're leaving in thirty minutes. She's packing, writing a note to leave for Doctor Hendrix, and getting together some sheets she can bring along to tear into bandages.

So don't worry. We're off, and I'll wire you the instant she recoils.

And don't be too sure that we can't do some good up there. One good doctor—me—and a devoted nurse can sometimes do wonders in an epidemic.

Hurried regards,
DOCTOR HUCKABY.

HENRY HUCKABY
NORTHERN HOTEL
FLIN FLON MAN CAN

I SUPPOSE IT'S TOO LATE TO CATCH YOU WITH THIS, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT. A HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MILLION PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY, AND I PICK YOU TO GO INTO BUSINESS WITH ME. YOU DIRTY DOG. TO TAKE THAT GIRL INTO AN EPIDEMIC AND TAKE A CHANCE OF KILLING HOLLYWOOD'S LEADING GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS. BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. I'M OFF TO SINGAPORE. FROM THERE I CAN GET A RICKSHAW OUT TO SOMEWHERE. BUT TO THINK THAT YOU'D DO THIS TO ME.
STEVE McCRACKEN

STEVE McCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DISMOUNT FROM RICKSHAW AND GET A CAB HOME. I SAID HAVE FAITH. OH, TROUBLED ARE YE OF LITTLE FAITH—HENRY 3:31:57. MEANING THAT EVERYTHING'S FINE HERE, AS YOU'LL SEE IN AIR MAIL SPECIAL I WILL GET OFF AS SOON AS I CAN SCRUB UP. AS WE DOCTORS SAY.
HUCK

NORTHERN HOTEL
Flin Flon, Manitoba
Canada
March 31, 1957
Air Mail Special

MR. STEVE McCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Steve: Well, as at Detroit, I am not still here, I am back. Only now the mission is accomplished.

Steve, I will never understand why you worry so about these things. I go from step to step as sure-footed as a

BLACKHAWK®

RESCUING! faster with BLACKHAWK® hydraulics

When every second is critical — when delay could mean death for entrapped accident or disaster victims — that's when rescue teams really appreciate Blackhawk's wonder-working "Porto-Power ®" hydraulic rescue kits. Applying tons of force smoothly, safely — these remote control hydraulic tools quickly push, pull, bend or spread the materials causing entrapment.

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- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to *source* of your pain.
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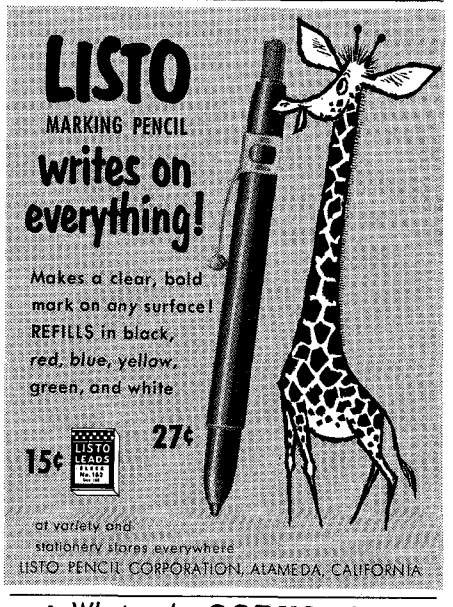
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donkey in the Grand Canyon. Yes, I know there's another word for donkey, but it has nothing to do with me.

Take the little problem we had here. With Nick due to arrive any moment to offer Jane a Superscope stethoscope. The only possible thing to do was to remove her from the scene before he could arrive. That part of it was elementary; the problem was how. With Doctor Hendrix not back from his explorations, and no way to get a message to him, how was I to induce her to pack up and go?

Which is why I invented the cholera epidemic. I thought I would make it so ridiculous that you would know I was kidding, that I was just engaged on some sound and necessary maneuver for the good of all. But no, you have to believe it and run for the hills. You're as gullible as those producers.

What I actually did was to carry through the plan as I sketched it out to you, up to a point. Representing myself as Canada's epidemic specialist, I indeed convinced Jane that she was needed, and we hired the plane and took off. Jane sitting in the back, bravely cutting up some

... ...

High Morning

By MAUDE RUBIN

While foothills pull their
blankets of gray cloud
Across their granite bones,
and sleep away,
Here on the peak the sun
strikes clear and loud
A gong of polished brass to
wake the day!

... ...

of her host's best sheets into bandages.

At each stop I would rush to the nearest phone and check on the epidemic. Which, at nightfall, was still raging unchecked. Where was that American nurse? Press on, they begged of us.

We stayed overnight at a little out-of-the-way place where I figured Nick couldn't find us by wire, phone or radar, and after a frugal dinner of beans and moose meat, I sat late at the fireplace with Jane, telling her in gory detail more of the brave history of doctors and nursing, making up most of it as I went along.

The only trouble being that she didn't recoil. She hadn't recoiled all day as we pressed on, and she didn't recoil now, as I gave her my best shots. And around midnight it came to light that her grandfather really was a country doctor, not in Indiana, but in Ohio—you just missed it by one state. She had indeed spent countless enthralled hours at his knee, and, in fact, the first book she ever owned was a battered and precious little biography of Florence Nightingale. Which he'd given her. Looking a little like Dr. Albert Schweitzer, she kept saying, "Oh, let's get there tomorrow just as early as we can."

H'm'm'm. Finally I gave up and we retired to our rooms; I to toss and turn like an angleworm on a wide sidewalk. A new feature was needed for this plan. But what? In this unfortunately genuine frame of mind, Jane was bound to fall for the first medical-picture idea that came along. And suddenly a smile spread across my face and I drifted off to sleep like a snug lamb.

And this morning right after breakfast I made one more fake phone call, and, miraculously, the epidemic was over. By working tirelessly all night, the authorities had got it under control; the Eskimos were all sitting up eating blubber soup. Wasn't that wonderful? The important thing being that there was no longer any need of us, and we were to return to Flin Flon and await orders. There might be more cholera at any time, and we were to hold ourselves in readiness. Particularly that wonderful American nurse; Canada would forever be grateful.

Then, as we flew back to Flin Flon, retracing our steps so as to take most of the day, I sat in the little back seat with Jane, and gradually told her the truth of the expedition. Well, not exactly.

What I told her was that I was indeed Henry Huckaby, your top troubleshooter—the word "troublemaker" came to mind, but I dismissed it—and you and Briskell had sent me up here on a very important mission. The reason Briskell had argued so about her marriage being that he was afraid it might interfere with the tremendous project he had in mind for her as soon as she signed her new contract—the life story of Florence Nightingale! I had been sent up to see if she was heroine enough to handle it, and, wonder of wonders, she had acquitted herself nobly. The picture was hers!

And what an inspiring epic it would be. Lines of beautiful chorus girls playing the roles of the brave nurses Florence took to the Crimea, and the chance for all sorts of dandy musical numbers—Stompin' at the Sevastopol, The Bosporus Bop, Crimea River.

Well, Jane was delighted. She is happily paying all the expenses of my search, she wants wonderful you to be her publicity man forever, and she is going to sign with Briskell on sensible terms the minute she gets back to Hollywood. She is overjoyed at the thought of working for many more happy years for a man with such inspiration and vision. Nick's loathsome representative was here waiting for her when we got back late this afternoon, and she practically threw him out of Flin Flon. "My future plans are all made," she said; "shoo."

Which leaves only one detail. How are you going to contain the explosion after Jane gets back there, signs with Briskell, and then asks him when he is going to start this mighty picture?

Other than that, you're home free.

Regards,
HENRY.

HENRY HUCKABY
NORTHERN HOTEL
FLIN FLON MAN CAN

YOU FOOL, THAT'S NO PROBLEM. IT'LL BE A WONDERFUL PICTURE. HAVE YOU EVER READ THE LIFE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE? IT'S GOT EVERYTHING. SWEEP AND SCOPE, LOTS OF GIRLS, A WHOLE WAR AS BACKGROUND RIGHT IN THE AREA THAT'S NOW IN THE NEWS. IT'LL BE A TERRIFIC PICTURE. BRISKELL KISSING MY HANDS AND GOING TO GIVE JANE LARGE VOLUNTARY RAISE. HOW CAN YOU BE SO STUPID? STEVE

STEVE McCRACKEN
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

I KNOW IT WILL BE A WONDERFUL PICTURE, BUT IF I'D TRIED TO TELL YOU AND BRISKELL THAT, YOU'D ONLY HAVE SAID I WAS NUTS. AND NOW, IF YOU'LL PARDON ME, I HAVE TO GO TO DINNER WITH JANE AND DR. HENDRIX. HE'S JUST BACK FROM HIS TOUR, AND I NATURALLY CALLED HIM AT ONCE TO SEE IF HE'D FOUND ANY GOLD MINES HE DIDN'T NEED. AND YOU KNOW WHAT, HE HASN'T BEEN LOOKING FOR GOLD MINES AT ALL. HE AND THIS CRAZY CANADIAN DOCTOR HAVE BEEN OUT FREEZING THEMSELVES GLAZE-EYED VISITING A BUNCH OF REMOTE TRAPPERS JUST TO FIND OUT WHY THEY DON'T HAVE ANY NERVE TROUBLE. SO NOW I REALLY HAVE TO SEE HIM, TO SEE IF HE FOUND OUT ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HELP YOUR NERVES. AS EVER. HUCK

THE END

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YES, THAT'S DONNA REED . . . SEE HER IN "BEYOND MOMBASA," COLUMBIA RELEASE

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The Most Valuable Louse in the League

(Continued from Page 30)

Page threw smoke by 'em. Jim Konstanty has the palm ball. Wilhelm throws butterflies. Lot of them use that one. I studied the fork ball and Labine's sinker and all the rest. You take every one of them and I'll still go with Big Sam Cromwell the year he was breaking their backs and their hearts with that floater ball. It would sail up there as big and soft as a sponge. And you could hit it just about as far.

Big Sam was 17–4 that year, and he saved twenty more. His ERA was 1.79. You got to throw like that to take the Most Valuable Player award in a league that has a Mickey Mantle in it.

I used to feel sorry for him, he didn't have a Berra or a Campanella to catch him. He used to complain about it quite a lot. Them four losses he had, he blamed them on me. Said if he didn't have to worry so much about the base runners because of my weak arm, he could of concentrated better on the batters. Well, I could see his point. Besides, he was a star pitcher, and they got to have some of that temperament.

Us catchers, we're stage managers, like, for our stars. Now, Sam and me had a little trick about the signs, it was just for show. I'd flash him the sign for the floater and he'd shake me off. Then I'd flash the fast ball, which was strictly a waste pitch with Sam, and he'd shake his head, harder this time. Now I'd flash real quick, the floater again, so even my second baseman couldn't catch it. Big Sam would nod as if to say, "Well, you finally give me the sign I want." He'd stretch, in she'd come, out would go the batter, and Sam would walk off with the crowd roaring.

I never let on to nobody about that little trick. Even Sam and me never talked about it. It would of made him mad if I mentioned it, and he didn't pitch good when he was mad.

I remember the first time I see the trouble coming. It's at the Series party, right after Sam goes five scoreless innings against Cincinnati and we're world champions in six games.

I'm in a hurry to catch the Pennsy for Irondale so I can see my mom and my girl, Emma, but before I leave I go up to shake Big Sam's hand, which I would rather go up to bat against Billy Pierce than do something like this, but sometimes you got to do things that scare you, you know?

"Big Sam ——" I begin, but he turns away and drinks a glass of champagne with Mr. Goldman, the general manager. So I got to start again.

"Big Sam ——" I say, and now he turns around.

"What's your beef, Polack?"

"Big Sam," I say, "I want to shake your hand and I want to say that it's been a honor to catch the greatest pitcher in baseball. I hope we have another year like it next season."

"'We?'" he says, and he winks at Mr. Goldman. "Well, I don't know about 'we,' Polack, but if you make this club again, I'm gonna show you some real pitching. Them four losses 'we' had—they won't happen again."

Now this is Sam's usual way of talking, and I don't mind it, but something else starts to worry me right there.

Brannigan has walked up while Sam is talking, and he claps him on the shoulder so hard that some of the champagne spills and they laugh. "That's a champion for you! Never satisfied. . . . That's how I used to be, Sam. Always out to improve ——" He goes on talking with his arm around Big Sam, and I am looking at my pitcher, and the thoughts that I am reading there get me scared.

After thirteen years in organized ball, studying batters, base runners, pitchers, trying to get inside their heads and think with them, I have to be pretty good at this. Pitchers are the easiest. Maybe it's because they figure they're always sixty feet and six inches away and nobody can get a close look at them, but anyway, for me they're easy.

The message from Big Sam is coming through to me so strong that I guess I interrupt Brannigan, which is first of all not polite, and second not even smart. But I can't help it.

"Don't fool around with your style, Big Sam," I say.

Brannigan looks at me, getting sore. "Who said anything about fooling around with his style?" I don't make no answer. I just keep looking at Big Sam. It's like that trick with the signs. He knows and I know.

"Sam just wants to keep improving," says Mr. Goldman, real smooth, so there won't be no argument at the party. "The minute a ballplayer is satisfied with himself, he's in trouble."

I can be awful stubborn sometimes. "You can't be greater than the greatest," I say.

Now Sam is mad. "You mean I can't win more than seventeen games?"

"I didn't say that. I said, 'Don't fool with your style.'"

"Why, he ain't gonna fool with his style," says Brannigan. "He's just gonna keep wheeling that big floater up there, aren't you, Sam?"

"Sure, skip," says Sam. . . . "Tell you what you do, Polack. You just leave me handle the pitching and you go home and chase that dame of yours around the coal mine." Him and Brannigan have a good laugh over that one, and they go for more champagne.

"You mustn't mind Big Sam's jokes, Stanley," Mr. Goldman says. "His humor is a little rough."

"Oh, I don't mind," I tell him. "He can't help it if he don't like me."

Goldman looks surprised. "Well, now, I wouldn't say that. But what I will say is this: Don't try to buck him. Mr. Brannigan wouldn't like it. I think you're doing a good job for us, but you know that kid out in San Diego who hit three-twenty this summer. Mr. Brannigan's got his eye on him. A word to the wise, Stanley. Have a nice winter."

So I go back to Irondale. Then after a pretty quiet winter I go to spring training.

The camp is full of fire. Brannigan's after that second straight pennant and we're all with him. Big Sam gives me a big, friendly hello, and right away I am worried about him.

"You look great, Big Sam," I say, to get him talking.

"I oughta look great!" he says. "I been down Cuba. Been working all winter."

"Working, Sam? What at?"

"Well, I wasn't choppin' sugar cane, Polack!" That's all he'll say, so I just wait till I'll get him out there on the mound. I'll find out what's up.

First time he goes out there, it's a intrasquad game, regulars and Yanigans, you know. Of course, that's always a big joke in our camp. "O.K.!" the skipper will holler as he trots out on the field. He always trots everywhere. "Let's have Brannigan's Yanigans! Watch out for your jobs, you regulars! I got a ticket to Triple-A waitin' for every one of ya!"

The skipper loves that little rhyme. It makes his name important again, and that's important to the skipper.

Big Sam goes one inning, and he don't show me much. Just straight balls, the fast one and the change-up. Of course, Sam's fast ball is strictly a waste pitch, like I said, so the Yanigans pickle a couple of them pretty good. This kid catcher Barvitz from San Diego, who has a set of shoulders so wide you got to lean a little to see your pitcher around him, he nails one solid. But it's right at Rozetti down first base, and he starts a fast double play.

Big Sam comes off the field, and I'm never so surprised. He's as mad as a kid that you just grabbed the bottle away from him. Nobody pays no attention to these games. The pitchers are just working their arm into condition.

"You look nice and loose out there, Big Sam," I say, to cheer him up.

His answer is short: "Shut up."

Couple days later he goes another inning against the Yanigans. They tag him again, but, of course, he isn't using no breaking stuff yet. Nobody will for a week or so. This Barvitz drives his fast ball on a line up the alley in right center for a triple, and I hear Brannigan yell, "That's the way I like to see a catcher hit!"

But that don't bother me as much as something else. I walk halfway out to the mound, rubbing up the ball, and I call out, "Take it easy, Sam. You're bearing down. You'll hurt the arm." He gives me his new short answer again, and I just can't figure it. Isn't nobody supposed to hit the ball when he throws it, even with nothing on it?

After this he tells Brannigan he wants more time to get ready, and Brannigan tells him, the way they do with stars, to take his own time and just let him know when he wants to work. The exhibition games start and for a while I almost forget about Sam because I got a personal problem.

Brannigan wants me to change my stance. "You stand up there like a cross-eyed crab," he says. "I could kick the ball as far as you hit it with the leverage you get. I want you to stand up and bat straightaway."

"Al Simmons used to hit with his foot in the bucket," I say.

"Are you Al Simmons?" He turns away, then looks back at me. "You would pick a Polack as an example."

That's the start of it, and it goes on all spring. He teaches me his old stance, deep in the box, feet even, shoulders level. This is the stance of a man who once hit fifty-five home runs in this league, but is it the stance for a Stanley Strobski? I ask myself.

What I been all my life, see, is a spray hitter, no power, but a good eye, pick out your pitch and try and slap it over the infield. Works for me a little better than one out of four times, which is enough to stay in the big league, if you're a glove man.

Well, I hit a couple out where the grass grows long with the new stance, but batting practice in March ain't Herb Score giving you his quick one in a championship game. I tell Brannigan that, but the best I can get is his O.K. to keep hitting my old way till the new one feels natural enough to try in a game.

I can tell you it will never feel natural, and I wish he will leave me the way I am, and not want me to be another Brannigan. So you can see I got my problem, and I don't pay much attention to Big Sam for a while.

Then he comes into a game we play in Atlanta, on our way North. It's against the Rifles, the club the National League just transferred to the Coast. We've turned the corner into April now, and this is Sam's first exhibition. In two weeks the bell's gonna ring, and everything will count, so I want to check over all his breaking stuff right away.

I call for the snake, which is what we call the curve, and he gives it to me, low and away from a righthander. It don't break quite as sharp as it should, and the batter gets a good piece of it—a howler outside first for Strike One.

Now I call for the floater; he nods, stretches to check the runner on second, and in she comes, sailing, and then down. Pretty good. Batter swings and fouls her back. Of course, she should have come in lower. She had too much of the strike zone—he'll have to sharpen up a lot before he faces Williams and them.

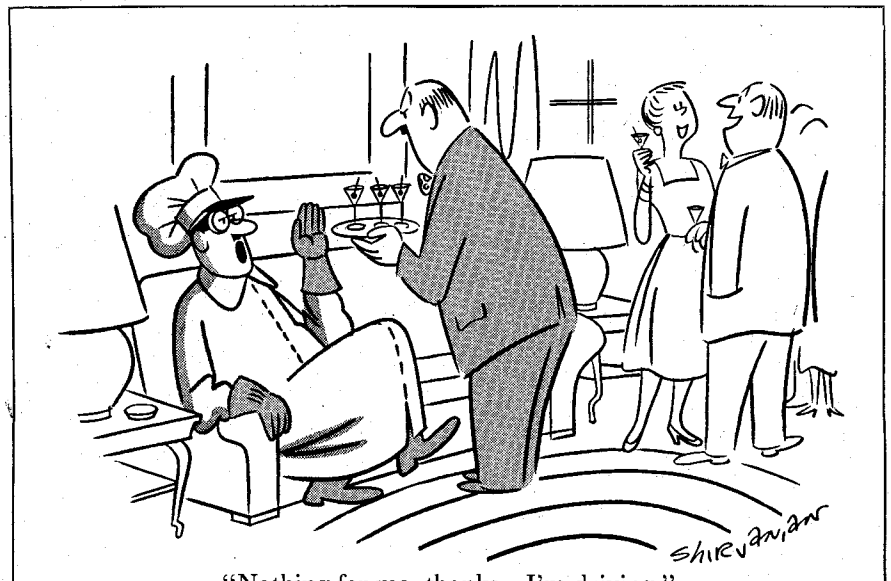
Time for a waste pitch. I call for the fast ball on a little brush-back. He nods, and I notice a funny kind of grin. I don't like when my pitchers grin. The stretch—here she comes. Zoom! Down the middle for called Strike Three!

I walk halfway, and now I'm grinning. "You're thinkin' out there, Big Sam," I say. "Crossed him up nice. Only next time let me know, will ya?"

"Get back in your hole and catch," he says, "and watch me with this next sucker."

Well, we go to a full count on the next guy, mixing a little of this, a little of that. Now I squat down and flash the sign for the floater. He shakes me off. Oh, so we're gonna do our little signals trick. O.K. I flash the fastball, and he nods! I can't believe it, but before I can ask the ump to call time, he's into his stretch and here comes the pitch.

It's the fast ball, all right, letter-high and on the (Continued on Page 80)



"Nothing for me, thanks—I'm driving."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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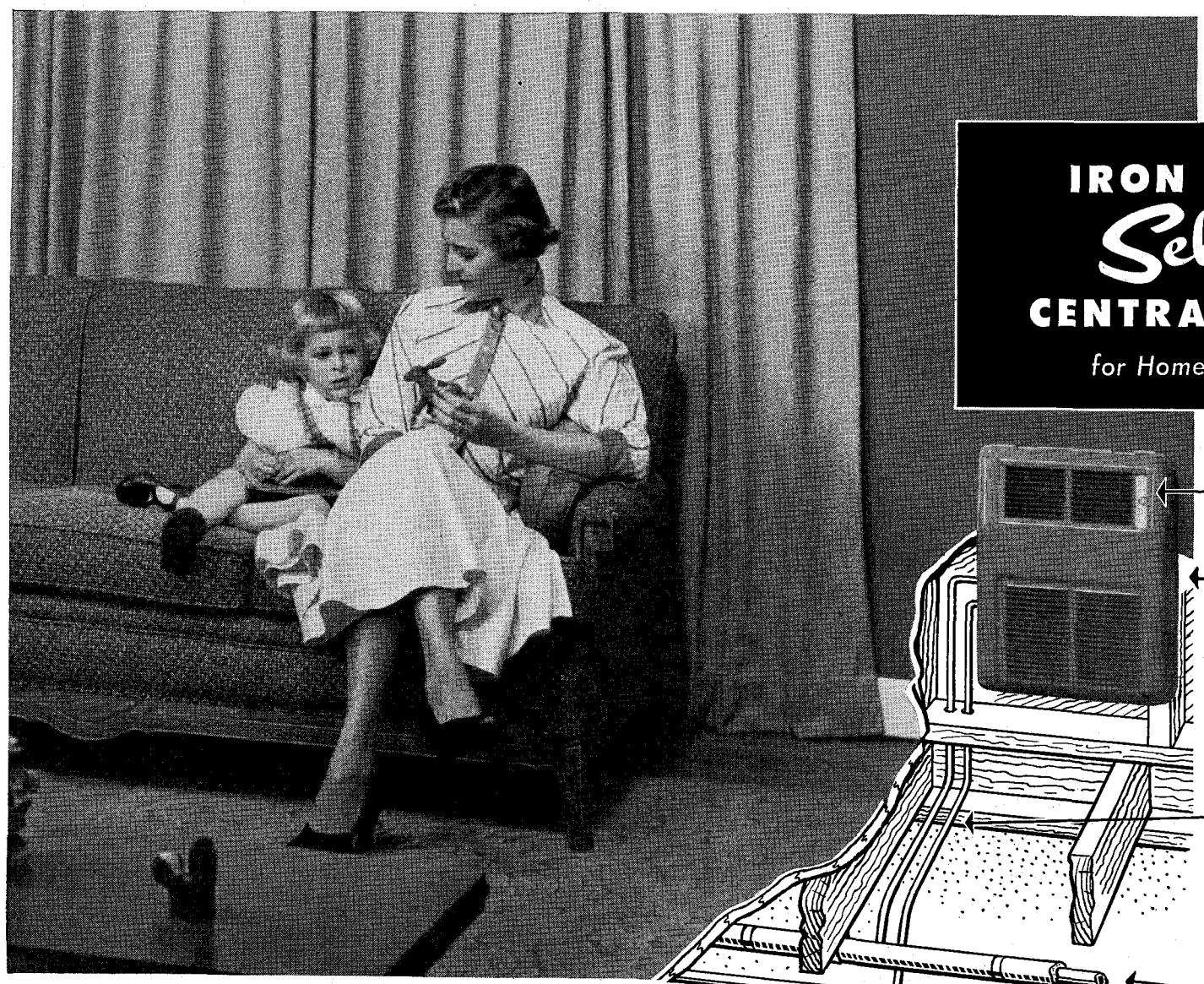

Mother and daughter enjoy a temperature of 72° (or whatever they choose), while Dad's workshop or the kitchen can be held at 65°.

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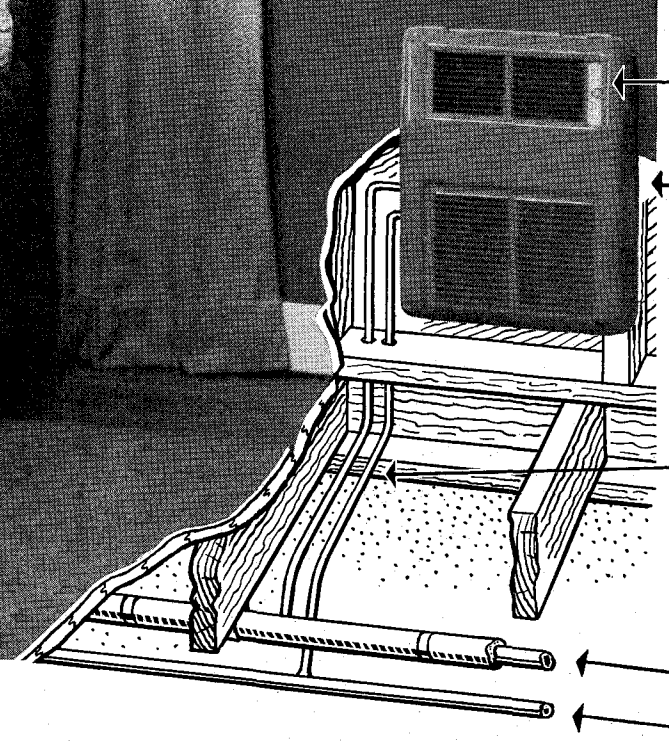
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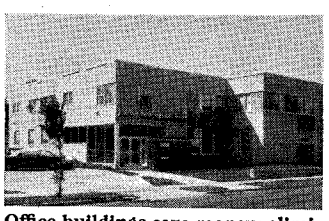
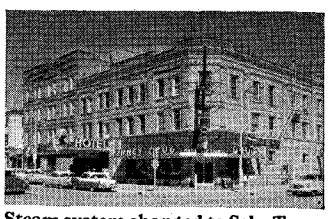
Iron Fireman SelecTemp system provides a new kind of heating. SelecTemp steam heating units circulate *filtered* warm air. They modulate to keep the room supplied with just the right amount of heat to keep you comfortable. You can feel *soft warmth* all around you. It's a different kind of heat, because its constant modulation and the steady, gentle movement of warm air keeps the temperature remarkably uniform from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling. Every unit has its own non-electric thermostat, and circulating fans are steam operated. No motors or wiring required.

SelecTemp heating cuts costs in buildings; pleases occupants. When occupants of any type of building can have the temperature they want in any room, complaints about underheating and overheating disappear. Fuel dollars are saved, too, because costly heat is not wasted through open windows. Temperatures can be lowered in unoccupied rooms, which can be quickly reheated when needed.

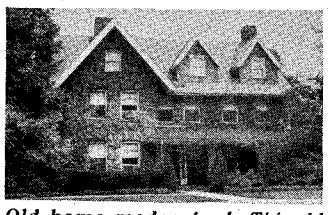
Mail the coupon for more information on Iron Fireman SelecTemp heating.



Office buildings save money; eliminate heating complaints. Each office is maintained at the temperature desired by its occupants, whether on the warm or cold side of the building.

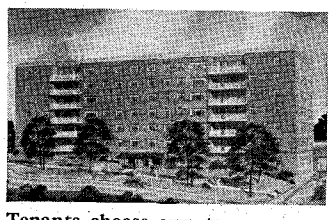


Steam system changed to SelecTemp heating. Often, present boiler and steam mains can be used. Space-saving SelecTemp heating units, recessed in walls, replace cumbersome radiators.



Old home modernized. This old home was converted into attractive apartments. Use of small copper tubing, which is easily installed, made the SelecTemp installation economical.

Comfort heating in small apartment house. Each room, in each of four apartments, has individual SelecTemp heating unit. Tenants set room thermostat to select temperature they prefer.



Tenants choose own temperature. This luxurious new apartment building has year round room-by-room temperature control with SelecTemp heating and individual room cooling.

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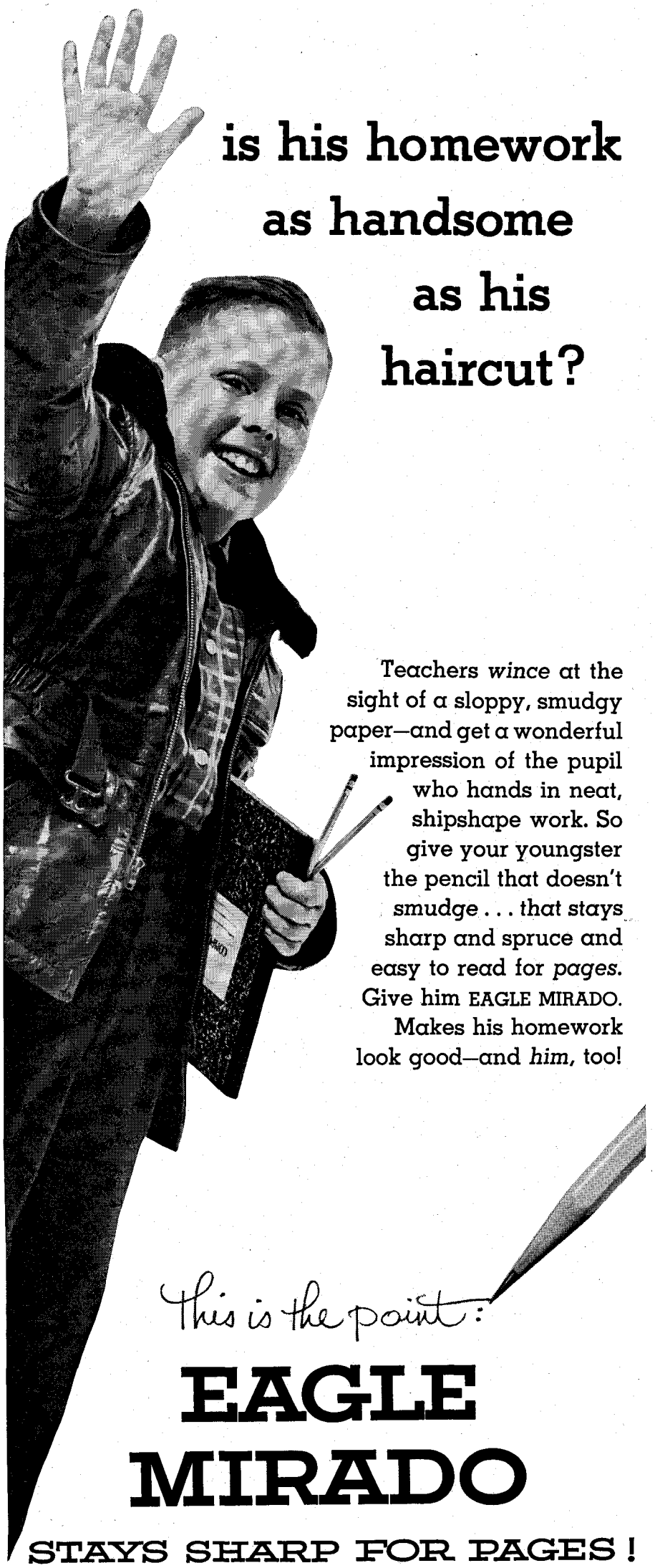

is his homework as handsome as his haircut?

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This is the point:

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STAYS SHARP FOR PAGES!

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(*Continued from Page 78*) inside. The batter hesitates for a split second—the kind of split second that don't even exist for most people unless they happen to have the reflexes of a major-league ballplayer—and then he swings and misses.

The crowd roars—we've drawn over 8000 into the Atlanta ball park—but as the batter walks away, I hear him say, "Well, I'll be a dirty bird."

Big Sam is one wide smile, laughing it up in the clubhouse, even kidding with Rozetti, who he hasn't spoke to since Rozetti makes an error behind him in the series. The reporters work him over and he answers their questions more cheerful than he has all spring.

When they take off to file their stories, he comes over to me. This is another first for Sam.

"Well, how'd ya like it, Polack? I showed 'em, didn't I?"

"Yeah, Big Sam. You crossed 'em up nice."

"Crossed 'em up? Is that what you thought? Boy, you do learn slow, don't you? That's my new pitch!"

This is what I am afraid he will say. "Sam," I say, real gentle, because this is a bad situation, "you are not a fast-ball pitcher."

"I struck 'em out with it today, didn't I? Big-league regulars, not Yanigans up from the Three-Eye League. I'll admit those rookies had me worried when they hit it a month ago, but now it's all right. You saw the evidence."

"Sam," I say, "sit down here by me and listen. I never knew you were trying to throw the fast ball by them Yanigans. The reason they hit it is they never been around the big leagues. They don't know Sam Cromwell never puts his fast one over the plate. You saw them hit it. They'd hit it in the Three-Eye League, Sam."

"You're crazy! Did I strike them men out or not? Two batters, two strike-outs. You seen any better pitching?"

"Sam, they couldn't believe it was gonna be over," I tell him.

But he is not with me. "I'm the Most Valuable Player in the American League," he says, dreamy-like, "but I can be more than that. I can be an immortal. And with my new fast ball added to the floater, that's what I'll be. I'll strike 'em out. No need to worry about those stiffs behind me fielding the ball."

"Sam, they're a great fielding team."

"Yeah? How about that one Rozetti booted in the Series?"

"So one error ——"

"What if it was in the seventh game? He could of lost me the Series."

"Sam, even Feller didn't strike everybody out."

"I know that. What do you think, I'm stupid? I'll keep using the floater, but in the big clutch you get set for my fast ball. I been a sucker, wasting it all these years. You notice the extra weight I'm carrying? Ten pounds more than last spring. That's what's giving it that steam."

"Sam, I wish you'd ——"

"Oh, shut up. I'm wasting my time talking to a dumb Polack. I had to tell you about it, so you'd give me the sign. But keep your big mouth shut about it. I don't want nobody to know, not even Brannigan. Get me?"

I get him, all right. And this ball club is in trouble.

Samuel Barnes Cromwell is twenty-six years old, six-foot-four and weighs, if he's ten pounds more than last spring, about 225 pounds. When he throws a baseball with all his might, you could swing at it twenty times and you'd never hit it.

But you are not a big-league ballplayer. Remember I mentioned their reflexes? These guys will hit that thing right on the Will Harridge fifteen out of them twenty swings, I personally guarantee.

Beef got nothing to do with throwing fast. Sure, Sam is big, but you could be nine-foot-four and weight 500 pounds, and, for instance, Don Bessent would still throw that thing twice as fast as you.

Ever take a good look at Bessent? A skinny guy with specs, but when he lets go that ball, it's by you in one blink and you wait for the ump to holler strike or ball, because you ain't seen it yet.

I batted against him in exhibitions. I mean I walked up there with a stick on my shoulder. He's in the other league. In this one we got Herb Score scaring the people. He is also a slender guy, and that's my big point. You know who gave these guys their fast ball? God.

After that show against the Rifles, Brannigan starts using Sam regular in relief. I don't argue with him no more, just flash the signs he wants, figuring he'll find out fast enough how wrong he is.

But the worst part of it is, it works. These National League clubs we're facing, they're all traveling toward home, like us, to open their season. They are not meeting each other in games and passing the word on the different pitchers and hitters, and so they are all took by surprise.

Oh, a couple of them come around on it in time. Adcock belts one off him in Richmond that they're still looking for, but, of course, that's the exception. Big Joe was "lucky." Yeah.

We open the season in Detroit, and in the second game there, Brannigan calls him in. I'll tell you how he is. He's a lot like last year, and still he's nothing like last year. The pitches are all there, and the control is pretty good, but there's no mustard on them pitches. It's now just a nickel curve, the floater still ain't low enough, and that fast ball—well, sometimes I think I'm throwing the ball back to him harder than he's throwing it to me.

Not that the floater ain't still a good pitch. He's getting men out, but Kaline belts it for a triple with two on, which nobody was doing to him last year. What he says to me after really makes me sick. "That Kaline! Why did I throw him the floater? See what he done to it? I should'a' thrown him the fast ball!"

"Sam," I argue, "you are talking about a great hitter. He is liable to hit anybody, any time. Your floater's fine. You just need to sharpen it up, that's all."

"What I need," he says, "is a catcher who knows when to call for my fast ball." And he walks away.

Well, we get away with it in Detroit, and we get away with it in Cleveland and Chicago. When we head for Yankee Stadium on our first Eastern swing, our MVP is 2–0.

That's when I make up my mind to talk to Mr. Goldman. It's now a question of the club, and I can't help it if Big Sam asked me to keep my mouth shut. The way it works out, Brannigan is in Goldman's compartment on the train when I get there.

"Mr. Goldman," I say without no preliminaries, because I'm not smart enough to think up them conversational remarks, "I think you should trade off Big Sam Cromwell." Well, I might of said, "Mr. Goldman, I just find out the next stop on this train is Mars," the way the two of them look at me. "This pitcher is going bad," I tell them.

Brannigan is kind of choking, but Goldman, showing he is willing to discuss even a trip to Mars, only says, "He's two-and-oh so far."

"He's been lucky," I say, talking fast because Brannigan is about to pop. "What I am talking about is this man is gonna come in with the fast ball. It's his

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new pitch he's been working on all winter. He is gonna get himself murdered, and when he tries to go back to the floater, he's gonna find out he can't throw that no more neither. I say trade him off. The Yankees will give you McDougald right now."

Brannigan finally finds his voice. "Wha-a-at?" he yells.

"McDougald will strengthen us up the middle," I say, keeping firm. "We can use him better than a pitcher that won't win two more games all year."

Goldman is still willing to discuss. "McDougald is a great ——"

"Won't win two games!" Brannigan screams. "He'll win twenty games, you dirty little Polack! Who's paying you, anyway, the Yankees? . . . Abe, I swear the Yankees are slipping this little rat money."

"That's ridiculous," says Goldman, getting cooler while the skipper gets hotter. . . . "Strobski, we appreciate your interest, and we'll say no more about it. Now you'd better get out of here before Mr. Brannigan suffers a stroke."

So I go, and I'm surprised when Brannigan don't bench me the next day. Maybe it's because he's afraid maybe I really got something there, but anyway when he talks to me in the Yankee Stadium clubhouse, it's about that other business. "When am I gonna see that new stance of yours, Strobski? You saving it to spring on the people in the World Series, or something? You know I got a kid on the bench that's awful eager for a crack at your job."

"I'm having trouble with it, skipper," I say. "Of course, if you want to put Barvitz in against the Yankees ——"

"No, no," he says. "He's not quite ready. But I wanna see that stance in a game before this trip is over."

Well, our first one of the year with the Yanks is a tight one. We nurse a 2–0 lead into the seventh, then Bauer opens with a hot double and McDougald walks on four pitches. Brannigan calls for Big Sam.

Leaning on his bat and waiting for him is Mickey Mantle. In the batter's circle Yogi Berra is swishing three of them. On the top step of the dugout, looking hungry, is Bill Skowron. It is a sight to make a reliefer turn right around and go back in his cage—unless, of course, he is the greatest reliefer in baseball.

Sam comes in with that warm-up jacket slung over his right shoulder, big and slouchy and tough. As he's coming off the bright green carpet on to the skinned reddish infield, Bob Sheppard's Yankee Stadium voice comes over the p.a.: "Num-ber Twen-ty-Six! Sam Cromwell!"

Of course, the crowd's known it's him since he came through the bull-pen gate, but they holler, "Waugh!" for him just the same. The bat boy runs to him and Sam tosses him the warm-up jacket, like one of them Sir Something guys getting rid of their cape so they can give somebody the business with their sword.

Brannigan hands him the ball. "Blow 'em down, big fella," he says, gives Sam that slap on the seat of the pants and trots off the field.

I am wishing he will not use an expression like "Blow 'em down." In our business, this means strike-outs. "Mickey's been reaching a little on the curve," I tell my pitcher. "I think we might get him with the floater."

"Oh, I might set him up with a coupla them," he says, staring down at Mantle, "but if I get two on him, get set for the quick one."

"Sam," I say, "don't do it."

"This is the guy I want," he says. "The big man. I come in and fan him with two on, who's gonna give him MVP over me?"

I do not waste no more of 40,000 people's time, not to mention the television sponsor's, standing out there trying to talk to a man which is in another world. Back at the plate, Mickey is stamping his spikes into the dirt.

"Don't dig too deep," I tell him. "My man's been a little wild lately." But he just grins and digs in more.

I sign for the floater right away. Sam nods, takes his stretch, and here she comes—u-u-up—and breaking down across the inside. No swing.

"Strike one!"

This is a strike I do not like, and probably you figure why. I sign for another of the same, and this time we miss the corner. One and one.

Now I make an experiment. Uberlitz out in right has one of the best arms in the league and can maybe cut Bauer off at the plate if Mickey smashes a single out there. So I take a chance and call for the curve, because there is something I must find out.

She comes in low, breaks to catch a corner and the batter is taking all the way. We got him one-two and I am sick. I ask for time and start for the mound.

Sam hollers me off, "Get back in your hole, Polack!"

I keep coming. "Sam. Sam, this is very bad. Sam, he is laying for your fast ball."

"Good! I'll throw it down his throat. Now get back there and put your mask on, so I don't have to look at that ugly face."

"Sam, I am your friend. Please ——"

"Friend? You are a two-sixty-five-hitting fish, and I'm gonna tell Brannigan to bench you, because you bother me when I'm working. Now go back there and put an extra sponge in your mitt."

I walk back, slow, and get set. The ump leans over my shoulder. In the left-hand part of the picture I see through the mask wires, Bauer walks a couple steps off second. In the right part, the Commerce Crasher stands, and his bat switches as lazy and graceful as a tiger's tail. And in the middle, Big Sam Cromwell, up there on the mound, looking down at the world.

Now he stre-e-etches, flicks his head to look at Bauer—and throws. His fast ball comes in "*Ssssss* . . ." I really marvel how long this hitter waits. Them split seconds, he uses them, uses up more, the ball is almost here, and then he whips that bat. "Crack!" That sharp, clean one, nothing messy about it, not so loud as a foul ball. My mitt hand is still up there, waiting to catch the ball, and already she is a little white dot, getting smaller, against the background of the upper stand.

Bauer takes one look out there and kind of skips off second. It's home-free everybody, and here he comes around third, a big grin on that rugged puss of his; then McDougald, jogging loose, like he does, and finally the big man with that easy power even in his trot, and New York has three in the bank.

I walk halfway with the new ball and Sam reaches for it like he's in a hurry. He's stomping around out there and muttering, "High and tight. Should'a' kept it high and tight."

Now it's Berra, which is a very friendly guy, you know, always barbers with you. "I hear you got Score out there today," he says to me, and now I know everybody's got the word.

Well, Yogi drives one of Sam's fireballs on a line into the right-centerfield bleachers more than four hundred feet away, and Brannigan gets him out of there before he has to face Skowron, who looks very sad when Sam gets the derrick.

Now our Sam is 2–1, and when Williams and Piersall get through with him up at Fenway, he is 2–2. Baltimore does everything but declare a holiday when he comes to town, and we leave there with Mr. MVP 2–3. It goes that way, except for one game where we save him with a seven-run inning, and at All-Star time he is 3–7.

Brannigan picks him for the All-Star, because, after all, he is the MVP, and all afternoon Mays and Musial and them keep looking out to the bull pen, like they expect to see a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer. But Brannigan, who, I guess, admits it to himself by now, keeps him right there.

We are now in third place, six games off the lead, and Brannigan is in no mood. Couple days after the All-Star he calls me in his office.

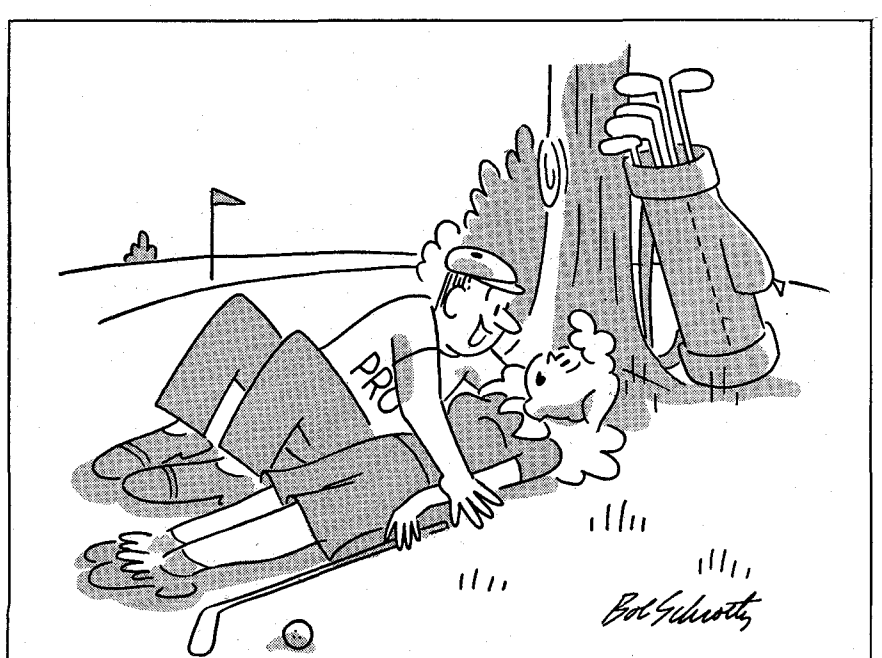
He seems awful calm. "Strobski," he says, "I am not a patient man, but with you I been patient. I believe your average is now two forty-seven. Right?"

"I'm in a slump."

"I was watching you today. You looked like somebody's kid sister up there. Now I'm gonna tell you something. Either I see that new stance out there tomorrow or you are off the ball club. Not benched. Off the club. That's all, Strobski." He turns around to his desk.

I stand there. "No, that is not all, skipper."

His chair squeaks as he snaps around. "What?"



"The main thing in golf is learning how to relax."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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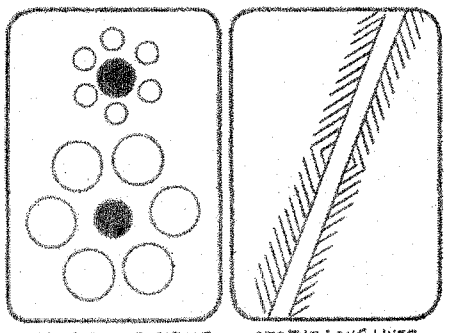

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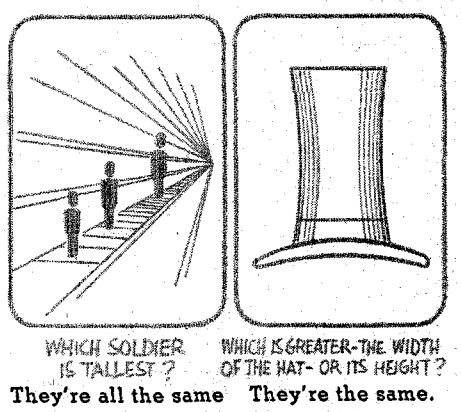
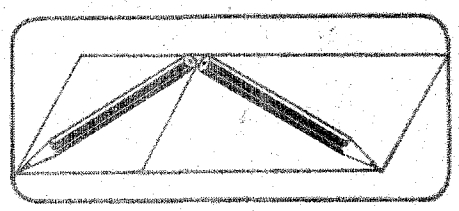


They're all the same They're the same.



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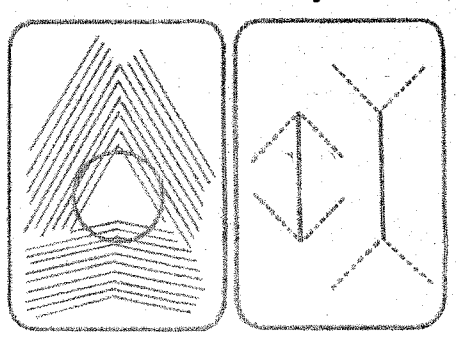

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"I'm sorry, skipper. I know you gotta manage a ball club your own way. But I also gotta play my way. I been in this game thirteen years. If I change my stance now I won't hit one forty-seven. We got a man on this club that tried to fool around with what he does best ——"

Brannigan is standing now, and in his long-sleeved undershirt he is some fine-looking man. "All right, Strobski, you're through. I'd trade you off for a smart bat boy and a couple rosin bags, but the deadline's past. So it's the minors for you. At your age, I don't think you'll be back."

He walks out of his office into the locker room, and I hear him holler, "Barvitz!"

That is a couple years ago, and it is the end of my career as a big-league catcher. I don't mind it, though, being here in the minors. Mr. Goldman put me with Irondale, which is one of their Class C farms. You might think this was too big a drop from the majors to make sense, but, you see, I'm the manager.

I am so surprised, but Mr. Goldman tells me my qualifications are all there in the record. Says John McGraw never had no college education, so don't worry about that, says you go down there and work like you've always worked, and maybe one of these days we'll be seeing you in the big ball park.

You know I forgot how young these kids in Class C are. I'm old enough to be most of their father. What they get paid don't even meet expenses, but they come to play, and I love to work with them.

Especially the pitchers, which has always been my hobby, like. I can read them like always, but you don't need to be no expert to know they're thinking just one thing: big league. How many will make it I don't know. We got a fine young southpaw, strong and scary-fast, if I can only teach him you don't pitch a ball game in an hour.

There's a shortstop who's got the hands, a couple long-ball hitters—I got hopes for them. But the one I hope the most will make it is Big Sam Cromwell.

I don't use him in no games. He is not ready for that. The club physician wanted to send him to a psychiatrist that day he wouldn't come out of the bull pen, but Mr. Goldman sent him to me instead, which I am terrible proud he thinks this much of me.

I'll tell you how it is.

Rozetti calls me the other day, long distance from Chicago. "What the boys want to know, Stan," he says, "is are you learning that bum any manners?"

"He is not here to study that, Tony."

"But this is the chance! You took plenty from him—we all did. You know something? The day he left us, every man in the clubhouse turned his back."

Tony and the boys have the idea it will work out like one of them movies. You know, the big star is all for No. 1 and don't care about the team. Pretty soon he gets slapped down, and then the little guy he has been pushing around teaches him to be a team man. Star makes a comeback, helps win the big game by sacrificing his own glory for the good of the team. That's the way the boys got it figured, just like in the movies. I do not figure it that way.

Rozetti does not know it, but Sam Cromwell has all the manners that anybody can use right now. With me he is as polite as a Boy Scout meeting the President.

Well, I need his respect now because I am teaching him to pitch. He came to me last spring with every bad habit you ever heard of. For a month I didn't let him throw a ball, just watch these kids and discuss.

Now we throw a little in the mornings, just soft. I am not interested in stuff yet; I got to build a natural motion for this man, who was pushing, aiming, overstriding, everything.

And he yesses me all the way. He'd call me sir if I'd let him. So far, it's working out just like that movie.

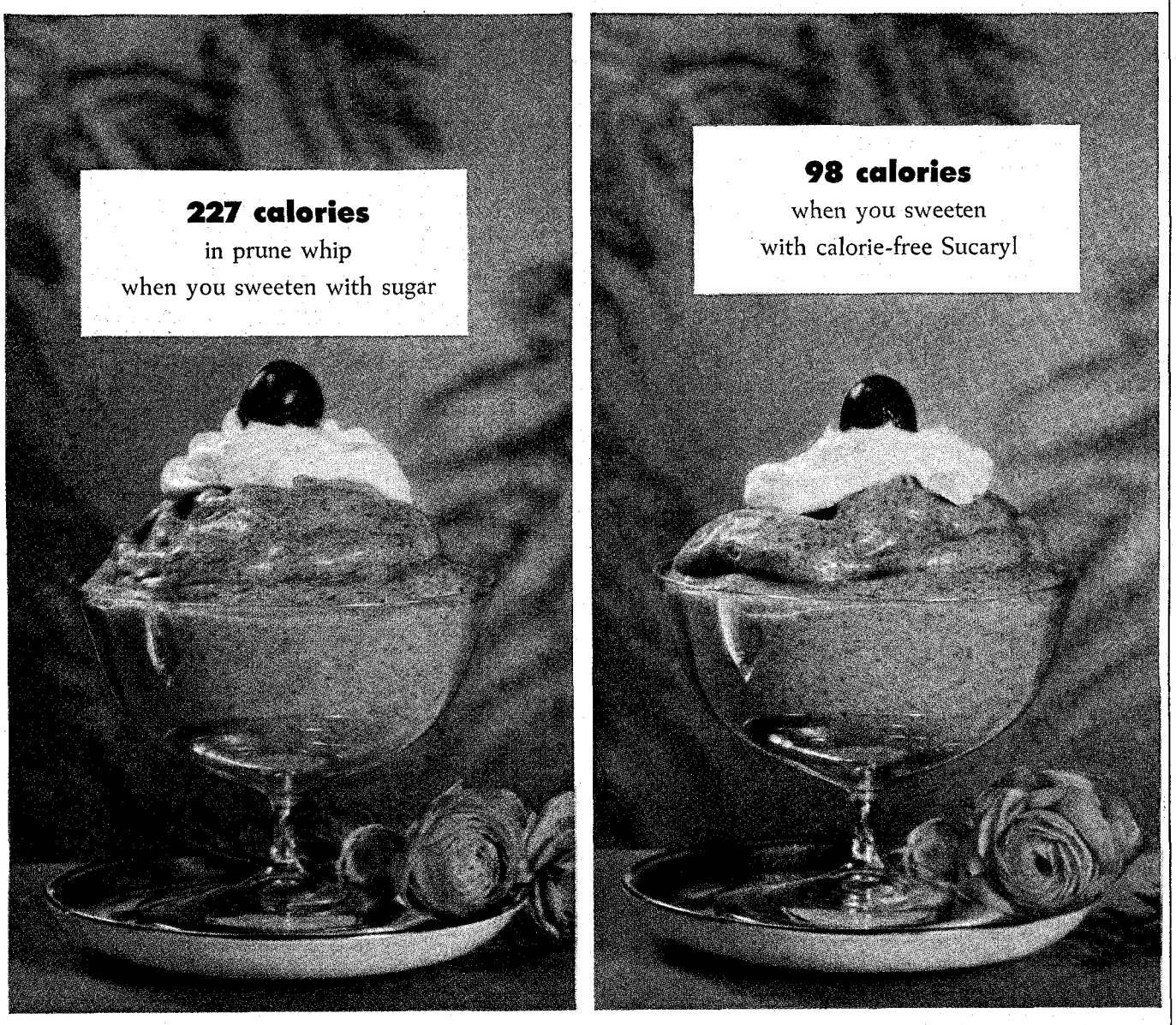
But if the boys want to see stories like that happen, they will have to go to their movie theater. Because what I am hoping for is two things. One is the day when Big Sam will start throwing that floater again, big and beautiful and untouchable. And second—the words that will be music to my ears—when he tells me a stupid Polack like me got some nerve telling him how to pitch. On that day he will be like a man waking out of a bad dream where he couldn't find himself.

I remember what Mr. Goldman said to me on the phone when he sent Big Sam here: ". . . and I'm sending him to you, Stanley, because you know how to bring out what's in a man. Not what you'd like to see there or what's in somebody else, which was our former manager Mr. Brannigan's main failing, but what's in him."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Goldman," I say, thinking about Brannigan, who is out two years after winning the series, because he is no good managing anything but champions.

"I'm sure," says Goldman, "that the psychiatrists and my Triple-A managers would send me back a model baseball player with all his frustrations neatly removed. Now you and I know that's not what we want. We know greatness takes some strange forms. Don't send me back a nice guy, Stanley. Send me back the most valuable louse in baseball."

THE END



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The Case of the Dead Man's Daughter

(Continued from Page 43)

time we have you dead to rights. You went too far out on a limb this time."

"You certainly credit me with a diabolical ingenuity," Mason said.

"I've simply learned your technique," Holcomb told him. "Now do you want to kick through and tell us what happened? If you don't, we'll take the bullet we recovered from the wall out there at Garvin's place, we'll match it up with the gun you had in your possession, and so help me, we'll throw the book at you!"

Della Street coughed significantly.

"All right," Mason said; "I understand the point you've made, and I can't help you. All I can tell you is that I did not substitute any guns, that to the best of my knowledge the gun that young Garvin showed me out there, the gun which he took from the drawer of his desk, is exactly the same gun that he took up to Stephanie Falkner's apartment."

"By saying that," Sergeant Holcomb said, "you have made yourself an accessory after the fact. You're concealing evidence. You're acting the part of an accessory."

Mason shook his head and said, "I'm sorry, sergeant. I'm telling the truth."

"O.K., wise guy," Holcomb said. "You asked for it." He walked out.

Mason waited until he was sure the sergeant was out of the office, then turned to Della and said, "Della, did you go out and get that bullet?"

"Why, chief," she said, "what in the world gave you any idea like that?"

"Did you? I gathered Holcomb was trying to scare me with a bluff."

"If I had swiped that bullet as a souvenir, would it be serious?"

"It could be very serious."

"Then if I had done it, and told you I had done it, that would put you in a very embarrassing position, would it not?"

Mason thought that over for a minute, then said, "Have it your own way, Della."

"Thank you," she said demurely.

Shortly after two-thirty, Della Street entered Mason's private office and said, "Garvin, Junior, is out there."

"How is his disposition?"

"His disposition as indicated by his manner is very, very bad. He has chips on both shoulders. He wants to fight."

"Then you'd better send him in right away, and we'll get it over with. I'll see if I can clear up some things in Junior's mind."

A moment later the door burst open and young Garvin came striding in.

"What the hell are you trying to do, Mason?" he shouted.

Mason said, "Sit down, Junior, take a load off your feet and off your mind. Suppose you tell me what's the reason for all this outburst."

"I want to know what the hell you're trying to do, dragging my wife's good name through all this muck and mire."

"I wasn't aware of that. Precisely what did I do?"

"You have made her the Number One suspect in the killing of George Casselman."

"How?"

"By getting me to take that gun up to Stephanie Falkner! Damn it, Mason, I don't intend to stand for that! You're going to account to me legally, and unless you can give me some satisfactory explanation, I'm going to bust you one before I get out of here."

Mason regarded the younger man with steely-eyed scorn. "So you think it would do some good to bust me one, as you express it?"

"It would give me the greatest personal satisfaction," Garvin told him.

"It might also get you a broken jaw," Mason said. "The point is, however, would it do your wife any good? Would it do your case any good? You let the newspapers get the idea that you're having trouble with me over this thing and you'll really make a story of it."

"They've made a story out of it anyway."

"No, they haven't," Mason said. "They won't dare to publish the full implications with the full sensational embroidery unless you give them a peg on which they can hang a lot of innuendoes. Now either sit down and tell me calmly what this is all about or else get the hell out of the office and let me try to figure the thing out."

Garvin took a couple of steps toward Mason's desk, paused uncertainly before the look in the lawyer's eyes, detoured a little to the side, and propped one hip against a corner of the big desk.

"Dawn worked in Las Vegas!" he said angrily. "Casselman knew her and ——"

"Now I take it Dawn is your wife?"

"Yes, Dawn Joyce. Casselman knew her, and Casselman was always on the prowl."

"They had dates?" Mason asked.

"Apparently so."

"Did she know he was here in town?"

"She knew he was here. After the write-up in the paper—well, Casselman called her—just a social call, just a matter of wishing her every happiness."

"There's nothing wrong with that."

"The hell of it is," Garvin said, "in the apartment where Casselman lived police found a notebook by the telephone with some numbers in it. He'd written down Dawn's telephone number, and she'd written down his unlisted number. It was on a pad by her phone."

"Anything else?"

"Tuesday night, when Casselman was killed," Garvin said, "I had to go out to interview a car dealer about taking twenty used cars off his hands."

"Carry a gun with you?" Mason asked.

"I did not. I left it in the desk drawer."

"I see. And where was your wife?"

"Where any wife would be at that time. She was home waiting for me."

"She was there when you got back?"

"Of course she was."

"And what time did you get back?"

"About nine-thirty or ten."

"And all this time your gun was in the drawer of the desk at your office?"

"During my conference it was. I got it after the conference and took it home."

"And your wife doesn't even have a key to the office?" Mason asked.

Garvin hesitated.

"Well, does she or doesn't she?"

"The unfortunate part of it was she did have a key. But she didn't use it. I —— Hang it, Mason! I tell you she was home!"

"All right, she was home," Mason said.

"But the point is, she can't prove it. She was home alone because I was out on this damned used-car deal. She's got no way of proving that she was home."

"She doesn't have to," Mason said. "If anybody wants to prove anything on her, let them prove that she wasn't home."

"Well, there's one unfortunate thing," Garvin said.

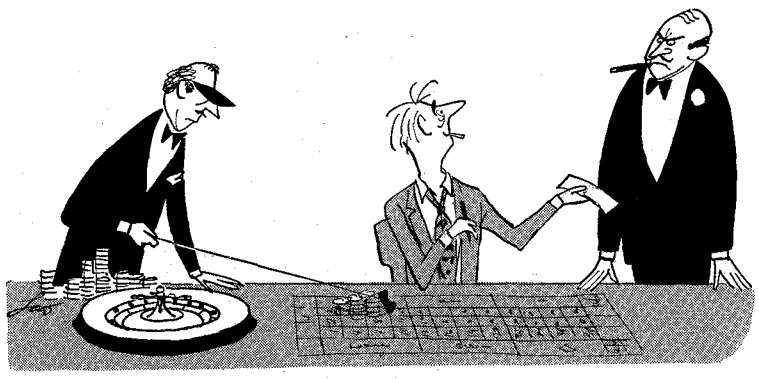
"What?"

"I tried to call her on the telephone and apparently I dialed the wrong number."

"And got no answer?"

Garvin nodded; then added, "I must have dialed the wrong number."

"You gave up after the one call?"



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Nate splurged at Crazy Joe's Casino in gay Havana. Running $1500 in the hole at roulette when he had only $500 in cash, he gave Joe a check for $1000. On returning home to New York, Nate promptly stopped payment on the check. When it bounced, Joe flew to New York to collect. He sued Nate.

"Clearly he owes me $1000," Joe argued. "His check is evidence enough of that, and he admits he lost the money to me at my casino."

"You forget," Nate retorted, "that gambling is illegal in New York. As my check is on a New York bank and you're suing in a New York court, under our law I don't have to pay you a cent."

If you were the judge, would you make Nate pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Nate had to pay. Obligations which are valid in foreign countries are collectible in the United States even if they would not be valid if they originated in this country. As gambling is legal in Cuba, Joe collected the $1000.

Based upon a 1956 New York decision.

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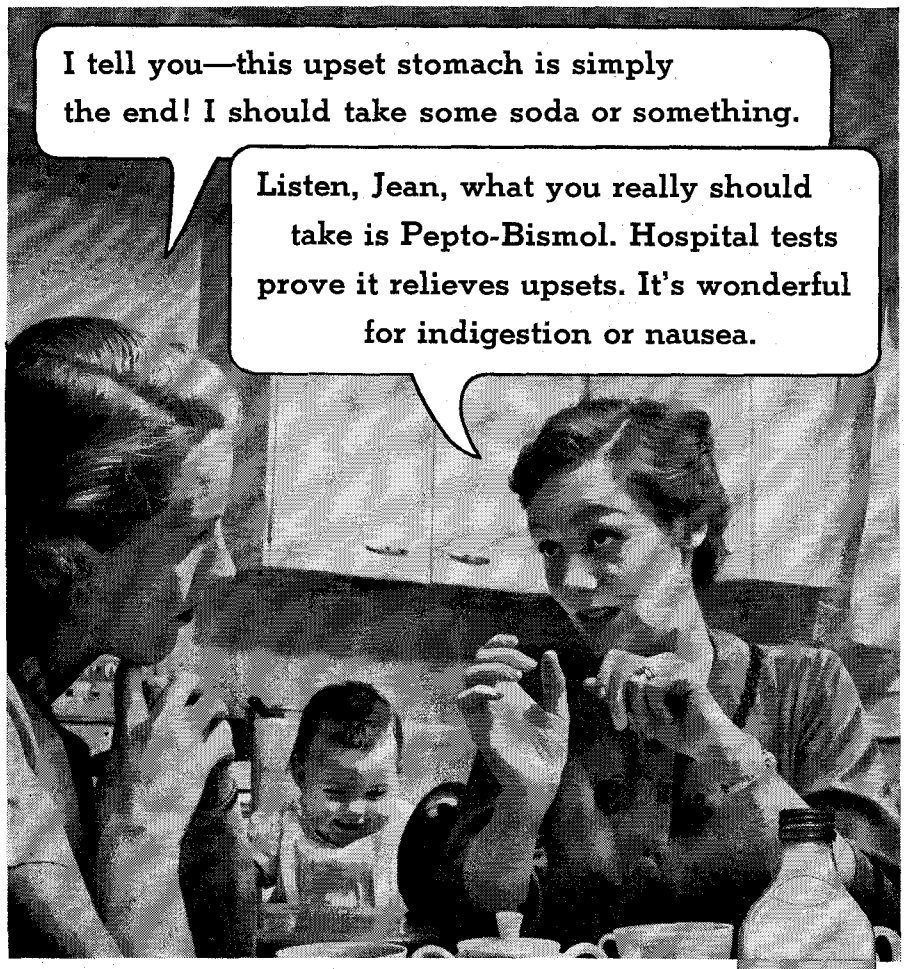
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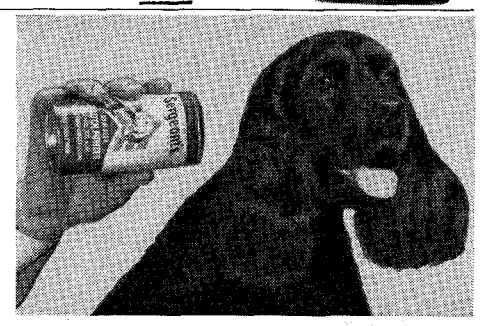

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"No; I called her twice."

"How far apart were the calls?"

"Five or ten minutes. But I tell you, Mason, I'd only moved into this new apartment about two weeks ago, and I had evidently transposed a couple of the figures in my mind. I dialed the wrong number. I must have, because she was there. And I mean she really was there. She isn't the sort of girl who would lie to you. That's one thing about Dawn, she'll hand it to you straight from the shoulder."

"The man with whom you were transacting the business knew you'd put through the calls?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"And because you were expecting your wife would be home, you probably made some remark to him about it being strange there was no answer?"

"I guess I did."

"What time did you put these calls through?"

"Around nine o'clock, I guess."

"What time did you leave your home?"

"I never got a chance to get around there during the evening, Mason. I was demonstrating a car and then we had a sales meeting, and then this deal came up on the block of used cars, and I dashed down to get to this used-car dealer before someone else beat me to it. I stopped for a hamburger sandwich on the way, and that's all I had to eat. I was intending to get back earlier than I did and take Dawn out for a good dinner someplace."

"You got back along in the latter part of the evening?"

"That's right."

"Did you ask your wife to go out?"

"Yes."

"What happened?"

"She was angry because I hadn't been home for dinner, because I'd gone out to make a business deal so soon after we'd been married. We had a little argument."

"That's all you have to tell me?"

"That's all, except this boneheaded stunt of yours of shooting a bullet hole in my desk and —— And now the officers claim that gun was the murder gun! It's absolutely impossible! It's utterly ridiculous! But if they keep messing around with it, they're going to drag Dawn's name into the newspapers."

"Not unless you do something that drags it in," Mason said. "The officers think that I had the murder gun in my possession, that I went out to see you, got you to produce your gun, fired your gun into the desk, and then switched weapons on you in the confusion, so that the gun I gave you was the murder weapon, and I slipped the gun that was in your desk drawer in my pocket."

Garvin's face showed his surprise. "You say the officers think that?"

Mason nodded.

"But why?" Garvin said. "They're trying to sell me on the idea that my wife went down to the office, got the gun —— They've insinuated that Casselman was trying to blackmail her and —— How do you know what the officers are thinking?"

"Because," Mason said, "they've just been here and virtually threatened me with arrest for concealing evidence."

Garvin slowly straightened away from the desk. "By George!" he said. "I never thought of that, but you could have done it! I should have smelled a rat. You're not so dumb as to let a gun go off accidentally."

"Therefore," Mason said, "if I had the murder weapon in my possession, if I went out there and got you to produce your gun from your desk drawer and then if I fired your gun into the desk, I certainly made sufficient commotion so that in the confusion I could have substituted the murder gun in place of your gun."

"You sure could, at that," Garvin said.

"Now then," Mason said, "which gun was it that I fired? The gun that you took out of the desk or the murder gun that I had with me?"

"You discharged my gun, the one that I took out of the desk," Garvin said unhesitatingly. "But you certainly could have switched guns afterward, because everyone was dashing into the office. I remember you holding the gun in your hand, and then you —— Good heavens, Mason! That's what you did!"

"The police seem to think so."

A grin spread over Garvin's features. "Now that puts a different aspect on the whole business. How are they going to make any trouble for Dawn if you had an opportunity to switch weapons? All right, Mason; they say all's fair in love and war. As far as I'm concerned, I'm going to play along with the police on the theory they have."

"Well," Mason said, "why do you think I gave you the tip in the first place?"

Garvin thought things over. Suddenly he moved over toward the lawyer and shot out his hand. "Shake hands, Mason," he said. "You're—you're a gentleman! Wait till I get hold of Dawn and tell her about this!"

Garvin started for the door.

"Just a moment," Mason said. "Can you tell me everyone who has keys to your office?"

Garvin seemed surprised. "The janitor, of course; my wife; my secretary."

"Your dad?"

"Oh, sure. I have a key to his office and he has a key to mine. We don't ever use them, but we have them."

"I was just checking," Mason said.

Garvin whipped the door open and walked out into the corridor.

Mason returned to his desk. "Get down to Paul Drake's office, Della," he said. "Ask him to get men on the job in Las Vegas and find out everything we can find out about Dawn Joyce." . . .

Within an hour of the time Junior Garvin had left the office, Della Street's telephone rang. She talked for a few moments, then said, "Just a moment. I'll see."

She placed her hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone and said, "Chief, it's Marie Barlow. She's uncovered some things that bother her."

Mason picked up his own telephone and said, "Connect me on Della Street's line, Gertie, and leave Della Street on there, so we can both listen."

A moment later Mason heard the click of the connection and said, "Hello, Marie; this is Perry Mason."

"I didn't want to bother you, Mr. Mason," she said, "but there's something wrong here."

"What?"

"Checks have been made out on bills that have been received, but the firms to whom the checks were paid apparently didn't have any orders to do any work. For instance, I've uncovered several receipted bills from the Acme Electrical and Plumbing Repair Company amounting to over six thousand dollars. But there isn't any Acme Electrical and Plumbing Repair Company listed in the phone book."

"What about the street address?"

"There's a street address," she said. "Thirteen-ninety-seven Chatham Street, and apparently there isn't any such firm at that address."

"What about the bill?" Mason said. "The billhead—is it printed?"

"It's printed, and looks very imposing. It has a place for job numbers, ledger numbers, order numbers, and all of that. They're all filled in in pen and ink, and look very fine, but there isn't any such

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company. Apparently no such job was performed and ——"

"How about the checks?" Mason asked. "How were they endorsed?"

"With a rubber stamp, and then cashed. The bank's closed, and I can't get any information on that until tomorrow."

"Well," Mason said, "let's start checking, Marie, but don't get stampeded into doing anything until we know more about it. What does it look like to you?"

She said, "It looks very much to me as though someone found out that Eva Elliott was green on the job, and simply had billheads printed and sent in a bill to see what she would do. The first one was only three hundred and twenty-six dollars and eighty-five cents."

"What did she do?"

"She made a check."

"Then the check must have been mailed," Mason said.

"The check was mailed all right, and cashed."

"Go on," Mason said, his voice showing his interest. "What happened after that?"

... ...

Wrong Diet

By John D. Engle, Jr.

The wheels of thought spin
in my mind.
My brain has stalled. My
eyes are blind.
I reach for speech; my
tongue is still.
I have an apoplectic will.
My ears are deaf. My hands
are numb.
My little inside voice is
dumb.
And how did all this come
about?
I nibbled a tiny crust of
doubt.

... ...

"After that, nothing happened for a month, and then there was a bill for seven hundred and eighty-five dollars and fourteen cents. It was paid, and the next month bills came in for three jobs. They were in various amounts, but the total was twenty-nine hundred dollars and some odd cents."

"Found anything else?" Mason asked.

"The next month there were three more bills. That's all, so far."

"How were the checks signed?"

"By Garvin. You know the way Mr. Garvin does. He'll have his secretary type out checks for bills that come in, and on the eighth of the month he'll sign all of the checks, so as to get his cash discounts. Now that's another crazy thing. Eva Elliott made out checks for the bills and didn't take off the two per cent cash discount, even when the billheads said right out in printing at the top: 'Two per cent cash discount if paid by the tenth.'"

"All right, Marie, I'll check into it. Thanks a lot for calling. You'll be there tomorrow?"

"I'll be on the job tomorrow."

"I'll try to run in. I'd like to have a look at some of those statements."

"O.K., I'll be here."

"'By now," Mason said, and hung up.

He looked at Della Street and frowned. "Now that's something," he said. "We'd better ask Paul Drake to take a look at this address on Chatham Street and see what he can find about that company."

"Well," Della Street said, "that's something for even a motion-picture secretary. Just open the letters, take out the bills, type out checks and send them in for the boss' signature, then mail out the disbursements."

Gertie opened the office door and said excitedly, "Here's the afternoon paper, Mr. Mason, with a photograph in it showing a bloody footprint in Casselman's apartment, and there's someone from Las Vegas calling—a woman who says the only name you know her by is Lucille."

"Put Lucille on," Mason said.

The woman's voice was urgent with excitement. "Mr. Mason, I guess you know who I am. This is Lucille at the Double-O Motel."

"Go on, Lucille," Mason said.

"Mr. Garvin simply had to talk with his son about an urgent matter."

"Telephone?" Mason asked.

"No, personally. He chartered a plane."

"Go on."

"He took elaborate precautions to see that he wasn't followed to the airport."

"Go on."

"He told me that he would telephone me at three o'clock on the dot, at six o'clock on the dot, at eight o'clock on the dot, and that he'd be back by ten. He said if I didn't get any one of those calls, I was to call you and tell you. Otherwise, I wasn't to let you or anyone else know where he was."

"O.K.," Mason said. "I gather that the three-o'clock call didn't come through."

"That's right. I haven't heard from him at all. I wanted you to know."

Mason said, "Thanks. That means he's been picked up. There's nothing we can do until they book him. We'll stay on the job. Thanks for calling."

Mason hung up the phone and started studying the picture on the second page of the afternoon newspaper.

"Interesting?" Della Street asked.

"Very," Mason said. "You can see there's a man's footprint here, a footprint which has been made with a bloody shoe, and there's a heel mark, the stamp of a fairly new rubber heel. Police have been able to make out the name: 'The Spring-Eze.'"

Mason pushed back the paper and started pacing the floor. At length he paused and regarded Della Street quizzically. "It's my contention, Della, that an attorney doesn't have to sit back and wait until a witness gets on the stand, and then test his recollection simply by asking him questions. If facts can be shuffled in such a way that it will confuse a witness who isn't absolutely certain of his story, and if the attorney doesn't suppress, conceal or distort any of the actual evidence, I claim the attorney is within his rights."

Della Street nodded.

"In this case," Mason went on, "the facts keep shuffling themselves. Usually the police get the main suspect, but have difficulty finding the murder weapon. Here they have the murder weapon, and have so many main suspects they don't know what to do."

Della Street said, "In this case you're one up on them. Knowing that you didn't switch weapons, you know the murder weapon was in Junior's desk."

Mason nodded. "The only trouble, Della, is that I don't know who put it there, and I won't know until I can talk with Garvin, Senior."

"And if he didn't put it there?"

"Then the murderer did. We're going to have to work late tonight. Police are holding Stephanie Falkner. Now they've also picked up Garvin, Senior. How's your headache?"

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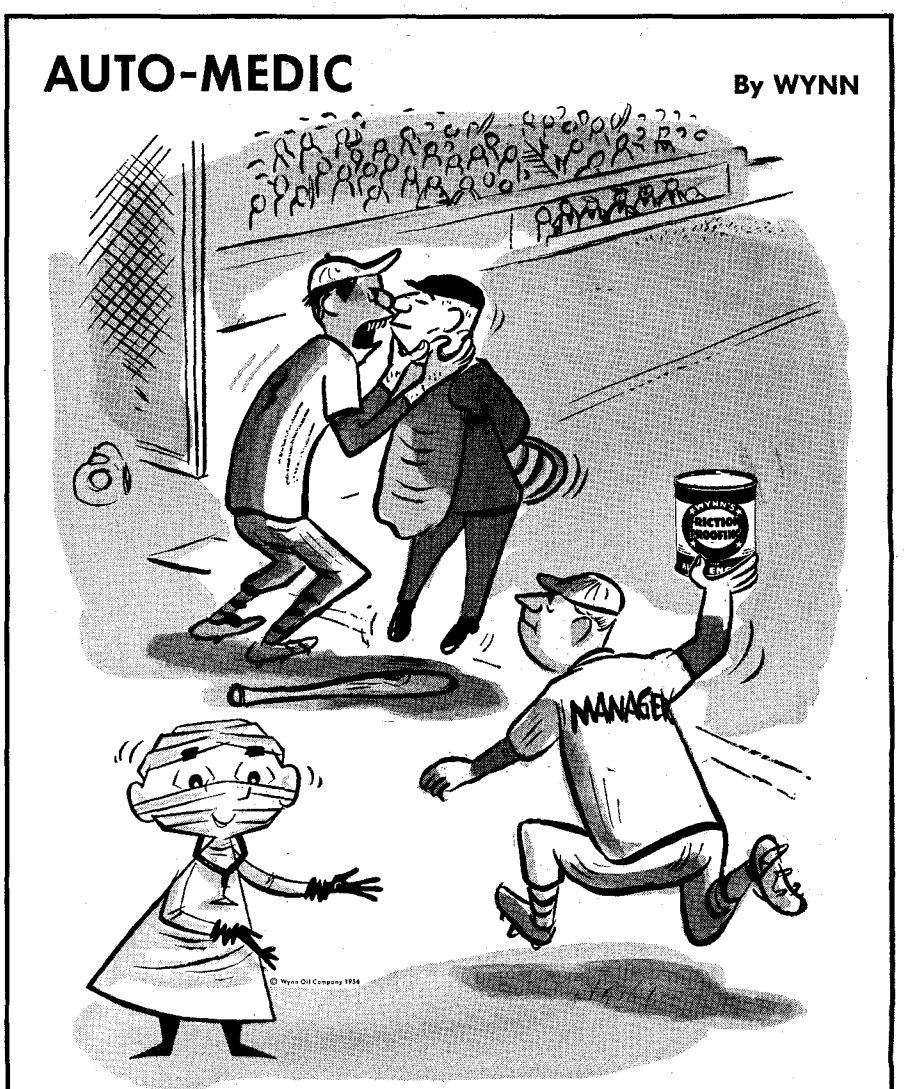

"I told the manager Wynn's Friction Proofing would stop friction... but I meant in his car!"

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She looked at him; then slowly closed one eye. "Much better," she said.

Mason and Della Street entered the dimly lit interior of the cocktail lounge.

"Well," Della Street said with a sigh, "this is a welcome and relaxing atmosphere after the tense urgency and the emergency of working on a case."

Mason nodded. "We'll sit and relax; then get a nice steak dinner with baked potato and all the fixings. However, Della, let's just check before we sit down. I'll give Paul Drake a ring to let him know where we are."

Mason stepped into the telephone booth and dialed Paul Drake's number.

Paul Drake said hello, and Mason said, "We're just letting you know where we are, Paul. We're going to take time out for a couple of cocktails, a nice steak, baked potato and ——"

"Hold it!" Paul Drake interrupted. "You're wasting precious time."

"What is it?" Mason asked.

"Lieutenant Tragg, of Homicide, telephoned not over five minutes ago. They're frantically trying to reach you."

"Why?" Mason said.

"Homer Garvin, Senior, is being held for questioning in the office of the district attorney. He refuses to make any statement unless you are present. The D.A. is going to call in newspaper reporters and let them know of developments unless you show up and unless Garvin, quote, satisfactorily explains, unquote, certain evidence against him."

"All right," Mason said, reaching a sudden decision. "Where is Garvin now?"

"At the D.A.'s office."

"Tell them to expect me," Mason said. "I'm coming up." He slammed up the telephone and jerked the door open.

"Oh-oh," Della Street said, "here goes a perfectly good dinner."

"That's right," Mason told her. "It's postponed. Garvin, Senior, is in custody at the D.A.'s office. He refuses to make any statement unless I'm present, and demands that they notify me as his attorney."

"And they did?"

"They did."

"That means they're laying a trap for you too," Della Street warned.

"I know it," Mason told her. "However, I'm going to walk into it. Take my car, go to the office and wait. I'll get back there just as soon as I can, and then we'll go to dinner."

Mason thrust the keys to the car into her hand, dashed to the door, jumped into a waiting taxi and said, "I want to go to the district attorney's office and I'm in something of a hurry."

Mason pushed open a swinging door, strode down a hallway flanked with offices, pushed open the door of an office marked HAMILTON BURGER, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, PRIVATE, and said, "Good evening, gentlemen."

They were seated in shirt sleeves in a tight little group: Lieutenant Tragg, of Homicide, a uniformed officer, a shorthand reporter, Homer Garvin, and Hamilton Burger, the barrel-chested, grizzly bear of a district attorney.

Hamilton Burger cleared his throat importantly, but first nodded to the shorthand reporter.

"Mr. Mason," he said. "Mr. Perry Mason. Please come in and be seated. Let *the records show that Mr. Perry Mason* has arrived. . . . Now, Mr. Garvin, you have stated that you would explain matters only when your attorney was present. I am now asking you to explain the blood-stained shoe and the print of that blood-stained shoe in the apartment of George [illegible]elman, who was murdered last Tuesnight."

Mason said, "Just a moment, gentlemen. If my client is going to make any statement, I want to talk with him first."

"We've waited long enough already," Hamilton Burger said.

"If I am denied an opportunity to confer with my client before this conference goes on," Mason said, "I will simply advise him not to answer any questions and you can keep right on waiting."

"In that event, we will not try to protect him as far as publicity is concerned," Hamilton Burger warned. "Mr. Garvin is a responsible businessman. I have explained to him that we don't want to work any injustice, that we don't want to drag his name into this case so that there will be any unfavorable publicity."

Mason said, "Let the record show that I have demanded an opportunity to confer with my client before the interrogation proceeds further, that I have been answered with a threat by the district attorney to call in reporters and blast my client with publicity."

Hamilton Burger got to his feet, his face dark with anger.

Tragg said, "Just a minute." He arose, walked over and whispered in the district attorney's ear.

"We'll give you ten minutes," Hamilton Burger said after a moment. "There's an office in there on the left."

Mason nodded to Garvin. "This way, Garvin."

Garvin was out of his chair with alacrity. Mason opened the door and disclosed a secretarial office equipped with a typewriter desk, a machine, a cabinet of stationery and several chairs. Mason looked the place over quickly, then moved over to another door and opened it, disclosing a small coat-and-hat closet.

"In here," he said to Garvin.

Garvin entered the closet. Mason switched on a light. They stood close together within the narrow confines.

Mason said, "That room is probably bugged. I didn't like the expression on Burger's face. He gave in too easily. Keep your voice low. Now tell me what the devil this is all about, and tell me fast."

Garvin said, "I should have told you before, I guess. I—hang it, Mason! I was disappointed in my son!"

"Lots of parents are disappointed in their children."

"Well, it's all right now. I thought for a while he was marrying the wrong girl, but now I think he married the right girl."

"By that, do you mean you think Stephanie Falkner is mixed up in this murder?"

"By that," Garvin said, "I mean that I'm in love with Stephanie Falkner. I guess I always have been in love with her, ever since I met her. I wanted Junior to marry her. That is, I thought I did. But when he married someone else, I—I knew I should have been disappointed, but I wasn't. I was suddenly elated."

"Have you told her about it?"

"I'm afraid I hinted at it. That's all there'll ever be to it. I'm old enough to be her father."

"Barely," Mason said. "Some women prefer older men."

Garvin brushed the subject aside impatiently. "It's not in the cards, Mason, but I'm telling you that one fact so you can understand the situation."

Mason said, "We have only a minute. Give me facts, and give them to me just as fast as you can. You took that murder gun down to your son's office and planted it in his desk. I wanted to divert attention from the gun you had left with Stephanie, and thought I could do something smart. I loused things up and ——"

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute," Garvin said. "You're all wet. I didn't put any gun in my son's desk."

Mason said impatiently, "You went to Casselman's apartment before you went to your office. Did you kill him or not?"

Garvin said, "Don't be silly. Stephanie saw him after I did."

"Just what did you do?"

Garvin said, "I stopped in to see Casselman on the way to my office. I had just driven in from Las Vegas. It was around eight-fifteen. I had a key that worked the lock on the outer door of the apartment. I didn't want to tip him off by ringing his bell. You know how these street doors on apartment houses are, Perry. Almost any sort of key will work them. Well, I went up and knocked on Casselman's door. He opened it, but didn't invite me in. He seemed strangely disturbed when I told him who I was. He told me he had someone with him and was all tied up. He said I should return at eleven o'clock and he'd see me then. Then he all but slammed the door in my face. I took the stairs to the street. I don't know how you found out about this, Mason. I haven't told a soul."

"Never mind how I found out," Mason said. "You went to your office from Casselman's apartment?"

"Not directly. I stopped to get gas and called Las Vegas. Then I went to my office. I have a little emergency apartment fixed up in connection with my office. I had previously telephoned on ahead and asked Eva Elliott to wait for me. I wanted some information on some business matters, and wanted her to give it to me personally."

"All right," Mason said. "You went to your office. What happened?"

"I changed my clothes and took a shower. I told Miss Elliott to get the information for me while I was taking the shower and put it on my desk. After my shower, I asked Eva Elliott what the devil she meant by not telling you where I was. One thing led to another, and I fired her. You know what happened after that."

"I'm not sure I do," Mason said.

"Well, I went to see you, and then we went down to see Stephanie Falkner, and ——"

"And you were at Stephanie's when we left," Mason said.

"I stayed there for a short time. I tried to let Stephanie know how much I had wished to have her in my family."

"What about the gun?" Mason asked.

"I always carry a gun. I have a shoulder holster and my suits are tailored so I can carry the gun under my left arm without it showing. I took my gun out of the holster and gave it to her."

"Was that gun fully loaded when you gave it to her?"

"Of course."

"Had it been fired?"

"That gun hadn't been fired for months, Mason. I'm telling you this, but I'm not going to tell anyone else. Before I left Las Vegas I removed the shells in the gun and put in fresh shells. I intended to get rough with Casselman and I wanted to be armed when I called for a showdown. I felt I might need my gun."

"All right," Mason said. "Go ahead. What happened?"

"I keep another gun in my safe in the office. I was going to see Casselman at eleven, but I didn't tell anyone about that appointment. I wanted to be armed when I saw him, so, after I left Stephanie's apartment, I returned to my office, got the other gun out of my safe, put that gun in my shoulder holster, and then went to call on Casselman."

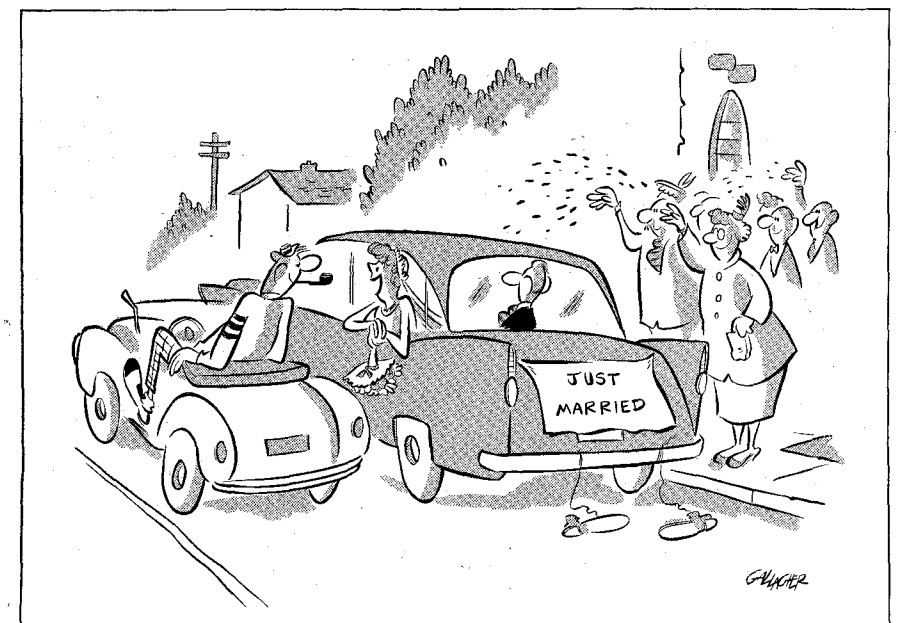
"All right; what happened?"

"I used my key on the front door. I went up to Casselman's apartment. I knocked and got no answer. I tried the apartment door. It was unlocked. It had a key lock, not a night latch. I could walk right in, and I did. Casselman was in there, sprawled in a pool of blood. He was dead as a mackerel. I looked around. Some woman had stepped in the blood and there was the imprint of her foot and heel plate as plain as could be. I felt certain it was the print of Stephanie's shoe. I had to know for sure. So I left Casselman's apartment, leaving the door unlocked. I went to Stephanie's apartment. She was in bed. She got up and let me in. I didn't tell her where I had been or what I had found. I told her I was terribly nervous and simply had to see her and talk with her for a while."

"All right. What happened?"

"I tried to tell her something about how I felt toward her, without going too far. I told her to call on me if she ever needed a friend. I could see the gun I had given her was under the pillow. I made an excuse to handle it very briefly. When she had her back turned, I surreptitiously opened the cylinder, and sure enough one shell had been fired since I had given her the gun. She was wearing a bathrobe, pajamas and slippers. I saw a pair of shoes. I managed to get a good look at them. One of them was still damp. Evidently it had recently been washed. There was a metal heel plate. It matched the imprint of the bloody shoe print I'd seen in Casselman's apartment."

TO BE CONTINUED



"Not much, Chuck—What's new with you?"

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Las Vegas on the Potomac

(Continued from Page 39)

enticements at bargain rates. He barely breaks even on the food, and the drinks—fifty cents for a generous slug of whisky—yield him but a slim profit. There is no cover charge in the ballroom, where orchestras play in winter, jukeboxes the rest of the year. Occasionally Little Reno features a name band and a floor show. Conner once hired Guy Lombardo for a three-hour engagement, paying him $3500. For less sophisticated patrons, especially those under sixteen, who are forbidden by law to gamble, Conner provides an amusement park near the entrance. The revenue from the machines amply covers these trimmings.

Conner offers his patrons a wide choice of models. There are nickel, quarter, fifty-cent and silver-dollar spins, seven-slot "horse races," pinball games, secret combinations that pay off unexpectedly. For some players a single machine does not furnish swift enough action, and they will tackle two or three simultaneously, left hand dribbling in the coins, right hand working the levers, with a rhythmic swing mastered through long practice.

To spare such fanatics any interruption, fleet-footed money-changers scurry about replenishing their stacks of coins as fast as they dwindle.

The bar closes at midnight, but the gambling section stays open twenty-four hours a day, 365 days in the year. Among the habitués are an elderly couple who drive down nearly every Saturday from Richmond, sixty-five miles away, play until dawn, and drive back. A Sunday-morning bus sometimes deposits in Colonial Beach a sporty-looking grandmother and her ten-year-old grandson. They are equipped for fishing, but to the boy's disgust they invariably stop first in Little Reno. Some Sundays it is a long stop.

Every jackpot is guaranteed to pay a fixed minimum sum—$5 to $250, depending on the stake. Now and then, the management halts all play and announces that the next player to hit a jackpot will receive an added bonus of fifty dollars. But anybody who plays steadily cannot avoid losing—how fast and how much, the house mechanics can regulate through such simple adjustments as plugging certain holes, rearranging the sequence of the fruit symbols on the wheels, weighting the cylinders to make fewer pay-off stops. Conner deposes, with an air of earnest benevolence, that he gears his machines to retain no more than about twenty-five cents out of every dollar--a disclosure surprising to many another operator, who sets the odds in favor of the house anywhere from 60 to 80 per cent.

But even at Conner's odds the take would have caused Canfield to blush. The lowest pay-off, 2-to-1, occurs on the average of once in eight spins, a 16-to-1 pay-off once in 500, a jackpot once in 1000. This means that to win $5 from a nickel machine a player would have to spend $50.

Slot-machine addicts, however, are a philosophical lot. They do not seriously expect to win anything. A Washington jeweler familiarly known as "Pop" Tennant, who has frequented Little Reno almost since it opened and recently celebrated his seventy-first birthday there, cannot recall ever having quit the game ahead. Now retired, he plans to pass his remaining years in Colonial Beach.

A local crabber regularly challenges the machines on the way to his pots.

"Any luck?" an out-of-town player asked him early one morning.

"Hell, of course not!" the crabber snarled, as if he had been insulted.

"Me neither," the stranger observed, "but somebody's got to win sometime."

The crabber agreed, "Sure thing. I even seen it happen. Only they always puts it back."

The record for persistence in the face of defeat probably belongs to four Richmond youths. They played continuously for forty-eight hours.

Since 1949, when Conner's cash assets totaled less than $10,000, Little Reno and the Jackpot have earned him a fortune—at a conservative estimate—of more than $1,000,000. Besides the two casinos, he has acquired almost a third of a mile of river frontage. In the biggest real-estate transaction ever recorded thereabouts, he purchased for $250,000 the 115-room Colonial Beach Hotel, part of which was originally the winter residence of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, father of Robert E. A year ago he completed an airport close to town with a mile-long runway, Reno Sky Park. He owns four planes. "It all kind of growed up together," he says happily.

Conner owes his enviable position to a highly developed sense of geographical values. Virginia laws ban both gambling and drinking hard liquor in public. Yet Conner is immune from prosecution; his casinos operate openly in the protective presence of uniformed deputy sheriffs. What explains the paradox is a freakish state border. Technically, the piers fall within the jurisdiction of Charles County, Maryland, even though the Maryland mainland begins six miles away, on the other side of the Potomac. This peculiar and, to Conner, delightful legal status was created by King Charles I. When, in 1632, he bestowed Maryland upon his court favorite, Lord Baltimore, he threw in the entire Potomac.

Another man for whom Conner harbors the tenderest feelings is former Maryland State Senator James B. Monroe, a Charles County Republican. Slot machines, which were invented during the Gay '90's by a denizen of San Francisco's Barbary Coast named Charles Fey, had long been played *sub rosa* throughout Maryland. According to widely credited rumors, the bulk of the profits enriched Frank Costello, the slot-machine racketeer nonpareil, whose gross from machines the country over was estimated to have reached, in a single year, $32,840,000. A sizable segment of the senator's constituents felt that the one-armed bandits should be legalized.

Proclaimed Monroe, "They can't stay in Charles Country illegally while I'm in the Senate. But I'm willing to give the people the right to vote for them." In the resulting referendum, in June, 1949, the pro-gambling faction won by a 50 per cent majority. With the neighboring counties having adopted similar measures, Maryland is today one of only five states that tolerate slot machines.

The new law, combined with the fact that Charles County takes in almost forty miles of both Potomac shores, opened up alluring vistas to some sharp investors on the Virginia side, Del Conner foremost among them. Scarcely had the ink dried on the enactment before they were extending piers into the river dedicated to Fortuna and, bars also being legal in Maryland, to Bacchus. The proper Virginians were appalled by such goings-on right under their noses, but powerless. Thanks to whimsical King Charles I, Conner and his colleagues were no more subject to Virginia restraints than the lords of Las Vegas.

Conner's aircraft include a Boeing 247, vintage of 1933, which ferries Washington clients to Colonial Beach for the modest round-trip fare of ten dollars. Dubbed the Champagne Cruiser, it is sumptuously appointed, with a pink color scheme inside and out, and a champagne glass painted on the tail. During the two eighteen-minute evening flights a stewardess dispenses pink champagne. A pink limousine meets the passengers at Reno Sky Park, whisks them to the casinos, where they receive a starting stake of twenty nickels and a coupon exchangeable for two drinks of their choice. Six hours later the Champagne Cruiser flies those who can tear themselves away back to the capital.

Among the distinguished guests who graced the inauguration of the service was that hero of the slot-machine fans, ex-Senator Monroe. Now State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, and a valued friend of Conner, he occasionally rides a boat across the Potomac to revisit the joyous scene.

In a flight last May, the Champagne Cruiser's landing gear jammed. For three and a half hours she circled Richmond's Byrd Airport, bearing the Conner brothers and four casino-bound trippers. She finally crash-landed. Nobody was injured.

For ballyhoo and their own amusement the playful Conners contrived a trick car, which they exhibit, emblazoned with ads touting Little Reno, in every parade and fair they can get to. With Denny in the driver's seat, sporting a duster and a derby, and Del beside him, togged out like an old frump, the contraption rears up on its hind wheels, spins, bucks, fires blank shells from a toy cannon. "Comical," says Del, "the people laugh theirselves sick."

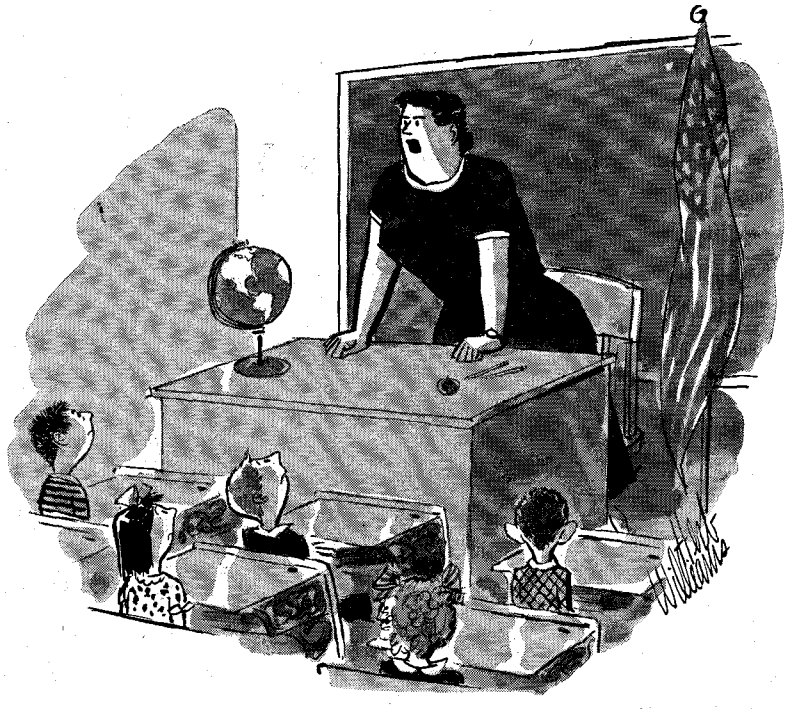
But the cares of running a slot-machine palace are no laughing matters. Not the least of Conner's tribulations arise from the sinfulness of human nature. In his office adjoining the gambling section he keeps an extensive collection of slugs and spurious coins recovered from the house trays. Such rascality moved him to install a panel of one-way-vision glass to spy through, and a hidden TV eye. The use of counterfeits is only the crudest of many cheating techniques he has observed. Defter rogues have managed to jam the mechanism after a pay-off, making it repeat—for example, by inserting a coin smeared with chewing gum or shoving a rod up the money chute. One of them brought along a performing dog to divert attention while he accomplished his evil purpose.

Although Conner himself was not among the victims, he followed with intense interest the trial of two brothers, Lloyd and James Secrist, who swindled several of his competitors. With a tiny steel drill they would perforate the face of a machine, stick in a long pin and stop the wheels on heavy-pay-off combinations. A waitress finally caught them at it and called the police. They were booked for larceny. Said the sentencing magistrate, "We welcome fair-minded pleasure seekers who like to play our machines, but we don't like our machines to be tampered with. Our merchants pay enormous annual taxes" (to the county $150 per machine plus $25 for every slot over three; to the Federal Government $250) "and cannot afford the luxury of handing over money to players without some return." He fined them each $150.

When Conner spots a cheater, he throws him out—a boxer and wrestler in his youth, he stands five feet eleven and weighs 226 pounds—but he rarely presses charges. "Bad public relations," he says. In any event, he cannot, because of the strange jurisdictional situation, rely on the Colonial Beach police to deal with malefactors. Charles County, however, agreed to deputize sheriffs to patrol the casinos, if the owners would pay their salaries. Conner generally employs four or five of them.

The king of the poor man's Las Vegas grew up in the mountain town of Four States, West Virginia, one of eight children born to a police officer. After two years of high school, he left to work as a machinist in a glass factory. He was twenty-six when he married a five-and-ten-cent-store salesgirl, Emmagine Keener, nicknamed "Pete." She now manages the Colonial Beach Hotel. There are no children. During World War II Conner held down two jobs at once—by day machining warheads at the Alexandria naval torpedo station, by night plane parts in a civilian plant.

An aunt of his ran a small hotel in Colonial Beach, and (*Continued on Page 90*)



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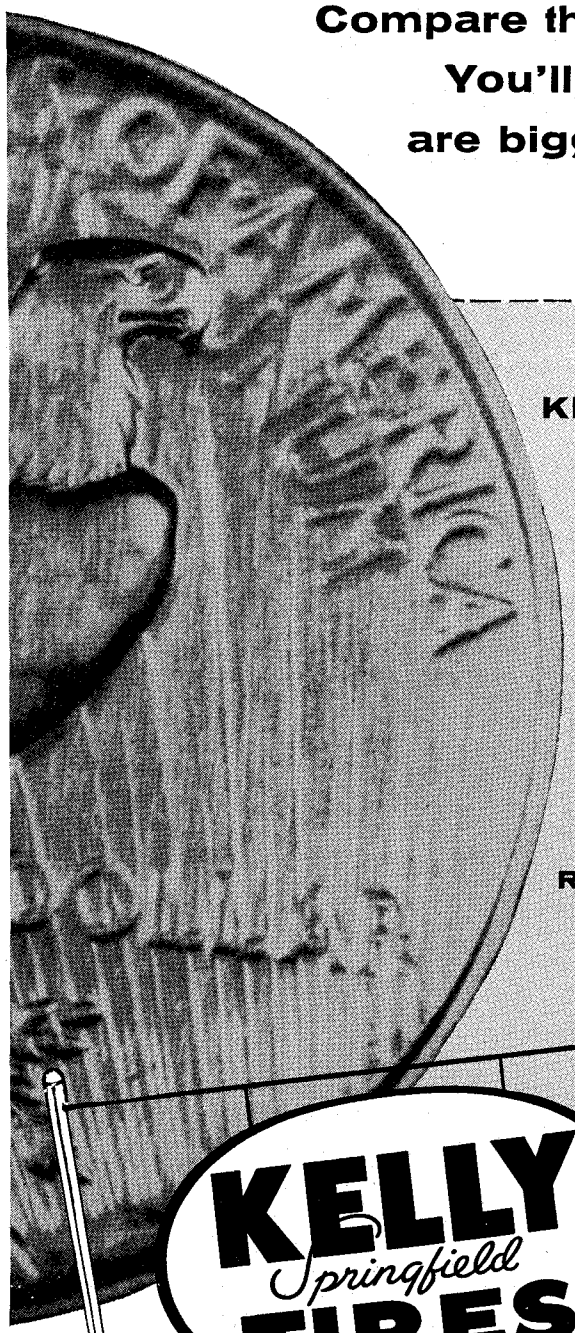

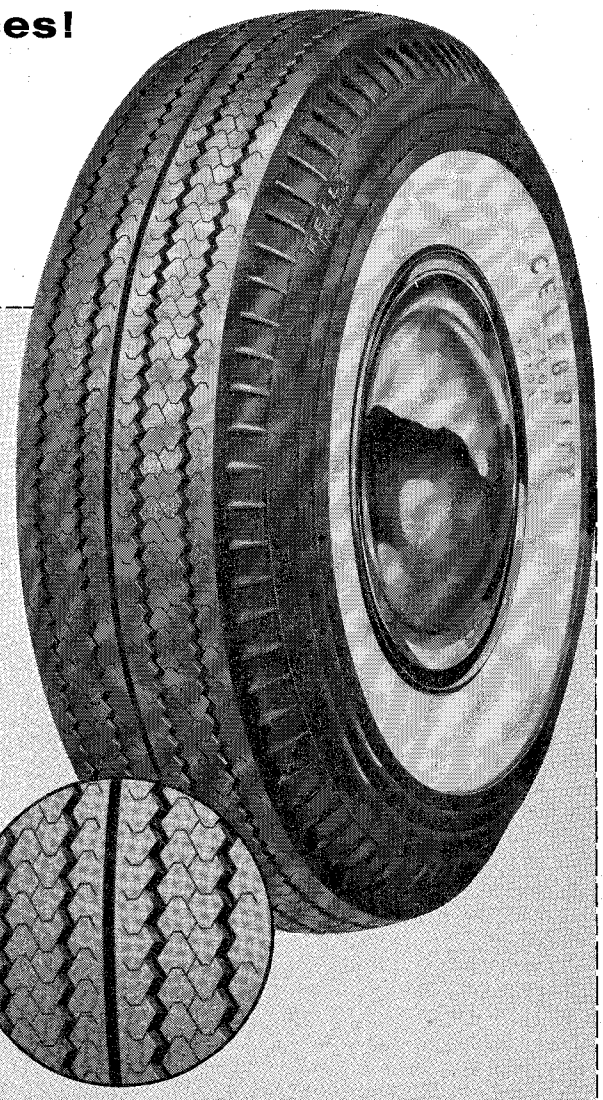

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Gives you far more control
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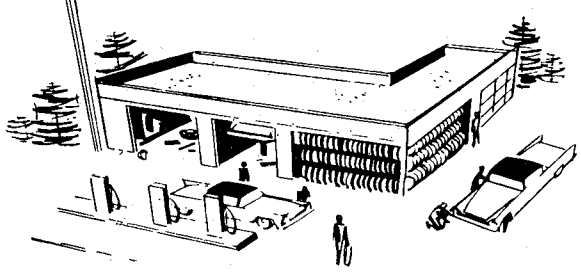

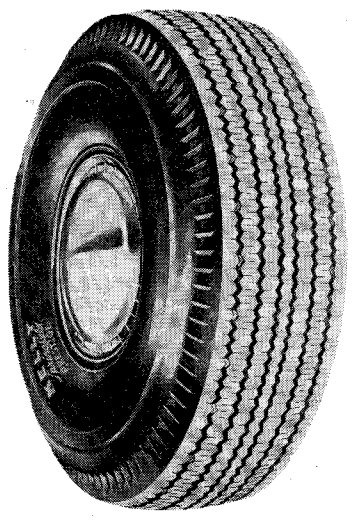

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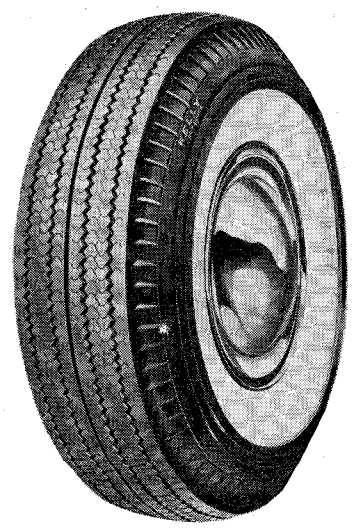

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MD.

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(*Continued from Page 88*) he occasionally visited her. Noting signs of growth along the river, he decided, when the war ended, to go into the hotel business himself. The thirty-two-room Ambassador was available for $15,000, and with his savings as a down payment, a mortgage and the partnership of an older brother, Howard, he bought it. He later sold his equity to Howard. Not long after Maryland legalized slot machines, he took title to his first fifty feet of shore property. Denny Conner, who also spent the war as a machinist in a defense plant, joined the burgeoning enterprise. A still younger brother, Paul, became assistant manager.

Though no man grasped the beauties inherent in the curious geographical division more fully than Conner, he was not the pioneer. One Ralph Millen, proprietor of the New Atlanta, a water-front hostelry, shared that distinction with a Maryland veteran of the amusement business, Walter Hendrix. Millen added a pier to the hotel grounds, Hendrix supplied half a dozen machines. Somewhat nervously, Millen cut a narrow crevice at what he assumed to be the border line, marked on one side: MARYLAND—THE FREE STATE, on the other: VIRGINIA—OLD DOMINION.

Millen eventually sold the hotel to a Pennsylvanian named Gene Geissinger. A tenderhearted man, the new owner could not bear the lamentations of guests returning with empty pockets from the Free State, and he turned the machines back to Hendrix, concentrating instead on modernizing the hotel. It now has the only swimming pool and the most highly reputed cuisine in Colonial Beach.

No such frailty inhibited Conner. By the following winter he was in the gambling business with seventeen machines, a liquor license and Little Reno, then measuring a fraction of its present dimensions. At about the same time a group of promoters from Baltimore and New York erected a pier casino, but made the mistake of situating it too far from the center of town and they drew a meager attendance. Conner bought them out, moved the building to a closer pier at a cost of $30,000, and named it the Jackpot.

Walter Hendrix, meanwhile, a solemn, secretive man, was providing brisk competition. Right next to Little Reno he launched the Monte Carlo. A fourth pier called, despite its all-wood construction, Little Steel formed part of Conner's Colonial Beach Hotel purchase, and Hendrix held a lease on that, which still had four years to run. Once warm friends, who fished and hunted together, the rivals now bristle like porcupines at mention of each other's names. But though Hendrix has thrived, too, his Monte Carlo, with only 100 machines and less commodious facilities for dancing and elbow-bending, never quite attained the razzle-dazzle success of Little Reno.

A timorous spirit would have quailed before the uproar that preceded Conner's debut on the piers. The pastor of the First Baptist Church preached a sulphurous sermon entitled The One-Armed Bandit. Town elders cited the evils which had beset other communities countenancing slot machines. In Twin Falls, Idaho, for example, where they were sanctioned for two years under a state local-option law, unpaid bills, pauperism and armed robbery increased at such an alarming rate that the law was repealed. Spokeswomen for the mothers of Colonial Beach protested, "We have enough trouble with our young people." A number of merchants and hotelkeepers dissented, arguing that the piers would stimulate tourist trade. But the debate was academic. In vain did the town attorney seek a legal weapon to combat the scheme. "Fact is," says Conner, "some of the folks who raised the biggest stink are good customers."

He encountered a real obstacle in the Charles County gambling-license code. Under a clause conceived in the belief that it would eliminate racketeers, nobody could obtain a license unless he was a property owner or registered voter as of July 1, 1949. Still voting in West Virginia, his Potomac riparian rights of more recent date, Conner faced the dismal prospect of forgoing a share of the first flood of coins. He neatly skirted the difficulty by conferring a vice presidency upon a Charles County mechanic, John Reese, who then filed a license application in his own name.

The association with Reese had other valuable aspects. He happened to be the head mechanic of the Southern Maryland Novelty Company, which distributes a great many of the county's slot machines—823 out of 1823 in 1954. Founded by the brothers Russell and Wilbur Howard, both of whom succumbed to heart disease at thirty-nine, the firm is directed today by their shrewd, handsome widows, Wilhelmina and Helen. They do not sell the machines, but lease them, splitting the take 50–50 with the lessees, at a gross annual profit of some $2,500,000.

Nearly all slot machines used to come from Chicago, headquarters of the Mills Novelty Company, the leading manufacturer, and of five others. But in 1951 Congress passed a Kefauver-sponsored bill—an outgrowth of the Senate Interstate Crime Investigating Committee hearings—making interstate transportation of even a component a Federal offense. The resultant shortage, with nickel machines, formerly priced at $250, retailing on the black market for twice that, has necessitated extreme precautions against deterioration of the wonderful golden-egg layers. Southern Maryland Novelty installed an elaborate two-way radio system, enabling it to rush repairmen day or night to the aid of ailing machines anywhere in the county. Conner, however, now the Howard widows' best customer, does not require this servicing. Nine mechanics of his own tend the Little Reno machines under the supervision of vice president Reese, who was permanently assigned to him.

Delivery of the ponderous equipment, not to mention cases of liquor, poses Conner a problem in logistics. Over the Potomac Bridge would be an easy truck haul. But the merchandise cannot legally cross an inch of Virginia soil. It must be shipped seven miles downriver and unloaded at the end of the piers.

What hardship the taboo can occasion was demonstrated in the fall of 1954 when Hurricane Hazel smote the beach. The Little Steel Pier began tottering. Hendrix, who had thirty machines on it, was absent at the time. Unable to contemplate without emotion the loss of such a treasure, even though it belonged to a competitor, Conner rallied a crew to salvage it. The simple way would have been to cart the machines a few feet back to terra firma. But the risk of confiscation was too great. So, bucking the big blow, sloshing waist-deep through the rising waters, the rescuers rigged a rope and pulley downgrade from the swaying pier to a window in the Jackpot—a twenty-five-foot stretch, tied the machines to it and started hauling them to safety. Three broke loose and sank without trace. The rest survived. Half an hour later the pier collapsed.

The tons of coins that the slot machines consume strain the reserves of many a bank along Maryland's gambling belt. There is a Washington banker who, whenever he accumulates a surplus of silver, offers it to some of his Charles County colleagues. They never refuse. From only one of them around $70,000 worth of small change goes out every month. Hardly a nickel comes back. The slot-machine operators exchange it all for the players' folding money and clamor for more.

The first time Conner sought replenishment catastrophe befell him. The tiny local Bank of Westmoreland lacked a sufficient amount, so Conner drove to Washington for it. On the rear seat lay a cigar box full of greenbacks, totaling $1075—about all he had been able to scrape together after meeting his initial expenses. He stopped for a bite, neglecting to lock the car. Somebody filched the cigar box. When Conner pulled into Colonial Beach that evening, he was a shattered man, not knowing how he would change the customers' money. The Bank of Westmoreland, an exceptionally obliging institution, which reopens for an hour every day at 5:30 P.M. as a convenience to its depositors, saw him through the crisis. At weekly intervals since then it has dispatched an armed courier to a Richmond bank to procure the required lucre—$10,000 or more each trip.

In varying degrees, both the virtuous fears and the commercial hopes expressed by Colonial Beachers during the early contention over the piers appear to have been realized. "I know the young people drink everywhere these days," said a local minister, "but there's more drinking here than anywhere I've ever been."

Martin Lunsford, who developed the Colonial Yacht Club, awoke one morning to find the windshield of a motor cruiser smashed and a gin bottle in the scuppers. "They drink all night on the piers, then look for a place to park," said he. "Maryland gets the liquor taxes, while we repair the damage and pick up the bottles."

A banker deplores the economic perils to natives who can't resist the machines. During recent months a housewife lost $1500, her entire savings, and tried to borrow more. Some of the local workmen gamble away their week's pay in a night and live on credit until next pay day.

At the same time, trade is booming. Buses and cars, boats and planes bring record crowds—albeit of a somewhat racier character than the founding fathers knew—and not only in summer. There were weekends last April when they filled the eleven hotels, five motels and thirty-five rentable rooms, apartments and cottages, not counting those who slept in their cars—an unprecedented influx at that season. More than 200 new buildings, residential and commercial, have gone up, more than $2,000,000 has been spent improving property. The year-round population has increased from 1400 to 2000. The town's crusty little Mayor Linwood Costenbader, who is also a barber, though once among the bitterest critics, voices only one objection today, and it is strictly materialistic. He hates to see all those taxes—approximately $75,000 a year from the three casinos—pouring into the coffers of Charles County. "We ought to get part of it," he insists.

About Conner personally few townsfolk have a harsh word to say. "Nice, decent feller," the mayor attests. "Runs a respectable place. Never set foot inside of it myself, of course, but I got runners that tell me so."

Bank president Hiram Williams, a septuagenarian of ducal dignity, declares, "He's only doing what others would do if they knew how."

Much of this condonation Conner has won through largess and good works. Though his corporative self belongs to Charles County, he takes pains to show that his heart belongs to Colonial Beach. He frequently turns over Little Reno to benevolent organizations for fund-raising dances, raffles, crab feasts and oyster roasts. Any profits from the machines, above the house's normal expectation, garnered during such affairs, he donates. Thus the local March of Dimes chapter lately received $1870, the Elks $1300. Reno Sky Park is free to any flier who cares to land there. As summer approaches, Conner resands part of the public beach at his own expense and sets traps for sea nettles, the terror of bathers in those waters.

An administrator of inexhaustible energy, he usually breezes into Little Reno around six A.M. to breakfast on a steak sandwich. He seldom retires before two or three A.M. the next day. He enjoys playing the machines himself, but abstains when customers are nigh. "If I should hit the jackpot," he explains, "folks would yell, 'Yah, yah, he knows the secret.' Mostly I don't gamble or drink—I sells it." For recreation he hunts bears in the mountains of his native West Virginia and pilots a twenty-three-foot speedboat. He has forty-five hours toward a flying license. An amateur chef, he concocted the recipe for the scorching Mexican chili with which Little Reno's countermen douse the hot dogs.

The manifestations of Conner's wealth are extensive. He maintains three luxurious domiciles. Atop Little Reno stands a penthouse flat, glass-enclosed on three sides, commanding a majestic view of the river. By occupying it he tactfully adds substance to his status as a Charles County voter and resident. A suite of ten rooms in the Colonial Beach Hotel he also reserves for himself and his wife. On a bluff overlooking the Potomac, remote from the slam-banging of slot machines, he will shortly have completed an opulent Roman brick mansion which an inhabitant of Sunset Boulevard would not disdain. The final plans call for a swimming pool, and a dock for his boat.

To what degree Conner has gained acceptance in Colonial Beach was indicated in 1953 and again in 1954. Both those years the Chamber of Commerce elected him president. More recently a group of appreciative businessmen presented the slot-machine tycoon with a bronze statuette "for outstanding service to the community." THE END

Vanishing American

By R. H. Grenville

Oh, what befell the classic clan
That bred the tall, strong, silent man;
Thinker and doer, taut of jaw,
Whose word—at least at home—was law;
Lean prototype of pioneers
Who had a use for both his ears,
And, struggling westward, linked the seas
By shooting rapids, not the breeze?

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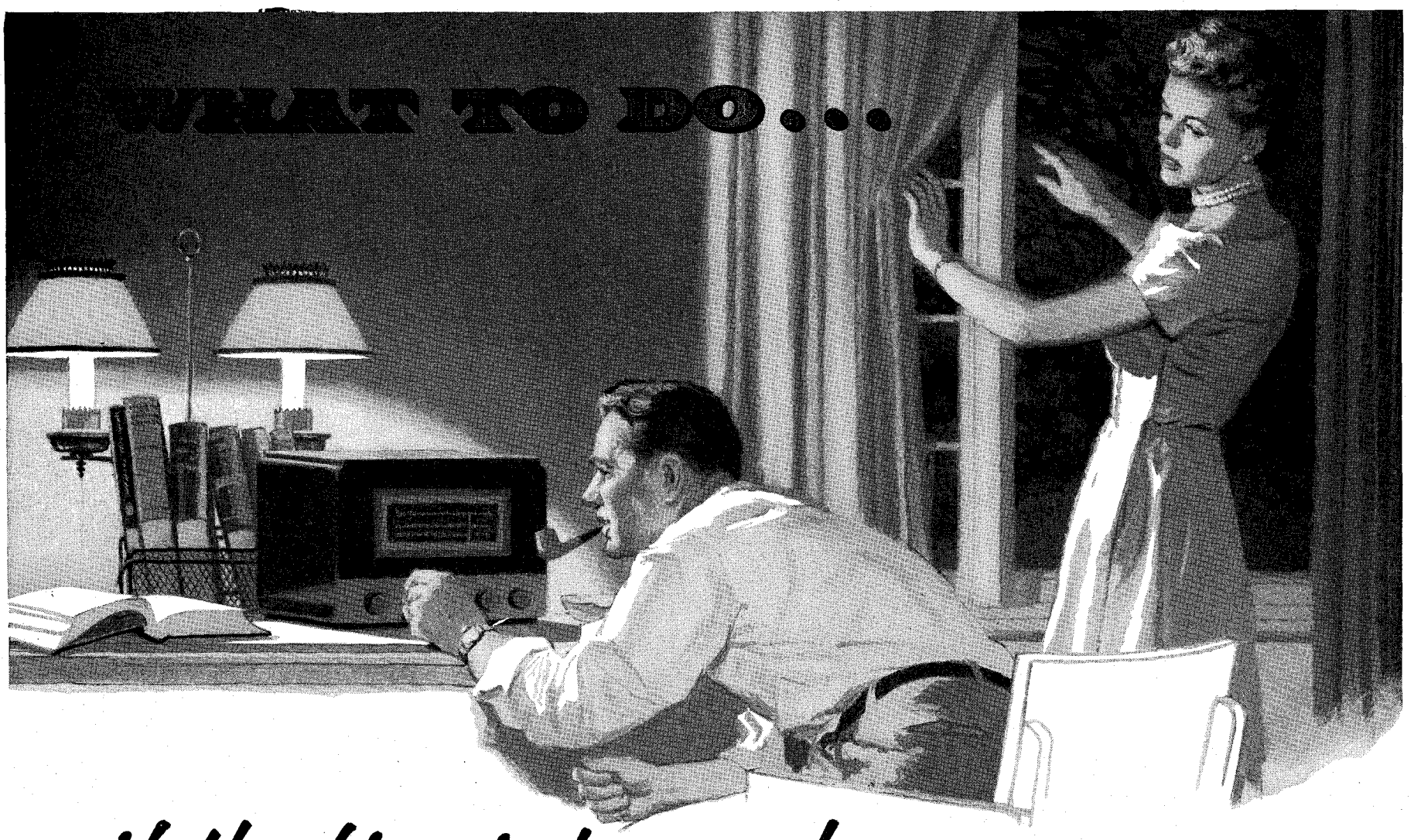

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You can combat their destructiveness—save lives and protect property by taking these simple but effective precautions if one heads your way.

Save Lives—Avoid Injuries: Stay tuned to Weather Bureau Bulletins and follow their advice. Have on hand a flashlight, first-aid kit and instruction book, battery-powered radio, fresh drinking water, canned food and a good fire extinguisher. Get away from beach and low waterfront areas in plenty of time to avoid high water and hazardous driving.

Protect Your Property: Garage your car. Put loose or movable outside objects in a safe place. Remove tree branches that could strike your house. Secure window blinds. Board up, tape or otherwise protect your windows. Be sure that a window or door is left slightly open on the side of the house *opposite* the side facing the wind. This will relieve dangerous pressures. If, after a lull, the wind returns from another direction, change these openings accordingly. Be calm—your ability in an emergency will inspire others!

Tornadoes Are Different: They move quickly with great destructive force. Usually the path of a tornado is only a few hundred yards wide . . . and it travels toward the Northeast. If the ideal protection of a cave or underground excavation is not available, take these precautions:

In open country move at right angles to the tornado's path. If escape is not possible, lie flat in the nearest depression—a ditch or ravine. In town or city seek inside shelter, preferably in a steel reinforced building. Stay away from windows. In your home take refuge in the SOUTHWEST corner of your basement.

After The Winds: Don't drive unless necessary. Be extremely alert to prevent fires. Don't touch loose or dangling wires. Report broken power lines, sewers or water mains to authorities or nearest police officer. Be diligent and careful!

By following these precautions, you can help save lives and conserve property.

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around to the hotel and I'll tell you what I want."

"So that's how it is," Sam concluded with a shrug. "I'm not sure we'll like liv-

to the Viajero and dropped them there, with orders to bring the car around to their own hotel in the morning.

Gleason, a friendly, red-faced man, shook his head when told of the arrange-

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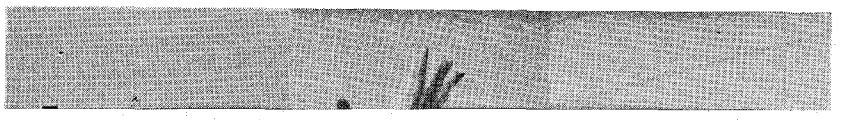


Secret of Happiness (Continued from Page 23)

"We're not exactly tourists," Sam said "No," Sam said.

ment. "Not wise," he said. "You can't trust these fellows. For all you know, he may load your car with pals of his and go gallivanting all over town tonight."

"Not Paco," Mary said. "He has a wife and children."

"Makes no difference."

"You haven't met Teresa," Mary insisted with a knowing smile.

Paco, they told Gleason, was helping them find a place to live. Again the red-faced man frowned.

"You should have gone to a real-estate fellow. Before this Moreno is through with you, he'll be getting a cut somewhere—out of your pocket."

"You know him, then?" Sam asked.

"Not personally. But I know the breed: they're sharp, live by their wits. Of course, if you don't mind being taken ——"

"I got the impression this Paco was pretty intelligent," Sam said.

"Most of them are. They speak some English, know the city like the backs of their hands. In fact, if they had any capital, some of them might do pretty well for themselves. But pickings are slim, as a rule. I'd be careful if I were you."

"I will be," Sam said uncomfortably.

Paco arrived in the morning with some new addresses—and with twenty-eight miles of driving on the odometer, according to Sam's quick mental arithmetic. Questioned about the mileage, he had a fast answer.

"I was hunting a house for you, *señor*. I had to see people."

Sam only nodded.

He showed them some apartments. "This one, *señor*, they are asking nine hundred pesos for. I can get it for eight if I am allowed to do the talking." *Gleason warned us*, Sam thought. "Now here, *señor*, is a little place you could have cheap if you would sign a lease, but, of course, you do not want a lease. What you could do is take it on trial for a month at a higher rent, and then, later, if you like it ——"

And it will come out of my pocket, Sam remembered with a scowl.

It was no good. Paco did his job well enough, whatever his motives, but to none of the places he showed them would Mary say yes, and Sam could not bring himself to apply pressure. They had toured the city from end to end and found nothing. "It's up to you, Sam," Mary said. Sam knew it wasn't.

Silent in the car as Paco turned back to the hotel, he tried to face the problem squarely. They had money enough: the sale of his business and the big house back home had left them comfortably well off. The climate suited him; he hadn't felt even a twinge. And they had to settle down somewhere, didn't they?

But Mary was not happy here. That settled it.

"We'll check out tomorrow," Sam said quietly, reaching out to take her hand. "We'll head back to the States."

"Sam," she said, "I'm sorry."

"What's there to be sorry about? We gave it a try."

The car had stopped and Sam reached for the door handle, thinking they were back at the hotel. He saw, with surprise, that they were opposite a hospital of some sort, instead. Kids with braces on their legs played on a fenced-in lawn, watched over by nurses in white. Paco got out of the car.

"You do not mind, *señor?* I will be only one minute." Loping across the sidewalk, he banged on the gate until a nurse, seeing him there, came across the lawn to let him in. With a wave of his hand to the kids, he hurried along a concrete walk to a long veranda. A youngster in a wheel chair held out both arms to him, shouting something Sam and Mary could not hear.

Paco plucked the lad from the chair, turned with him and pointed to the car. The boy waved. Sam caught himself waving back, even while frowning.

The "only one minute" lengthened to five as Paco walked up and down the veranda with the youngster in his arms, talking to him.

Mary said, "Sam, do you suppose ——" and let the thought go unfinished. Sam didn't answer.

Paco returned the lad to the chair. On his way back to the car he stopped to speak to the youngsters on the grass. They laughed at what he said, and one of the nurses, laughing with them, playfully pushed Paco toward the gate. They knew him well; that was obvious. He was a welcome visitor; that was obvious too.

He slipped into the car and turned to grin at Sam and Mary. "Excuse me, please. I always drive by when I can, and if he is outside, I stop. With the two little ones at home to look after, we are not able to see him often."

Mary said, "Is that—is that your son, Paco?"

"*Sí, señora.* My oldest boy, Luis; aged eight. He has the polio."

Mary's fingers tightened on Sam's knee. "Has he been here long?"

"A long time, *señora.* More than two years now."

"But—he will get better?"

"They say perhaps; they do not know. Once a week we go to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe to say prayers for him, but she is busy with other things, I guess." A smile chased the unfamiliar sadness from Paco's expressive face. "He is a good boy, though! He laughed when he saw me—you noticed that?"

"Yes," Mary said. "He is a good boy. He has a good father."

"Thank you, *señora.*" Paco waved out the car window to the lad on the veranda, then sent the car roaring down the street as though anxious to make up for lost time—or hide his feelings. By the time they reached the hotel he was brisk and cheerful again.

Sam, stepping out of the car, hesitated a moment, then sighed and said, with a long face, "Come in and we'll settle up our accounts, boy. Mary and I will be checking out in the morning."

Paco turned to stone. "Tomorrow, *señor?* You go tomorrow?"

"No," Mary said.

Sam turned to her with a frown. "But I thought ——"

"Sam, I'm awfully tired; really I am. Why can't I stay here at the hotel and rest for a day or two while Paco shows you the sights? I mean—after all, you're here; you ought to see what there is to be seen, before we go home."

Home, Sam thought. *Where's that?* But he laid a hand quickly on Paco's shoulder. "All right, boy, I guess you work tomorrow. See you in the morning."

"Sam," Mary said, "don't you think you ought to pay him something now, on account?"

"Why, sure." Sam opened his billfold. "I should have thought of it myself. I'm stupid."

As a guide, Paco Moreno acknowledged no superior, nor did he waste time proving it. By two in the afternoon Sam had done the National Palace with its museum and murals, Chapultepec Park with its castle, and was returning from the Guadalupe Shrine, where Paco and Teresa prayed for the lad in the wheel chair.

"We go now to the national pawnshop, I think," Paco said brightly. "All tourists go there to look for bargains."

"Son," Sam said, "if it's all the same to you, let's leave the bargains for tomorrow. Why don't we just stop at your place and sit awhile?"

"My place, *señor?*"

"Of course, if your wife would be upset ——"

"No, no, no! She would be honored. It is just that I thought you wished to see ——"

"I've seen enough for one day," Sam said. "To be truthful, I'm not in the best mood for sight-seeing. Head for your place, boy—and we'll stop at a couple of stores on the way."

It took the two of them to carry Sam's purchases up the stairs. At sight of the bags of fruit and bakeshop things, Paco's wife gasped. When the other bundles were opened and the kids were given the toys Sam had bought them, she shut her eyes tight and gripped the edge of the table.

"Now, now," Sam said, embarrassed, "it's nothing. I don't have any kids of my own to spoil. How about some coffee for a tired old tourist, hey?"

"You did not find a place to live?" Teresa asked with concern.

"I've stopped looking. Paco didn't tell you?" With a shrug, Sam sat down. "My Mary wouldn't be happy here, Teresa. She isn't well."

"Not well!"

"I mean—it's a little hard to explain." Sam let it go at that and turned his attention to the youngsters. By the time the coffee was ready he was on the floor with them, showing them how to play a toy accordion.

"Señor Bradley ——"

He looked up. Teresa, standing over him, had changed her dress and wound a bit of white cloth about her glossy hair.

"Your wife is at the hotel, *señor?*"

"Hold on," Sam said. "You mustn't put yourself out to go over there. You've enough to do ——"

"Of course, I go. If she is sick, she need a friend!"

Sam stood up and took hold of her hands. "She isn't sick, Teresa. I mean, it isn't that kind of sickness. Look ——" Suddenly, without meaning to, he was telling them the whole long, unhappy story—what the doctors had said, how he'd sold the house and the boat yard, how he and Mary had been aimlessly drifting ever since.

"She just feels lost," he said. "There's nothing you can do. Ask her what's wrong and she'll tell you she's fine. Don't you see? And yet she's tired out; things bother her—just the same as if she really was sick."

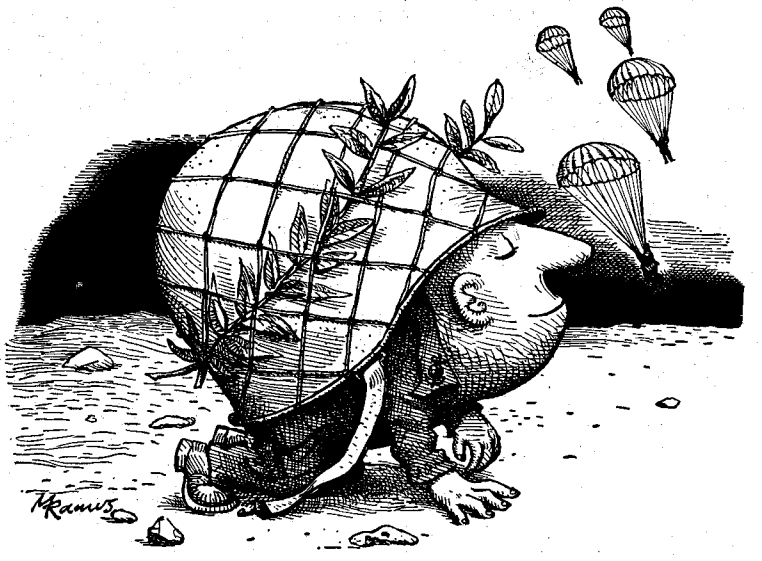
"I go to call on her," Teresa said firmly.

"But there isn't a thing you can do."

"All the same, I go. You and Paco can look after the children." At the door she turned. "Paco! Give Señor Bradley some more coffee before it gets cold!"

Sam, coffee cup in hand, heard her going down the stairs; heard the street door shut. "You've got a wonderful wife, Paco." With the youngest child wrapped around one leg, he hobbled to the window to look down.

Teresa was at the mouth of the alley. A taxi was pulling up to the curb there behind Sam's car. Sam thought she had hailed it. He was wrong. The driver leaned over to open the door, and Mary



The Perfect Squelch

As often happens at meetings of veterans' organizations, a heated discussion sprang up on the relative merits of various branches of the armed forces. There were, as usual, any number of answers to "who won the war?" A former paratrooper, who had jumped into Germany with an airborne division, pointed out that paratroopers likely would decide any future war.

"Maybe you've got a future," snapped an ex-marine who was always one island behind the invasion barges, "but who ever heard of you before World War II? You've got no military tradition. Now take us marines. We started building our reputation more than one hundred and eighty years ago."

"Well," said the paratrooper, "what took you so long?"

Abe Berkowitz

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got out, her arms so full of bundles she couldn't open her bag to pay the man. Teresa ran to help her.

"Well, I'll be an old sea urchin!" Sam said. "Paco!"

He was standing by the table, hands on hips, when Mary halted in the doorway. Paco had gone racing down the stairs to help with the bundles.

"I might have known it," Mary said. "Sam Bradley, what are you doing here?"

"Maybe the same thing you are." Sam could feel himself grinning. "Maybe we even bought the same things."

"I've been shopping all morning," Mary said.

"You must be dead."

"I haven't felt so good in months." She moved aside to let Paco and Teresa in, and watched them put her purchases on the table. "In months," she repeated. It seemed to puzzle her a little, how good she felt. "Sam, I want to talk to you. I've been thinking."

"You want to sit down," Sam said gently. He led her to a chair and gave her his coffee, while the kids stared at her in wonder. "Don't just stand there, boy," he said to Paco. "Open up the bundles." Then, oblivious of the rustle of wrapping paper and the exclamations of Paco and Teresa, he stared at Mary himself.

Something had happened, he realized. It wasn't only that Mary had taken a liking to the youngsters and gone on a shopping spree; it was something bigger. It showed in her eyes. Her eyes had a light in them.

He took the empty cup from her and put it on the window sill. He caught hold of her hands.

He said, "What is it, hon?"

"I've been thinking," she said again.

The kids were squealing over their presents. Teresa was trying to shush them. Paco was telling them sternly to remember their manners and say thank you to the nice *señora*. To Sam it was all background noise, unobtrusive, as he waited. When Mary looked at him like that, with her eyes aglow, she had something on her mind.

"I've been thinking about Mr. Gleason," Mary said. "About what he told us."

Sam frowned. "He wasn't talking about Paco. He didn't know Paco."

"I don't mean that. I mean about needing capital—being able to help themselves if they had a little backing. Sam, we've got idle money in the bank. You and Paco could be partners, sort of. There's lots of ways you could help him build up a real, honest-to-goodness guide service. It would give you something to do."

The kids edged in, their hands full of toys, to say their thank-you's. Sam stepped back till they were finished, then moved in again. "You know what you're saying?" he demanded, his gaze still on Mary's face.

"It's what you need—something to keep you busy."

"What I need!"

"Sam," she said, "you haven't been happy. Face it. You wouldn't be happy here if we just took a house and sat around like bumps on a log, getting older. Oh, you'd make believe for a while, running around to museums and things, but in the end you'd be miserable, the same as you've been everywhere else." She smiled at him. "Think it over, Sam."

Sam walked backward to a chair and sat down, dazed. She paid no attention to him then, but played with the kids and talked to Teresa. Some of the things she'd bought were for the boy at the hospital, she explained. Teresa kept trying to thank her, and Mary kept saying, "Shush!"

"I'd be miserable, the same as everywhere else?" Sam said aloud. "Me?" He scratched his jaw. "Well, I'll be ——"

"Something is wrong, *señor?*" Paco was standing in front of him.

Sam looked up. "Wrong?" The meaning of Mary's words had fastened on him at last. The truth of them. He got to his feet. "Mary ——"

"Yes, Sam?"

"You haven't been looking at houses again too?"

"I went to look at one," she said calmly. "The little one with the funny red-tile roof and the big garden. I think we'd like it there, Sam."

Sam went to her and put his hands on her arms. "Mary, are you sure of this? You're not just thinking about the overdue rent and the baby coming, and that boy in the wheel chair?"

She looked at Paco and Teresa and shook her head. "If you mean do I feel sorry for anyone, no. Except for us, maybe, for not counting our blessings." She smiled at him and then turned to Teresa. "Teresa," she said, "do you think you could teach me Spanish?"

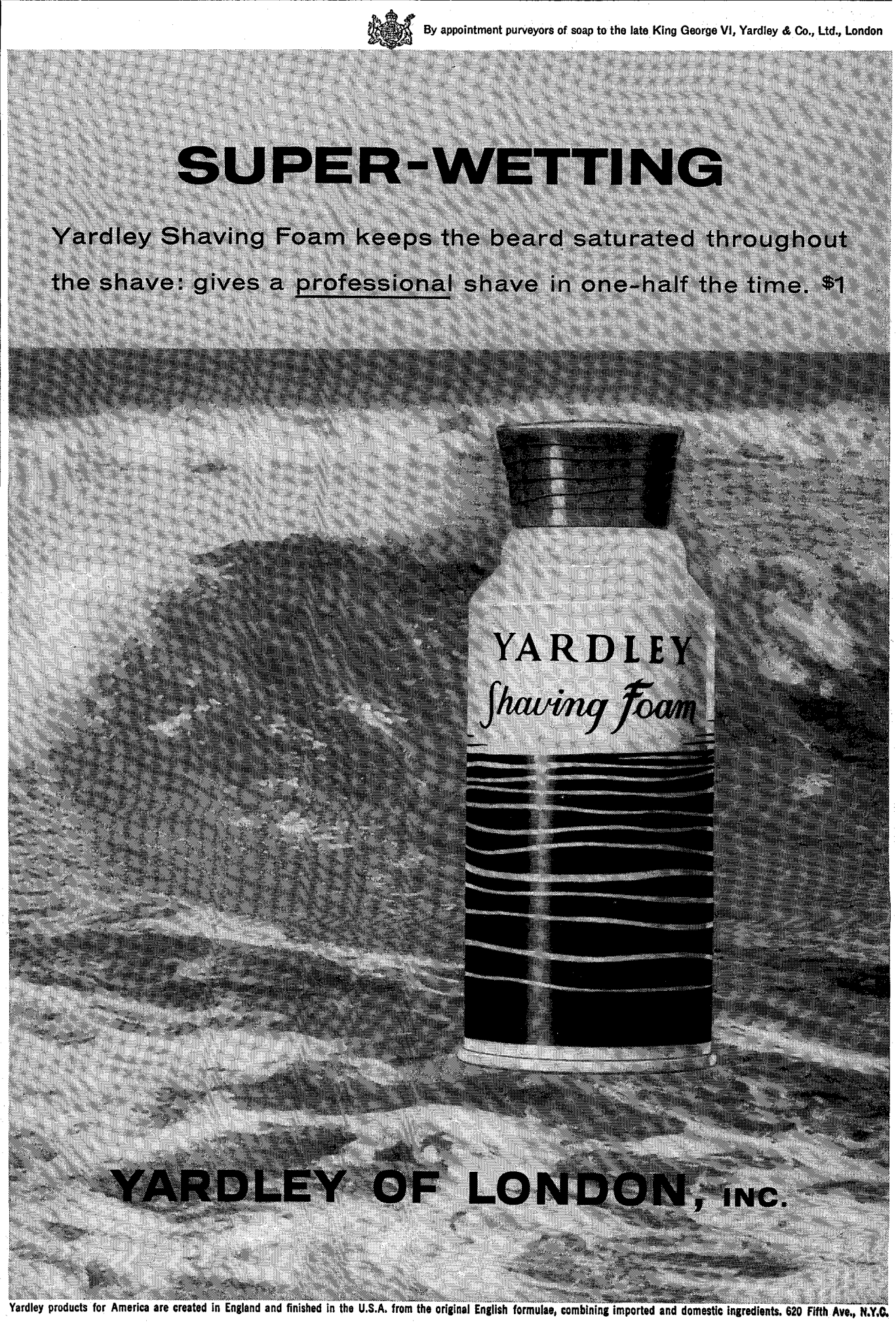
Sam moved away, nodding—not to her, but to himself. There was no need for a lot of talk. He laid a hand on Paco's shoulder.

"Let's you and I go for a little walk, boy. There's something I want to talk over with you."

"Certainly, *señor*."

Paco put both his hands over his ears and grinned. "With all this racket going on, it is better we are tourists again, eh?"

"Tourists, my eye," Sam said. "I live here now." THE END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village. The head chief came up to me and asked what I wanted.

"I come to pipe dance the Pawnees," I answered.

A woman led away my horse and I walked into the chief's lodge. There I was seated in the guest's place of honor and the lighted pipe was passed to me. The women stirred the fire and brought their best food to set before me. Meanwhile, by Indian custom, not a word had been spoken—a truly refined courtesy, for I was tired and hungry.

When I was through eating, the chief told me, "Your tent is ready."

The tent had been newly erected for me. A fire had been built in it, and robes and furs had been spread on the ground. For as long as I should remain, this would be my home. Almost at once, other chiefs began to drop in. The head chief's eldest son turned out to be the young leader who had accepted gifts from me the previous autumn and urged me to visit his tribe. By evening the pipe dance was under full headway.

It was nearly the close of the third day before I became fully convinced that Sunshine was not in that village. I could not guess what had become of her. On the morning of the fourth day, the chief's son invited me to contend with him in shooting at a mark.

After a few shots I asked, "What became of that girl the Pawnees captured from the Sioux?"

"She's gone." He looked confused. Finally he said, "I'll tell you about it."

The story he related became known in time to all the tribes along the Missouri River. To begin, six old men had been detailed to guard Sunshine. They sat in a tent with her day and night, and the women brought her much to eat.

The chief's son noticed that after the first two or three days the old men grew sleepy and careless. He took two of his father's best horses and tied them near the lodge. On the fourth night, while the old men slept, he led Sunshine to the horses, mounted her on one of them, gave her the lariat for leading the other, and told her to ride for her life.

The next morning there was a great uproar in the camp over her escape, and the young man confessed. "I did it. That girl had never harmed the Pawnees. You cannot tell for certain that, if you had killed her and burned her body, any blessing would have come upon your weapons. I had pity for the girl and I let her go."

More than half of the chiefs and people sided with the head chief's son, so the council decided to take no action. Sunshine, then, was far on her way toward home and safety.

I knew that Chazaninga must be somewhere near, watching his chance to release Sunshine, so I told the young chief all about our chase after the Sioux and the events which had brought Sunshine to their camp. Now, the Pawnees were hereditary enemies of the Sioux, but were on friendly terms with the Omahas, the Otos, and the other tribes along the Missouri whose members made up the band with which I lived.

When I mentioned Chazaninga to the young chief, he exclaimed, "*Wah!* I know where he is. Yesterday I saw a man far off with three horses, but I thought then he was one of us."

That night the young chief and I slipped out of the village and found Chazaninga. I told him that the Pawnees had started Sunshine homeward, that our men were waiting in the Big Woods, and that he had better join them there.

Next day, when we told the Pawnees the whole story, they felt well satisfied. Their medicine man declared that the young chief must have been aided by the spirits in discerning what was not known to the rest of them, and that he would live to be a great and wise leader of the tribe.

I left the Pawnee village that morning with a present of five horses and gifts of furs, buffalo robes, blankets and provisions. The third night after this I reached the Big Woods.

The whole war party gathered around the campfire to hear my news. While I was talking, Chazaninga arrived. He was haggard and thin, his moccasins were worn out and his blanket was in tatters, but he had brought the two horses he had taken from the Sioux and he wore their scalps dangling at his belt.

"Be right with you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The next day scouts reported that a large party of the Sioux had crossed the Platte two camps west of us. The *Nudunaga* proposed to take vengeance on them for our dead. When we were ready to start, we were divided into three grades: soldiers, baggage carriers and servants. The servants, so-called, were actually something like quartermasters.

For several days we traveled southwest in leisurely fashion, until we reached the headwaters of the Republican River. There the *Nudunaga* divided the party and sent the baggage carriers south to the headwaters of Beaver Creek. Among these went Two Bears; the *Nudunaga* did not seem to have a high opinion of his fighting qualities. The soldiers, stripped of everything but their arms and one blanket each, pushed on. We traveled night and day, stopping only to let our horses feed. The last day we had nothing to eat except some wild turnips which we dug up from the prairie.

A little before sundown we halted in a ravine to wait for darkness. We had seen the trails of the Sioux everywhere, and knew that we were very near them. As soon as night settled down, we pushed on. About three in the morning we rode out on a little hill, and there in the valley below us lay the Sioux camp, a circle of tents under the stars. A thousand or more Sioux were sleeping there without thought of danger.

When we had retired behind the hill the head soldier divided us into two equal parties. Many had no guns, but were armed with bows and arrows. The *Nudunaga* placed all the men who had guns, including me, on the north side of the line. Then he gave his orders.

"The men with guns will go as near to the north side of the Sioux camp as they can without arousing the dogs, and will wait there. All the Sioux horses are picketed on the south side of the camp. The men who have no guns will leave all their own horses tied together in charge of two men. They will creep on foot between the Sioux horses and the camp. As soon as they hear firing, they will cut the picket ropes and stampede the Sioux horses toward the south. The two men left with the other horses will then rush them forward so that all can mount and drive off the Sioux horses. Then these are your orders: Push the herd on as fast as possible. Unless I overtake you, do not stop when you reach our servants and carriers, but push on toward our own villages." Then he turned toward our line of guns and commanded, "Follow me."

Each Indian had thrown off his blanket and fastened it to his saddle. All were naked, except for breechcloth and moccasins. Our ponies seemed to understand what was happening, for they passed over the prairie noiselessly.

At last, the *Nudunaga* halted us with a motion of his hand. He rode a little way ahead, to a spot from which he could overlook the whole camp. He sat there on his horse a long time, motionless and silent. Then he came back to where we waited on foot and commanded, "*Kaka!*"

A yell—wild, fierce, revengeful—burst from every throat. Simultaneously we poured a volley into the nearest tents. Yell followed yell; volley rang upon volley. Instantly the Sioux camp was in confusion. We could see the women and children fleeing toward the brush that bordered their tents on the west.

In the dim light I could distinguish a tall man moving among the Sioux and shouting commands to them in a language I did not understand. But our *Nudunaga* understood it. He rode in among us, calling, "Go back! Go back!"

All but one of us turned to go. Chazaninga dropped his gun and rushed forward with a bow in his hand. He seemed to clear the distance between us and the Sioux with the speed of an antelope. Though he was shot at from every side, on he went until six great Sioux rose up together in front of him. They tried to take him alive, but he escaped after striking two of them with his bow. A frantic yell of rage went up from the Sioux. They were disgraced forever, and Chazaninga had won the greatest glory possible for an Indian to attain: He had struck a living enemy with a bow.

A fleet-footed Sioux, bent on retrieving the disgrace put upon him and his tribe, dashed after Chazaninga. The Sioux was gaining on Chazaninga when our *Nudunaga* ran forward.

Mounted as he was, he offered a fair target for bullets and arrows. Before he had gone very far his horse reared, plunged forward and fell. Instantly the *Nudunaga* sprang up, leveled his rifle and fired. He missed and the Sioux warrior was upon him. The *Nudunaga* warded off the first blows with his uplifted gun; then he and the Sioux drew their knives for the final effort. The Sioux made fearful thrusts; at last he drew back a few paces and began to fix an arrow in his bow. With one bound the *Nudunaga* was upon him, and the two men rolled together on the ground. For a moment all the yells and war whoops ceased. Suddenly the *Nudunaga* rose and ran toward us.

A dozen men stretched out their arms to receive the *Nudunaga*, who was covered with blood. He was taken to the rear and put on a horse. He ordered us all to retreat as fast as possible. In a few moments we were riding away, and the Sioux, whose horses had been stampeded by our southern band, could not follow us.

At dawn, we could see far to the south the great herd of horses which the other half of our party was driving along. Henceforth our *Nudunaga* would be a great man, not only in his own tribe but in all tribes that were hostile to the Sioux. He had reached the highest pinnacle of Indian fame; for he had attacked an overwhelming force, had captured all their horses and had not lost a man. No matter how great a victory a chief may win, he gains no glory among the Indians if he loses many men.

We overtook the herd of horses, found our baggage carriers at the appointed place, and at last regained our village, where we spent many days in rejoicing and dancing, gift making and gift taking. The tribe was wealthy now, as the Indians count wealth, and all were as happy as children on a holiday.

The time had come to say good-by. After six months of hunting and following the warpath, I looked like a savage. My hair had grown until it hung in a great mass down my back. My cap was made from a half-tanned beaver skin; my shirt and leggings were of antelope skin; my blankets were in rags, sewn together here and there with horsehair.

I visited a nearby trading post, borrowed a pair of shears and persuaded an Indian to cut my hair as short as possible. I gave the trader several buffalo robes and five ponies for such articles of white man's clothing as he had in stock. I also purchased a new saddle girth, new stirrup leathers, a bridle and some ammunition.

Feeling that I had had enough of the wilderness to satisfy me for the present, I turned Old Titus' head eastward. I was now seventeen; it was time I settled down to study law.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles.

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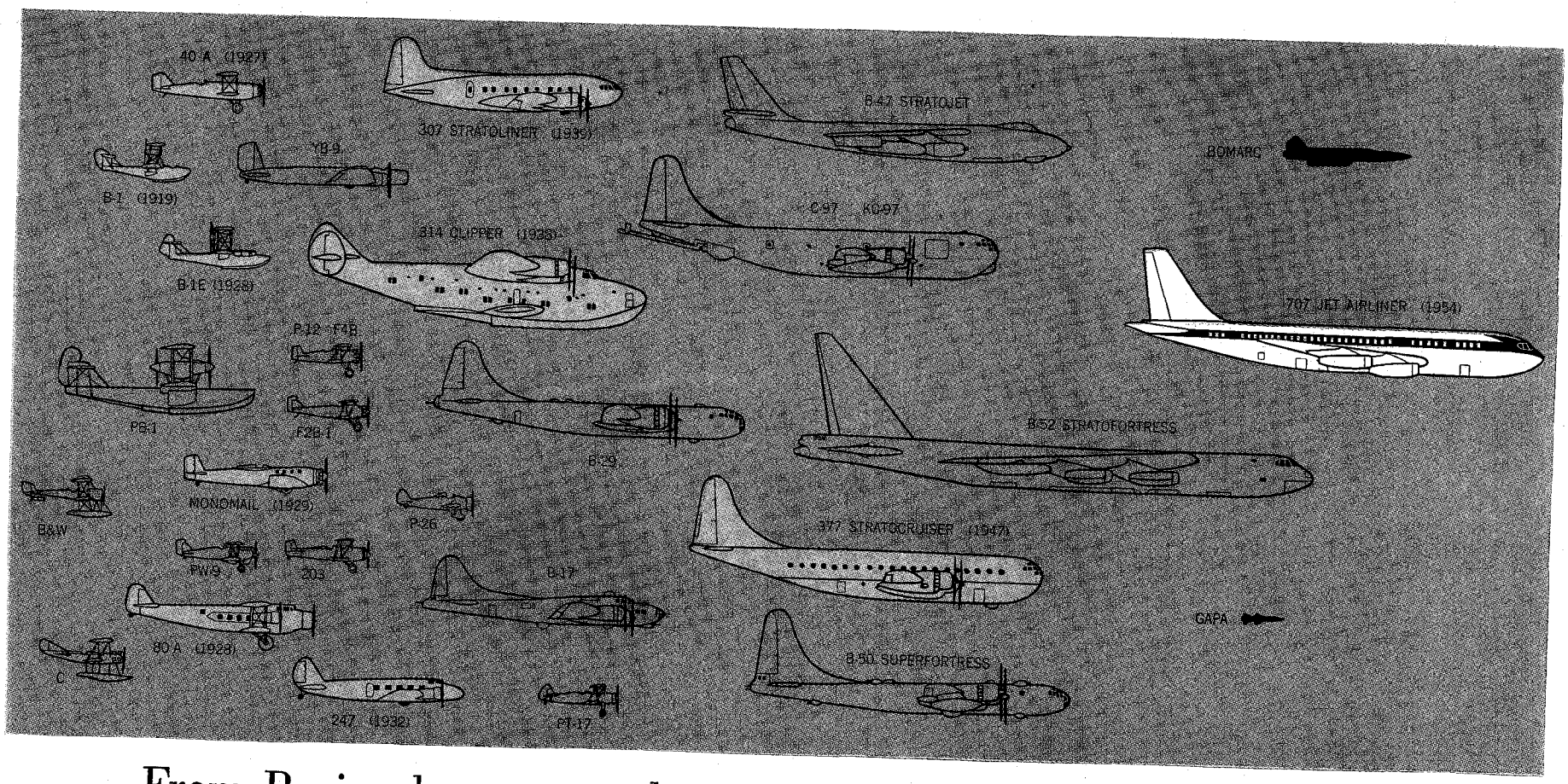

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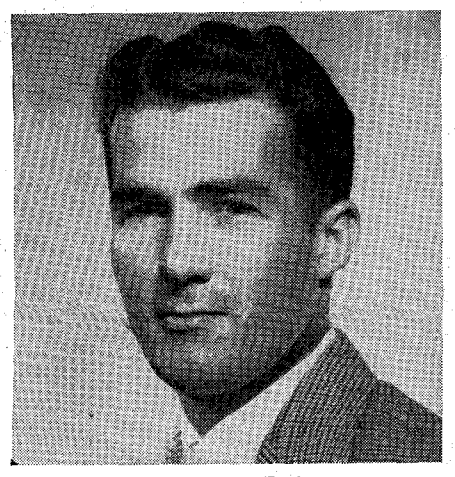
How much time do you have to reach your financial goals? If you knew, there'd be no problem! But since you *don't* know, there's only one way to be sure of reaching those objectives: life insurance planned to make time work *for* you and not *against* you.

When you get the facts from a skilled Mutual Benefit Life man like **Edwin S. Beveridge of Mansfield, Ohio,** you will be surprised at how little "time" protection really costs you.



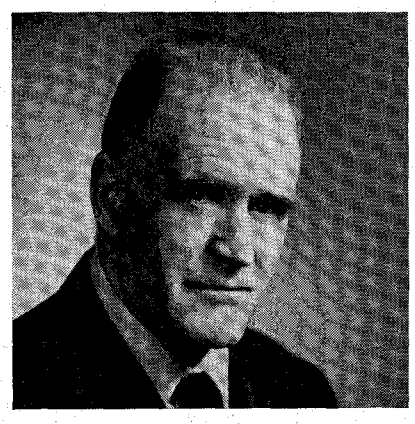
The **Mutual Benefit Life** *Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.*

Keeping Posted

The McMorrows March On

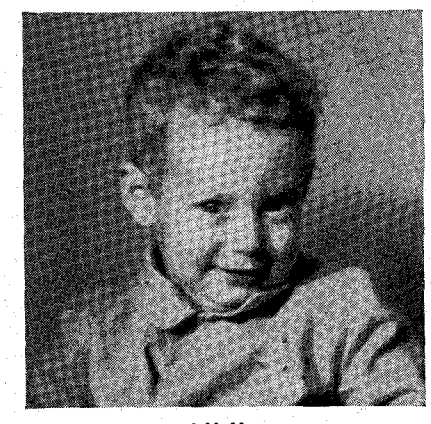
Tom McMorrow, Jr., of page 30, is asked every so often, "Are you by any chance related to Tom McMorrow, the writer?" To straighten this out, see photos of **Thomas McMorrow, Sr.,** whose distinguished career as an author of books, stories and articles has included 137 appearances in the Post; Thomas, Jr., who, to be sure, is his son; and Thomas, III, Junior's son, who hasn't yet decided whether to be a writer or something else. The eldest McMorrow has been making his home at 268 Livingston Avenue, New Brunswick, N.J., and Tom Jr., his wife and their three youngsters dwell over in West Hempstead, Long Island.

Tom Jr., who is sports editor of Movietone News, and whose thesis this week is baseball, uses diamond lingo to describe himself. The first story he sold to anybody ran in the Post (Oct. 7, 1950)—a sort of bonus rookie situation. But he lacked staying power in the major fiction league and had to mature for a while in the minors. "Now I'm back up and I intend to stick—brave words heard every year in the training camps—and I hope it's the last time I'll have to join in that chorus."



McMorrow

McMorrow



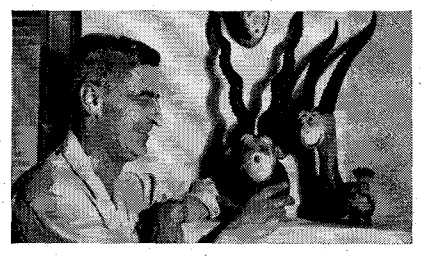
and McMorrow.

Let's Look at Last Year

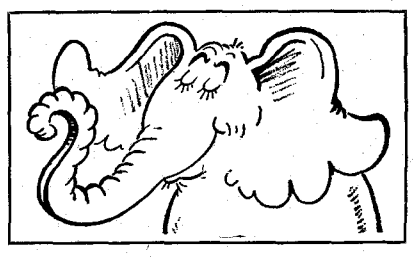
There goes football prophet **Fred Russell,** on page 32, beating the whistle again on the gridiron season. Which evokes the question: how did Russell's predictions for the Post come out last year? In 1956 this widely esteemed sports expert of the Nashville Banner again picked the national champion, Oklahoma, and did very well with other standout teams, although competition among major colleges is becoming closer and closer. On the basis of the final Associated Press poll, Russell picked two of the top five elevens, five in the first ten, and ten in the first twenty. He named the champions of the Ivy, Southern, Big Seven and Missouri Valley conferences, and missed the others. He made the good score of six of the eleven consensus All-American players, and his choice for back of the year (Hornung) and lineman of the year (Tubbs) took a majority of the postseason awards. All told, another one of Russell's able jobs.

The Inundation of Dr. Seuss

Dr. Seuss (Theodor Geisel), who in verse and drawing creates characters that fascinate young and old, was portrayed by **Bob Cahn** in the July 6 Post; and shortly afterward the talented doctor reported excitedly, "Everyone in the world must read the Post, because everyone in the world is either phoning, wiring, writing, crawling through our shrubbery, photographing our house, or removing flowers for mementos. I'm putting on secretarial help and going away for a rest." Cahn comments, "He is very imaginative; probably only half the people in the world read the Post." When Seuss returned home, the public acclaim was still buzzing right along—by now it included three proposals of marriage to his dog, Cluny; 200 phone calls and telegrams; 400 letters from every U.S. state and many foreign countries. "Thank you," the doctor writes, "for a most flattering experience."



Dr. Seuss.



Horton the Elephant.

Speaking of Bob Cahn, did you read WE WERE TRAPPED BY RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT, by **Dr. John C. Clark,** as told to Cahn, in the July 20th Post? Playhouse 90 is going to dramatize this for one of its C.B.S. shows later in the season, and it ought to be dramatic all right.

The Ordeal of Mrs. McGiffin

Lee McGiffin, page 37, wants to explain that she is no gentleman—after her previous two Post stories she got nice letters beginning Dear Sir, Dear Mister and Hi Feller. She has a husband, Norton McGiffin, history professor at Arlington State College, Texas, and a teen-age son. Her name has caused no end of confusion, "but otherwise I'm a common variety of Texan, no oil wells, uranium or cattle." It seems incredible, but she doesn't even have cowboy boots.

NEXT WEEK'S POST

"Birds of Our Land"

Don Bleitz's photographs of birds, in natural color in their wild state, may become the modern successors to Audubon's great prints. A magnificent 8-page selection—first national publication.

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